

ARTHUR LIONEL SMITH

MASTER OF BALLIOL

1916 - 1924





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A. E. SMITHE, 1907

*(Photo, Library of Congress)*

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A BIOGRAPHY AND SOME REMINISCENCES  
BY HIS WIFE

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS



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To MY CHILDREN



And as the fervent smith of yore  
Beat out the glowing blade,  
Nor wielded in the front of war  
The weapon that he made,  
But in the tower at home still plied his ringing trade ;  
So like a sword the son shall roam,  
On nobler missions sent ;  
And as the smith remained at home,  
In peaceful turret pent,  
So sits the while at home the mother well content.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

## PREFACE

"Biography is always a work of the imagination."

T. R. GLOVER.

THESE words meet my eyes as I face the difficult task of writing a preface to this, my first and only literary effort; an effort in which, however, whether successful or unsuccessful, imagination has had no part.

The story of these fifty and more years is the record of happy things. Memory is kind to the aged, it illumines the early years, and veils the inevitable sadnesses and griefs of later life—like a sundial it records only the hours of sunshine.

It is to my memory therefore that I have trusted; but I have had throughout the advice and help of my children, and at times their criticism; and outside the family circle the encouragement of my husband's friend and old pupil, J. C. B. Gamlen.

To all these, and to the many old friends who have waited so patiently and borne with inevitable delays, I would offer my heartfelt thanks. There may be those perhaps who feel that some apology is due for the length of my own personal reminiscences; but memory was so vivid that their inclusion seemed to be called for—and it may be that in some degree they help to give a clearer picture of this loved teacher to the many to whom he was perhaps only known amid the stir and stress of lecture rooms and conferences.



It was for these, and especially for the hundreds of students of the Tutorial classes, in all parts of the country, that this book was written. They will, I hope, bear with and forgive its inadequacy.

*Laetus sorte mea.*



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## CHAPTER I

### EARLY YEARS

TO attempt to write at all adequately the life of a man of such many-sided activities as Arthur Lionel Smith is a task which may indeed alarm even an experienced biographer. This is the day, however, of biographies, and there are many, no doubt, who are waiting anxiously for some record of the great Teacher whom they followed to his last resting-place on that sunny April afternoon.

And so, rather than that any further delay should take place, I am undertaking the duty myself, and I shall attempt to combine the history of my husband's life with certain reminiscences of my own, our two paths having really merged some time before our marriage in 1878, owing to circumstances which I will explain later.

Many times during the last few years of his life pressure was put on him to write or dictate his own reminiscences, but to our lasting regret he always brushed the request aside; the necessary time and leisure were lacking, and of late the necessary energy. The slow oncoming of the disease which in the end seemed so sudden and the persistent feeling of depression were all against what to a man of his temperament would have been in any case a great effort.

Looking back on his life, I feel there was also another factor which increased the difficulty of the task to his mind—the lack of any home life in his early years and all that makes for a happy childhood. And so it came about that instead of my becoming merged into his family when

we married (as usually happens), he became merged into mine, and therefore to write his life becomes an impossibility unless I write mine as well.

With the help of some old family records I have been able to discover many interesting facts which will account for the great versatility of my husband's character and gifts. His Father, William Henry Smith, was a Civil Engineer of considerable, if somewhat erratic, talent. He was one of twenty-two children, nineteen of whom lived to grow up, and though of English ancestry, was born and educated in Ireland. He served as an engineer in Ireland during the famine of '48, and, after that, was associated with various engineering works in England, under Brunel, for instance, in the Thames Tunnel, and, later, with Thomas Brassey and Sir Morton Peto.

He seems to have been somewhat in advance of his time, always inventing ingenious devices but not succeeding in finding enthusiasts to finance them. He made plans for the Thames Embankment, but had them stolen by a treacherous partner, who then submitted them as his own. Another design of an iron-clad man-of-war, though not carried out, was in essential details a precursor of the Monitor type. I have in my possession a drawing of his final invention, a design for a floating "flexible breakwater," intended to be constructed as a harbour of refuge on the Goodwin Sands, on a principle of Nature, "yielding being an universal law, the only mode whereby the weaker body withstands the stronger, as described in the fable of *The Reed and the Oak*." (There seems to be a fallacy somewhere!) But the Government gave no encouragement, and the disappointed inventor from that time seems to have failed in health, and anxious times set in, ending with his death at the early age of thirty-seven. (By a strange irony of fate the only invention of his which appears to have survived is the humble but useful "press-button" or fastener—according to a tradition in the family.)

He had married when very young (in 1843), and rather



against the wishes of her relations, a pretty and clever girl, Alice Elizabeth Strutt, and those who are interested in heredity will be able to trace back to their origin some noticeable traits in her son's character.

The Strutts were an Essex family; the name of Benjamin Strutt, an ancestor, is to be found on a house in Colchester at the present day. All were literary, musical, and artistic. Benjamin had in his house one of the first pipe-organs in England, and his brother Joseph was the author of *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, republished in 1903.

Benjamin's son, Jacob George Strutt, became the father of Alice Elizabeth. Though educated as a surgeon, he took up the profession of an artist, and became a painter and etcher of some note. He married Elizabeth Frost, a member of another interesting family, the Frosts of Yorkshire, one of whose descendants was Dr. Percival Frost, the distinguished Cambridge mathematician. Miss Gertrude Frost, the much-loved Head Mistress of the Baker Street High School, belonged to the same family.

It seems as if the Jacob George Strutts migrated to Rome after their marriage, and there Mrs. Strutt wrote many books, poems, and biographies in the intervals of bringing up children. One son, Arthur John, inherited the artistic gifts of his Father, and became rather well known in Rome, being made Cavaliere by the King of Italy, and their daughter Alice became the wife of W. H. Smith.

The young couple started life, and rather a precarious life it must have been, in the neighbourhood of Great Coram Street, and later in Red Lion Square. Five children were born to them, Arthur Lionel being the second son, born December 4th, 1850. Another son, Reginald, died in infancy during the cholera epidemic.

Life must have been a constant struggle for the young mother, ill-fitted as she was by education and temperament to bear with the ups and downs (mostly, I fear, "downs" from her pathetic letters) of a semi-professional life, amid the clamour of a nursery full of children and hampered by very

small means. Then, when the tragedy of sudden illness and death came, friends rallied round them, and a kind Alderman named Wise obtained a presentation for little Arthur for Christ's Hospital, and handed it to the child saying, "Here, my boy, that's worth £500. I give it to you because I knew and respected your Father." The Alderman first offered it to William, the elder boy, but he thought Arthur had better have it, "as he was just the age to get the full advantage of the preparatory work." Arthur was then just six years old. A merry little child but only a baby really, unable to read or write (rather unusual in those days, but his father seems to have had theories about children being allowed to develop *themselves*).

To the perplexed widow the offer must have come as an immense relief; her gratitude left no room for any misgivings as to the fate of the child handed over to the tender mercies of Christ's Hospital, as it was in those days. She had really no choice but to accept the gift; the other boy, by his own wish, took to the sea, and little Arthur, after a short perfunctory examination, was admitted to the School, his mother and the other children leaving England to live in Rome with her artist brother.

I cannot bear to write about those early years at School, nor could I ever get much information about them from my husband himself. I only know that for six years this child knew no home except the School; other boys went home for the holidays, but his existence seems to have been forgotten by any relations he may have had in England, and his Mother was too far away even if her means had permitted of her visiting him. Later on he seems to have been discovered by his Aunt Sarah Strutt, a kind little lady who did her best by letters and small gifts to make up for all that was lacking in the child's life; but she was living with friends and could not have the noisy, yellow-stockinged boy to stay with her as she would have liked.

I feel a certain compunction in criticizing that splendid Foundation to which my husband owed so much and for

which he had always a warm place in his heart, but the most loyal Old Blue would admit that in those days it must have been a rough school for such a mite of a child. Three times he had rheumatic fever; the coarse and probably inadequate clothing, the cold rooms and monotonous diet, all combined to sow the seeds of many of his later aches and pains. Schoolfellows and contemporaries of his, Richard Lodge,<sup>1</sup> A. J. Butler,<sup>2</sup> R. H. Roe,<sup>3</sup> and others no doubt suffered too, but they could always "fill out" in the holidays, and perhaps enjoyed "tuck-boxes" and tuck-shops besides; but such luxuries were not for all, and certainly not for this particular child.

It will be realized, as I said, that he really had no childhood that he could remember, and no home-life, surely a blank in life which can never be filled up, and which makes all the more remarkable the intense interest he took in his children's games, though not (and this is perhaps not surprising) in their merely baby achievements and occupations. I have used the phrase "a blank in life," and really he could scarcely be induced to talk about those first six or seven years. Once he told us how, as a small boy, he could not get the verse of a hymn quite correctly, that hymn so familiar to us. Instead of

"Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,  
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings,"

he said "underneath," and the senior boy, by way of punishment, put a glowing cinder into his little hand and closed the fingers over it!

But though it must have been a rough life at the School in those days, there does not seem to have been much actual bullying. Perhaps the boys lacked the necessary vitality, their play being restricted within the limits of small playgrounds, where apparently hockey of a sort was the principal game. Many years later when my husband

<sup>1</sup> Sir Richard Lodge, Professor of History, Edinburgh University.

<sup>2</sup> Fellow and late Bursar of Brasenose College, Oxford.

<sup>3</sup> Head Master, Brisbane Grammar School. Died 1925.



and I were standing watching the impressive march-past of the whole School, in their beautiful new grounds at Horsham—he in his capacity of Almoner and honoured guest—I wondered if he were mentally comparing his own childhood in the gloomy London streets with the happier childhood in that lovely Sussex sunshine. "Suppressed Complexes" were unknown in his youthful days, but perhaps one might be allowed to record two "Simplexes" which survived: one a great dislike of rice-pudding; the other an aversion to long Church services. But I imagine these are not peculiar to Christ's Hospital, although the special hymnbook used in those days would seem to have been compiled by a clerical Bumble for the use of "wicked orphans which nobody can't love"! It is a most dreary collection.

But I cannot do better than quote here in full the account A. L.'s schoolfellow and lifelong friend, R. H. Roe, gives of those days:

"Christ's Hospital in the 'sixties and 'seventies of the last century was rather a rough nursery for the more tender and delicate souls which, amongst much coarser material, found themselves immured within its sombre walls in the heart of London. The winter months were a period of continuous gloom; there were no playing-fields, nothing more than some open spaces, asphalted or paved, in which hockey, rounders, football, marbles, pegtops, and skipping were being played by a crowd of eight hundred boys, almost as densely packed as the hurrying masses in the London streets outside. A mild form of hockey was the game which gave us the greatest pleasure, and the happy memories of our school hockey probably account for A. L.'s continued devotion to this game almost to the end of his days.

"The food was very insufficient, until the Report of the Royal Commission, about 1865, caused some improvement to be made in this and other matters. The curriculum was of classic simplicity: for the Grecians and Deputy-Grecians, classics in the morning (9 a.m. to noon), and mathematics for the afternoon (2 p.m. to 5 p.m.), in one week, and for the next week mathematics in the morning

and classics in the afternoon. For the rest of the boys the only difference was that Writing School (wherein were taught writing, arithmetic, and a little geography, comprising names of countries with their capital cities, and a little history, chiefly a table of kings with dates) took the place of the mathematics.

"Advocates of the necessity of early specialization should note that this system in which history was ignored produced, within a few years, such modern historians as Sir Richard Lodge, A. L. Smith, J. H. Wylie, and C. A. Fyffe. After a boy became a Deputy-Grecian he had no geography or history later than the time of Julius Cæsar. Physics, Chemistry, and English (Grammar and Literature) were absolutely unknown to us, and, so satisfied were we with our narrow outlook, that there was rather a feeling of indignation amongst the Grecians when an innovating head master decided that French marks were to count in determining a boy's final position in his class; and when he asked us one afternoon, in place of the ordinary Latin construe, to read aloud some of the best scenes from Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, it was regarded by some of us at first as rather too modern and frivolous, though this feeling was soon succeeded by a sense of wonder that there was really better drama in our own language than in Greek.

"The greatest drawback to our spiritual growth was that we saw nothing of our masters outside of the class-room. There were no house-masters, and no masters lived on the premises: the boys were distributed into sixteen wards of about fifty each, under the care of dames, most of whom were kindly, conscientious workers, but without any pretensions to refinement; and discipline was maintained by a warden (not one of the masters), to whom the dame reported each morning such cases of misbehaviour as required corporal punishment. It was, indeed, a hard school, but it tended to produce independence and strength of character and a habit of looking at the bright side of things and of doing without unnecessary luxuries.

"Although for us there were no cricket-fields or country walks, yet occasionally we managed on the monthly leave days to form a happy party of three or four for an all-day outing on the quiet waters of the River Lee, and finally when, as Grecians, we were allowed to go outside the gates

at all hours till seven or eight o'clock, we supported a boat club at Putney, and there on Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays and the monthly whole-day leaves we were able not only to train for the annual Past v. Present four-oared race from Putney to Hammersmith, but to enjoy long expeditions to Richmond, Twickenham, and Hampton Court, and sometimes down the river as far even as Erith. A. L. and I, being of the same year, were nearly always companions on these excursions, and the delights of the blue skies and the trees and the water and the strenuous exercise and the sense of freedom away from the cloistered city walls, appealed to us both alike. One or two of the Junior Masters came down to Putney sometimes to coach or row with us, and this helped to humanize us, and to supply that lack of social intercourse with refined minds which was the great defect of our daily environment.

"A. L. Smith's life first became linked closely with mine when, as Deputy-Grecians, we were made monitors together in No. 10 Ward. He was shorter and lighter and less pugnacious than I, and as a monitor's control had in those days to be enforced by physical violence with the hands (for the use of the cane was not allowed and reporting to the Warden was regarded as sneaking), the leadership in disciplinary matters devolved upon me, but we were always unitedly active in our efforts for the improvement of morals and conduct, and our ward was looked upon as one of the best in point of order and good manners.

"He was a chubby youth in those days, with thick hair parted in the middle, bright eyes and merry smile; he was always talkative and ready with the latest tit-bit culled from the book which he had last been browsing on; and strange indeed were the books which would even then attract his boyish mind. I remember once in those monitorial days, when he had come across Bishop Berkeley's *Principles of Human Knowledge*, his maintaining that the Bishop was right in asserting that nothing existed except in thought and that ideas were the only reality in existence, with a vehemence and pertinacity that moved my wrath, as Dr. Johnson's was moved on a similar occasion.

"A few years later he read both volumes of Mill's *Logic*, and all the volumes of Hallam's *Constitutional History*, rather unusual recreations for a schoolboy. His own explan-

ation of his taste for such literature, which I heard from his own lips, was as follows: 'My father did not believe in premature education, holding that the young brain and body should be allowed to grow of itself before being loaded. Consequently he let me run wild till after my seventh year. So free was my mind from the encumbrance of learning then, that on admission to Christ's Hospital when they were testing us in Scriptural knowledge, my rival competitor for the bottom of the list defeated me because I had heard of the Lord's Prayer and he hadn't; neither of us could say it. When, therefore, I got access to a library, I read everything voraciously and promiscuously.'

"He had a wonderful memory and the gift of picking out the gems of a book even with the hastiest reading, and both at school and at college his talk was always brightened with flashes from the latest volumes he had been skimming or digesting. He had a remarkable gift when writing an essay of weaving into it thoughts that he had collected unconsciously about the subject in all his miscellaneous reading. He has told me himself that often in starting a school or college essay competition at first he could not remember ever having had a thought on the subject; then one fact after another would suggest itself as likely to be useful, until finally the product would be an erudite composition so loaded with illustrative examples that it would look as if all available encyclopædias had been consulted.

"He was easily the best of us in essay-writing, and his essays were remarkable for their compression of facts, their wide range of thought, and their sensible conclusions, without any attempt at fine writing. It was his essay and his history paper which, I believe, gained him his first entrance into Balliol as an exhibitioner in November 1868 (though he did not come into residence until October 1869); and his success in the Lothian Essay confirmed his confidence in the possession of this essay-power. Later on, his remarkable successes as a teacher of history and as an able draughtsman of Commissions' Reports on wide and tangled subjects proved how fully he developed these earlier gifts.

"In our transitory passage through the classes of the Lower and Middle Schools no Master appeared to take any personal interest in any one of us; they came in from their



outside lodgings, heard the lessons perfunctorily, and administered the necessary corporal punishment; but in the Deputy-Grecians' and Grecians' Class for the last four years or more we were under the direct guidance and instruction of our Head Master, the Rev. G. A. Jacob, D.D. He was a rigid grammarian, being himself the author of the Bromsgrove Grammars in Greek and Latin. He was a brother of General Jacob, to whom he bore a striking resemblance in face and, I believe, in character. His stern sense of duty and his incessant stressing of all points of faith or learning which he considered of primary importance, could not fail to make a deep impression on the minds and characters of his pupils.

"For our last year, Rev. G. C. Bell (afterwards Head Master of Marlborough) was our Head Master—a man of rare sagacity, whom we dubbed *The Judicious Bell*, because of the tactful way in which he introduced many needful reforms.

"But the man to whom we all owed most in the formation of our classical tastes and aspirations was the Composition Master, Mr. F. A. Hooper, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, whose intimate knowledge of the Greek and Latin poets and conscientious criticism and correction of every piece of prose or verse composition done by each individual pupil, was the prime factor in winning the unusual share of Gaisfords, Hertfords, Irelands, Cravens, and Chancellor's prizes that fell to the Grecians between the years '70 and '76. Smith, Butler, and myself were especially indebted to him, for he had us bring to his house in Southampton Row one night a week, during most of our last school year, an English essay on some subject which would be likely to awaken our interest in English authors, and give us some conception of good and bad literary styles. He was one of the most retiring and self-effacing of men, but none of his old pupils ever ceased to recognize gratefully the extent of their indebtedness to him."

The portraits which I possess show A. L. at different stages, successive steps being denoted, as R. H. Roe has explained to me, by the number of buttons on the coat and the style of the leather girdle. I do not know if the same sumptuary laws still obtain at Christ's Hospital.



W. H. B.      W. H. B.      W. H. B.      W. H. B.  
 W. H. B.      W. H. B.

CLASS OF "GRIFFIN" (1884)

Some letters are preserved which throw a light on the later school years, but it is evident that the long separation from Mother and home made it difficult for the boy to express himself with the freedom of an ordinary child writing to his mother and sisters. Moreover, his Mother had now (1859) married again, an American, Mr. Freeman Silke, and had made her new home in Chicago, with him and Mary and Miriam, A. L.'s two sisters. Mother and son were to meet only twice again, once when Mrs. Silke came over to England, again a widow, with two more little girls, in 1874, and once more, for the last time, on the occasion of A. L.'s visit to America in 1910.

In some ways I think his epistolary style was permanently affected by these circumstances. He is never quite himself in letters; a naturally reserved man he seems to allow a sort of surface-play of words, the deeper things he seldom touches on, and, indeed, letter-writing of any kind was to him always somewhat of a penance, as his friends found to their cost. "Here, you might as well finish this," he used to say, handing the half-written letter over to me to do the best I could with it, thereby incurring the wrath of certain correspondents who naturally resented my signature, or my "forging" of his.

Here is an undated scrap from Christ's Hospital (probably about 1868):

"My work with Mr. Hooper is getting on just about double as well as before, my essays being highly commended and my composition, my weakest point, quite rivalling that of Butler the Grecian who accompanies me to Balliol. He is a beautiful scholar, but the other evening Mr. Hooper said my essay was just twice as good as his or that of anyone else. He is 3rd Grecian, (I am 2nd, you know) a nice, quiet fellow and he has a brother at Oxford from whom, I gather, that expenses about this Scholarship will be perhaps over £4, omitting clothes of course. Mr. Hooper said a man who gets a first rate classic (Schol.) at Oxford is made for life, and that he is certain I shall take a first. Fancy that! Is it not glorious if only true? My taking a higher

degree than even he took ! I leave you to digest that but not to be too sanguine."

To his Aunt, Sarah Strutt :

*" June 3, 1868.*

" I have got good news for you. I have the second French Prize in the School. We are in the midst of terrific preparations for the Classical Examination, which is to decide whether I am to go up to the University or not ; but I think I am now as safe as anyone, and am not much disturbed as to the result. I must beg of you to send me as soon as possible my allowance for June, for I have been for some time without a penny, and in a day I shall be obliged to go without tea for want of funds. I must even borrow a couple of stamps to post this letter and another I have written. . . . You will be glad to know that a long copy of original Latin verse of mine got a good mark, so I feel much encouraged."

(" Tea " seems to have been a meal for which the boys provided partly from a tuck-shop, and the " allowance " mentioned must have only permitted very careful spending—very difficult for a boy of his temperament, who even at that early age must have loved to share whatever he had.)

To his Mother :

*" August 19, 1869.*

" . . . Firstly then as to expenses, I may first state what I now have, namely, an Exhibition, i.e. a pension of £40 yearly for four years, the time of the Oxford course, and another of £40 for the same time, which attaches me as an Exhibitioner to Balliol College, Oxford. After four years' study I go in for ' the Finals ' ; upon my place in this list depends my future life. The taking of my degree will thus be the culmination of sixteen years' study.

" Besides these two Exhibitions the School gives each of us on leaving £20 or £30 for furniture, £10 for clothes, and £20 for books. This seems very well, but against this is the fact that Oxford is a very dear place, where £150 a year is said to be a very close shave, so much being taken by room-rent, by fees to the College, the University, and the tutor.



"I am, indeed, going in for an Exam in November to try to exchange my £40 Exhibition into one of £60, but unfortunately there will be over fifty others entering with the hope of one out of the six offered, and as Balliol is supposed to secure every year the most talented candidates of the whole year, my chance is but a chance indeed. Were I to get this I should, of course, get on by myself; but the probability of my not being able to do so is the only thing that makes me regret having secured a place in the first College of all Oxford, since all those who go up with me this year, though a good deal below me in school work, have got very 'fat' scholarships, of course at Colleges far inferior to Balliol."

(Here we see the Balliol "germ" in an early stage.)

"The money given by the School is, I hear, quite insufficient to supply, as must be done, everything from bedstead to blacking-brushes, and floor-carpets to fire-irons. . . .

"Now about prizes—A £2 prize for the best essay on 'The Causes that favour or impede the growth of national poetry, as illustrated in the history of English poetry since the time of Shakespeare.' Also a French Prize, large and fine enough, indeed, but, as my Aunt will tell, the less said about my French the better. And yet am I not now writing a French 'Oration' to be delivered to an 'august assemblage'?"

In another letter he begs his Mother to write more frequently, and tells her he:

" . . . has gained two electro-plated tankards for rowing, a brilliant-looking cup for gymnastics, and, finally, the first Classical Prize in the School, a beautiful gold medal value £12 intrinsically, but, I hope, much more relatively and in reality. You see, I may well talk of my 'laurels' now, and, in fact, I never dreamt of doing so well before. Of course my friends are very much pleased."

To his Aunt:

"Feb. 19.

"Mr. Hooper says he thinks I have great talents for the sort of learning that is now beginning to be thought much of—viz. essay-writing and original thought, Modern History,

and Science. Moderate in mathematics. . . . I was very much pleased with all my valentines this year. . . ."

To his Uncle, A. J. Strutt, in Rome, 1868 :

(After explaining that the Treasurer of the School hoped to set free another £90 Exhibition for Oxford.)

"If he does not succeed I must go to Oxford minus the £90, and, if I cannot gain a Schol., minus anything whatever. My success in life will entirely depend upon my going to Oxford ; at Cambridge, being a poor mathematician and not exactly a tasteful scholar, I should do nothing. . . . So if you persist in visions of your Nephew as a Scholar of Balliol, while you are about it you may as well imagine me as Lord Chancellor, too. . . . If I am allowed to go up, as, of course, I shall be, I must buy other clothes, as I could not be allowed to go in these."

(Apparently about £15 was spent in an outfit, which sum would not go far in the present day, and was probably inadequate even then.)

His Mother's silence seems to have distressed the boy, as was only natural. Her letters were few and far between, and her thoughts were naturally concentrated round her new home and children. Her time, too, must have been entirely taken up with the care of her husband, who soon developed consumption and died in Rome, where the little family had journeyed from Chicago in the vain hope that Southern warmth might prolong the invalid's life.

On the schoolboy at Christ's Hospital all these fresh anxieties and troubles began to weigh very heavily ; he longed to be grown up and able to provide for or, at least, help his Mother—hence the undercurrent of financial anxiety in his letters, very pathetic as one reads them now. And with it all there was the further difficulty that his Mother must have been practically a stranger to the son whom she had not seen for more than nine years ; added to which she had for some time past become a member of a Swedenborgian community in Chicago. I am not at all clear as to the doctrines of that sect, but I believe its

followers are endowed with a sort of vague and mystic optimism, a state of mind which to a youth faced suddenly with tragedy must in itself constitute a barrier.

But brighter days were in store for him ; a new chapter in his life seemed to begin just when the clouds were darkest and heaviest, and his happiness in School successes of all kinds was changing into doubt and perplexity. And, best of all, thanks to his School and College Exhibitions, he was able to enter Balliol College in the October Term of 1869, not unbefriended, as R. H. Roe matriculated at the same time.



## CHAPTER II

### A DIGRESSION AND A RETROSPECT

**B**EFORE her first marriage A. L.'s Mother—then Alice Strutt—had met and become greatly attached to an Aunt of my own, my Mother's eldest sister, the wife of Mr. Frank Crossley<sup>1</sup> (as he then was), M.P. for Halifax, and a well-known carpet manufacturer of that town. The friendship seems to have been kept up intermittently for years, but it was not until the death of Mr. Silke that my Aunt's kind heart led her to hold out a helping hand to the widow and children left stranded in Rome, away from the rest of the family in Chicago. Many letters passed between the old friends, and it was arranged that the Mother and son should at last meet under the Crossleys' hospitable roof, either at their Halifax home, or at Somerleyton Hall in Suffolk, their other house.

By that time A. L., mainly owing to my Aunt's help and advice, had made a good start at Balliol, as will be seen by the following letter :

" BELLE Vue, HALIFAX.

22 June, 1871.

" MY DEAR MOTHER,—

" It seems still more than I can believe to fancy you in England at all, much less actually in Norwich to delight my dear Aunt. . . . You can imagine that I must be curious to see my young sisters ; but do you remember that I was only just nine years old when I last saw you in the Infirmary of the School, and younger when I saw Mr. Silke for the only time as far as I know. Oh, if you but had Mary and Miriam with you to make it perfect ! . . .

<sup>1</sup> Later Sir Francis Crossley, Bart.



I am so glad my success<sup>1</sup> came just in time for you. I dare not think what I should have felt to fail. But, I know now that I was probably 'safe' all along, as our 'Dons' assured me, though I could not feel as if that could be."

And now he had the joy of taking the two little half-sisters about; even their garments were an interest to the boy, so long deprived of any sort of home life, and I can remember his excitement over some little fur coats he bought for them, in one of those fits of impetuous generosity so well known to his friends of later years. His Mother, too, must have been thankful to have his help and advice, but it is difficult to gather from the few letters which remain from that period exactly how he solved the problems which crowded on him in that year. His widowed Mother's future had to be decided on, and his two little sisters educated, and it seemed wisest for them to return to Chicago and join the elder girls. All this meant endless discussions and arrangements, but the kind friends who had come to their rescue still stood by them, and at last the return voyage was safely made, and Mother and son parted again, not to meet for another forty years.

But this time it was to leave him in truly motherly hands. From henceforth my Aunt's home was to be A. L.'s home whenever he needed one. This meant relief from immediate anxieties, and best of all there was work for him, work of the kind he had not yet tried, but which was really all his life the work he liked best—teaching. Savile,<sup>2</sup> the only child of the house, then about fourteen years old, was at Eton and needed not only companionship but coaching in the holidays.

A happy time began for both the boys, for the emancipated "Grecian" was, after all, only a big boy, and as up till then his life had been almost entirely spent at the School, he had everything to learn about a country life, and somehow they managed to preserve the relations of

<sup>1</sup> His 1st Class in Honour Mods.

<sup>2</sup> Now Lord Somerleyton.

tutor and pupil and at the same time enjoy together all sorts of frolics—yachting, riding, shooting; the anxious mother finding in him an elder son able to help and often to control when she herself failed.

And all the time letters were reaching the Mother in Chicago, telling of her son's progress and improvement, and in how many ways he was able to make himself of use to his kind hostess. She does not, however, say anything about all she was doing for the boy; how all his outfit for College had been prepared by her,—no easy task, as even in those early days he took little interest in or care of clothes! He never seemed surprised to find whole drawers full of new socks, everything mended and in order; a state of things he expected, not unnaturally, to persist through life, in spite of rough treatment.

It was really a rather spoiling life for him, but it was worth it; the pleasure he gave to his hostess and the happiness and gratitude which were his own share, must have gone far to make him forget the rough and tumble of school life, though he never forgot his school friends, especially the group of "Grecians" of whom he was one.

Having tried his hand successfully at teaching, the offer of other pupils soon came. The authorities at Balliol, especially the Master and Prof. T. H. Green, were always kind to the more needy of the undergraduates, and here was a boy of much promise, with only his scholarship to depend on, and moreover a conscience always oppressed with the feeling that he ought to send help to the family in America, an impossibility as things were, although he did pass on to them at once a small legacy which came to him in his first year at Balliol.

His first real pupil was Lord Lymington (the sixth Earl of Portsmouth), and again A. L. fell upon his feet, as the life at Hurstbourne with the large family of sons and daughters, and the motherly kindness of Lady Portsmouth and her literary interests, could not fail to be congenial to the young tutor, now beginning to rub off his angles and finding

the world a pleasant place. Mr. Norman Pearson, his friend of many years, who knew him in his first Term at Balliol, has told how at first A. L. seemed always on the defensive, and that it took some time to break down the barrier of reserve. Getting in with the rowing men, however, did much for him, and, of course, rowing remained to the end his favourite sport. Lord Lymington was only the first of a long array of pupils, but for some years Savile Crossley was his chief work, and Somerleyton his home in vacations.

There our first meeting took place one summer. And perhaps before I go on any further I ought to go a little into my own family history. "You cannot," say my children, "write as if you had dropped casually into the story from nowhere." And my own family record is not without interest, my grandfather having been, in his day, a very distinguished surgeon practising in his native town of Newcastle-on-Tyne. His patronymic Forster is a well-known Northumbrian name—Forsters abound all over the country; farther south the name seems to become Foster, as my Father found to his annoyance. Our own branch of the large family can be traced back to one Matthew Forster of Bamborough who, with his wife Grace Taylor of Beadnell, is buried in Bamburgh Church (1768).

Before the year 1821 my grandfather seems to have taken the name of Baird, on receiving the freehold of an estate in Alnwick from his Uncle, William Baird, of that town. We were always told as children that the Baird family had originally been *Bayards*, and that they could trace their descent from the Chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. Be that as it may, the pedigree of the Bairds, as given in the History of Northumberland, does actually trace them to Bayards,<sup>1</sup> living at Chevington in the fourteenth century, perhaps refugees from France. The assuming of the name Baird and the entailing of the property, part of which consisted of lands on the banks of the Bowmont, just on the Border country, seems to have caused

some friction among the various people interested, and this was not assuaged when, many years later, the entail was broken for the benefit of my Father's family of daughters.

John Forster Baird, my Father, was the eldest of his family, and spent his school-days at Rugby, during the most interesting period of Dr. Arnold's Headship. From thence he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, after some correspondence between his Father and his House-Master, who in one letter advises that the boy should not be sent to Cambridge, but "Wadham or Balliol which are both good Colleges." But his Cambridge career was prematurely ended by the death of his Father, never a robust man. The strain of surgical work in those pre-æsthetic days was more than he could stand, and he was often in a state of collapse after a major operation.

By this event my Father, then only about twenty-one years old, found himself left with a heavy responsibility, the sole control of the family finances, and his Mother, two sisters, and young brother dependent on him for everything. He read, however, for the Bar, and was duly called, remaining, I suppose, "localized" in Newcastle. But the distractions of family finance, his energetic work in the Northumberland Militia, and as "laird" of the small property he had inherited, left little time for serious grind at the Law. The irresistible lure of foreign travel, which he always felt, seems to have begun in those days, and he found his way to many delightful and, to tourists, as yet unknown villages in the Tyrol and the Swiss mountains.

Records of these trips remain in the form of numerous water-colour drawings. Looking at these one realizes that if he had only been less clever, witty, and good-looking, and if he had had to earn his living as an artist, he could have done greater things than he actually achieved later in life when, as the companion of Mr. Alfred Hunt, he wandered about in his beloved north country, the two painting together and comparing notes. We could hardly ever induce my Father to finish a painting; he hated having them



seized and framed, as my Mother managed to do sometimes, and I think that his choicest work is really to be found in the small sketch-books I treasure. He was a wonderful draughtsman, of the School of Prout and Harding,—colour came perhaps less easily to him, and oils were never a very sympathetic medium.

In 1854 my Father married Emily Jane Brinton,<sup>1</sup> the youngest sister of Mrs. Frank Crossley (A. L.'s kind benefactress and friend in after-years). For a time the young couple lived in Newcastle and waited for bricks, but my Father lacked the stimulus of *having* to work; the income from his property seemed a fortune in those days, and at last he decided to remove to London, the first of several changes of home base, changes to which we children became only too well accustomed.

It is not easy to ascertain from letters why my Father did not succeed as a barrister in Newcastle, but it seemed necessary on other grounds to seek a warmer climate; his brother and sisters after his Mother's death had moved already to London, and accordingly my Father went house-hunting there. I have a sheaf of letters describing his efforts, and at last a house was found, with "magnificent double-drawing-room, etc.," at 36, Belgrave Road—a most unattractive spot I thought it when once I passed by.

All the familiar troubles of a big flitting are recounted in these letters, and at last came the time for the move. I was eight months old now, and my young nurse begged to be allowed to take me with her to say good-bye to her friends at Gateshead. I was brought back *black*, and I suppose that was the end of the young nurse, as I was now handed over to Atty, a great character who demands a few pages to herself.

Atty—otherwise Alice Johnson—was a native of Gateshead, but she had no family except ours, nobody counted for anything with her except Bairds. Brintons she had no

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Henry Brinton, the head of a large Kidderminster family.

use for at all—and my Mother suffered accordingly at her hands. To us children she meant more than our parents, more than any possible Grannie. At this distance of time I find it impossible to account for this devotion; but it was so. Even myself—and because she didn't have me "from the month" she was never really fond of me, and generally treated me unfairly even when I was of real use to her—I felt the same affection for her. She was a part of our lives and to my sisters a harbour of refuge.

She must have been forty when she took me on, but even then she was quite shapeless and had no lap, so that the reigning baby seemed to be sitting on a precipice when she nursed it. Her garments were of a fashion all her own—the principal thing I remember was her caps, which were always made at Harvey Nichols (!) and were profusely trimmed with narrow sarsenet ribbon loops, blue or pink, and lots of blond lace. I wonder if H. and N. have anybody who remembers them? They wouldn't wash, and at times a solemn burning of an old cap used to hold the nursery interested. My sister Emily (afterwards Mrs. E. T. Cook)—who was a morbid and delicate child and the apple of Atty's eye—could never look on these cremations unmoved; the ribbon and blond lace did really burn in a very uncanny and unnatural way, curling up and seeming reluctant to disappear, and Emily generally cried over it. Atty had several such ceremonies; but I doubt if she knew our feelings about them or suspected our eyes were on her.

At night in my bed I used to hear a strange, sharp, hissing sound, followed by what I didn't think was at all a nice smell, and I knew it was the red-hot poker being plunged into Atty's supper beer! (Beer and strong drink eventually proved her undoing, but in those days beer flowed in every house—beer-money even hadn't been invented.)

About the babies Atty was an absolute tyrant, and I think she regarded my Mother purely as a cow to provide the essential food for her precious Baird babies. She was

very clever with babies and my Mother knew we were safe with her—but still . . .

As it was, our whole mental outlook was too much influenced by all that Atty thought and believed, and the effect on Emily at any rate was to make her morbidly introspective. Every night a ceremony of auricular confession would go on. Poor Emily, in bed with some imaginary crime on her conscience, "Atty, I was tempted to pray that Mr. Dip might not be in Heaven." Atty would respond in some way. "Well, but Atty . . ." And so on, always Emily's voice, "Well, but Atty." Emily was the only one who went in for this. I am afraid I had a less tender conscience, and I was stronger. Gertrude, the next, a queer and mystic child, kept her thoughts to herself. But in other respects we all had to "toe the line."

Sundays we were under Atty's rules always, and I cannot remember our parents ever interfering, even if they knew. For instance—no soap in the bath on Sundays; the perambulator never came out, and I remember Atty toiling up Richmond Hill *carrying* the reigning (and fat) baby; and another time dragging the reluctant, weary, and delicate Lilian along the Lung' Arno at Florence to "Atty's Chapel": no pram allowed. No running, or jumping, or playing at anything on Sundays, unless some kind aunt gave us a Noah's ark; and only certain books might be read. Dolls were not allowed, and that I felt a special hardship as I imagined myself a real mother of my doll family (which at one time numbered forty!), and I knew mothers did not stow away their children on Sundays.

Poor Atty! as she got older and less active, my Father's habit of including her in our foreign travels must have tried her a good deal, though she would never admit he could do anything wrong. Foreign food and foreign ways, and above all foreign religion, did not appeal to her at all. I remember her shocked comment when I had dropped on my knees among the people outside the little Church of St. Ulrich when the Priest brought out the Host. "Hout,

Mary ! to follow the multitude to do evil ! ” She did not actually teach us any doctrine ; her teaching was mostly of the negative sort. But she used to hand the Bible to us as soon as we were dressed and we were told to read it —what or where she didn’t say, it was enough that it *was* the Bible.

At last, in the hot weather one summer at Berchtesgaden she was found with her face twisted, a stroke of some sort ; and it ended in her being brought back to England and put in an Almshouse at Halifax, where she quickly made things too hot for her, and was very quarrelsome. Later she lived with a niece at Gateshead, and the last I remember of her is that she was brought to Bamburgh and lodged with a kind woman in the cottage next to the old blacksmith’s shop. There she said good-bye to us—and said her Nung Dimittis—Death had taken one of her nurslings, Gertrude, in the interval, and poor Atty said : “ I never appreciated her and I’m sorry.” It seemed as if at the last her mind cleared and she no longer saw “ through a glass darkly.” With all her faults, truly she was a good and faithful servant, and the love we children had for her was in itself a sufficient reward.



## CHAPTER III

### A VICTORIAN CHILDHOOD

THIS first change to London involved of course the break-up of the tiny home at Newcastle, but what was still more trying to my young Mother, from henceforward my Father's two sisters and brother were to make their home with the young couple. The dreary house in Belgrave Road must have been the scene of many family discords; never were people so unlike as my Mother and her sisters-in-law, but this uncomfortable arrangement went on until my Uncle William, having finished his course at Lincoln College, Oxford, where he had, I believe, a Scholarship, took Orders and began work as a Curate in London, attached at first to various Mission Churches, and afterwards in sole charge, but always in the East End. He was considered a High Churchman in those days, but critics sometimes wrote of him as a "trimmer"; I do not know with what truth.

His sisters now kept house for him. The younger had always been an invalid, but the elder (Jane Frances, of whom I shall speak later on), was his devoted helper, and worked with him all through the terrible epidemic of cholera in 1865. Later, when my Uncle's health showed signs of overstrain, Lord Beauchamp, whose Domestic Chaplain he then was, appointed him to the living of Dymock, in Gloucestershire; but the country life and country folk never appealed to him; he longed for the East End again, and finally became Vicar of St. Barnabas, Homerton. There his work was sadly hindered by his disastrous marriage

and he died in 1874 of rapid consumption. Memories of these years are still vivid: the Square in which we played, with its gardener's shed, a place of mystery and terror, in which I felt sure I should some day be immured for some crime—"taken up," as we put it; the earwig families we discovered in the cracks of the seats; the naughty boy who cut wasps in half; the other naughty boy who kicked his nursemaid and had a new one every week; the Punch and Judy which always squeaked so promisingly near our house but *never* stopped so that we could see it; the walks—one to Battersea Bridge where I remember the dust whirling in the corners of the Bridge. Atty had told us we were made of dust, and I used to wonder if *that* dust might one day be made into a little brother for us (but the little brother, alas! never came).

Then sometimes an invitation for us to a party—a doubtful joy, as we were, or pretended to be, very shy, *and* we didn't like our hair being "zhig-zhagged," as Gertrude called it (she lisped always). Our Aunts invited us to Limehouse once and Emily and I went, but at bedtime Emily was so horrified at the aspect of an Aunt in a nightcap that she shrieked inconsolably, and we had to be brought back by bus late at night. Or we would go to tea with Savile Crossley in Eaton Square, but there the fun was spoilt by his habit of spreading his petticoats so that he sat upon his most desirable toys; perhaps I ought not to write this, but it is true.

Sundays were rather nice in spite of Atty's rules (and some of those were only tiresome in the country, where there was more temptation to run and "break the Sabbath"). We used to go to the Church which my Mother called St. Secretan's (but really, the Vicar's name was Secretan). They had a nice hymn-book and I specially remember one—not in other hymn-books: George Herbert's "Throw away Thy rod." My Father loved this, and I still remember the tune though I was only six years old at the time.

Our education began then—reading with Atty *Step by Step*. Emily could read when she was three years old, print as well as writing. I don't think I learned quite so quickly, but I never *did* take to lessons, and, indeed, education was not made attractive to the young in those days. I remember my first reading-book—it is probably extant still—there is a picture on every page, and here is one: A grown-up man and a small boy, both with broad black weeper-hatbands, are standing gazing into an open grave . . . the "reading," as I recall it, underneath the picture is:

"The end of Sin is Woe in the Pit!"

At six years old I had a bad illness—diphtheria—in which but for Atty I should probably have died. There being no sign of pain in my throat I didn't complain, but was very ill, and at last Atty said: "Perhaps you should look at her throat." The result was a terrible swabbing or burning which made me think I was going to die—and I recovered. Emily looking over the banisters horrified my Father by saying: "Is Mary dead yet?" "Poor Emily has no *tack*," was all Atty could say.

I don't think any more law work came my Father's way. He spent his time in shooting at Wimbledon or whatever the shooting place was, painting, and so on, and I think he and my Mother had quite a gay time socially. His great interest and delight always was foreign travel. I don't know how he managed to afford it, but he never grudged money for that. When Emily and I were babies he took us all to Switzerland and the Tyrol, and I have heard how we went in panniers over the Tête Noire, Atty toiling behind. And I distinctly remember sitting on a table at the little inn at Trafoi—then very primitive—and having warm socks put on because of the snow outside; then going out for a walk, and with doubtful pleasure as I had always a fear of bears and wolves coming down on us.

We must have spent several summers abroad in those

first six years of my life. I remember that *then* began the first of the money worries that spoilt so much of my life, no doubt what people would call a "complex" in these days. It was at Bozen or Meran, my Father used to give us some money to buy figs, grapes, and so on, and one day when I ran to him for it he made some remark, which I cannot remember exactly, to the effect that his money would not last out.

Parents should be careful about this, I am sure—as for me the trouble was to grow, and abide with me, and become an unreasonable sort of "haunting." But there are pleasant memories, too, of those times—dinners under grape trellises, kind peasants petting us children and stroking our flaxen hair—it really was flaxen—and always Atty's care for our comfort. The Channel crossings were to me a nightmare as they are to many people still, especially once from Newhaven to Dieppe. I particularly remember the horrid scaly legs of the cold fowl which I dare say had crossed unmolested any number of times—even now the sight makes me sick.

All summer we spent at Seaview, and though we loved the sands and the little yellow shells, I acquired there a horror of the water which took years to pass off. As a treat, my Father had taken the whole family, Atty, a nursemaid, three babies and my Mother, for an expedition, a row round to Bembridge. It was a calm day and he was a good oar, but outside St. Helen's we suddenly noticed water was coming in—and coming in very fast. My Father poked about with an oar and found a rock, and he got out and stood on the rock and held up the boat, which soon filled up so that we were all sitting in the water. He shouted for help, and indeed the boat was swamped by the rising tide, and it would not have been possible to hold it up much longer.

Our cries at last reached the ears of some people in a boat who had been going to Bembridge Point, but a change of wind prevented them and also brought them our cries,

and they turned and picked us up, very much frightened and wet to the skin, except the baby, Gertrude, who had been held up high in Atty's arms. As we walked back to Seaview Atty's talk can be imagined; it was across a ploughed field and the furrows seemed like trenches to my small bare legs. My Father's words reached our infant minds more easily and with greater comfort. Now it will be a little understood why I have never really enjoyed the river at Oxford. There have been times in my life when I could have walked round a river rather than cross it.

It was during those London years that we first went up to the Border country, where till recently the little bit of family property was—Bowmont Hill near Yetholm. There one summer we took lodgings in the farmhouse—Hayhope, on the Bowmont. The river ran according to its own sweet will in those days; now I see it is enclosed in camp-sheddings and other contrivances, and the delightful pebbly beaches and the rough grass full of rushes and flowers have all become sophisticated; the single plank on which we tremblingly crossed the stream is now a proper bridge with a hand-rail. But the farmhouse is still the same, and the hill behind; one of those hills one never seems to get to the top of. But, alas! advancing years have taken away my sense of smell, and I can no longer smell the warm box border which is one of the most delightful and mysterious smells in existence, full of memories for so many people.

At Hayhope our joy used to be to go over to Lochside and see the cows milked, and to play with the Oliver children, and sometimes our Father and Mother dined there, which meant going on a donkey, and once the donkey walked straight through a hedge with dire results to head-gear! Kirk Yetholm was interesting because we might see the Queen of the Gipsies, and the village because the sweet-peas in the gardens were so lovely. Sometimes we went out helping the gleaners, but I fear there is no gleaning in these days. Our first visit to Bamburgh was about this time, but really Bamburgh has gone on all my life so I will



not write about it now but try and remember a little more about those first seven years of my life.

When Lilian was a year old the whole family was transported to Italy for the winter, Atty, of course, being of the party. I was just seven years old at the time, but the memories of that time are very vivid indeed. We went to Venice, Pisa, and Verona first, and I can even now smell in imagination the faint, flat smell of the *piccoli canali* in which I had to implore my Father to go (being still haunted by our Seaview experience). And I can remember the shudder with which we went over the Bridge of Sighs and into the dungeons on the other side; the Lido and the seahorses and the cheerful monks are a happier memory; and the sunshine and the pigeons in front of San Marco. I would love to see Venice again. Surely it is not a place that *can* be spoilt. At Pisa I am afraid the leaning tower was too much for me—nothing would induce me to go up it and I wept at the bottom.

Of course all the hotel life was a joy to us children; all Italians love children, and the baby Lilian was handed from waiter to waiter with delight, and cries of "*Bibi! Bibi!*" while our hair was stroked and patted by every one we met.

We seem to have jumped from the warmth of Venice to the cold of Florence, into an *appartement* in the Via del Sole (but rather a dark street I remember). There we spent a cold winter, enlivened for my parents by plenty of social entertainments, particularly concerts, etc. They seemed to know a good many interesting people—the Cottrells, the T. Adolphus Trollopes, the Sauls, and a number of people whose names I forget—there was quite a large English society in Florence then, and some poor English people whose circumstances and lack of money kept them there against their will. Of course with my "money complex" in my mind there arose in me the dread that we should be of that unhappy company, and once when my Mother had a new dress with, as I thought, real gold circles on it,

I feared the worst ! She was extravagant and she did like new clothes and to look nice, and when this meant—as it inevitably did—attracting moth-like men friends, there was trouble, and the worst was I always knew it !

But life had its compensations for us, too, at any rate for me. There were the walks into the Boboli Gardens (I can still see the many-coloured anemones peeping out and the sunshine—true, the streets there were full of sights and smells that horrified Atty for our sakes) ; then the visits to the Galleries where I used to spend hours staring at the Madonna del Gran Duca, then my favourite, and envying the ladies on high stools dabbling in fascinating oils ; the walks along the Lung' Arno and across the Ponte Vecchio gazing into the shops ; the hot chestnuts we had to buy and carry home to keep us warm ; also the *scaldini* we carried in our hands on very cold days ; delicious Sunday dinners, with chestnuts and "*panna montata*" (it really was called that—it was whipped cream). And the only drawback to it all was that I could never pick up Italian, then or at any other time.

We "did" Churches, too, and I can always remember the thrill with which one passed through the heavy curtain into the dimly-lighted Church and mist of incense. And then the wonderful pictures we were going to be shown. Atty on these occasions was a trouble to us, as she showed her Protestantism by marked disapproval and suppressed grunts ! Still, what my Father did could not be quite wrong, and he was the leader.

At night sometimes our Father and Mother went out. Amateur theatricals were in great vogue in those days, got up ostensibly in aid of some of the poor stranded English families. Then we would have quiet evenings with Atty, and I would walk up and down the stone floor hushing Lilian to sleep with "When Mothers of Salem," while Atty dozed.

At Florence, too, we had regular lessons from a governess, the first and almost the only lessons I have ever enjoyed.

Lessons with Mother were rather a penance ; she was painstaking but not patient, and her extreme anxiety that we should all write beautifully—and, in fact, do everything beautifully—made our writing-lessons at any rate not without tears, nor our music either.

The spring after our stay in Florence we spent at various delightful places—Kreuth, where the poor little Lillian was victimized by having her ankles held—to “strengthen them”—in the icy water of the brook rushing through the hotel grounds. How fascinating those brooks were !

Then to Bex, in the Rhone Valley, two lovely months in the quaint little hotel backing on to a wooded hill. I would find my way round in that garden and up the zigzag path to the wood, where lilies of the valley and columbines grew ; but, as at Trafoi, always one went with a fear of wolves or bears—just because it wasn't England ! I think the fear added to the fascination of those rambles. I wonder if people ever go to Bex in these days and if its flowery meadows are spoilt by being built over.

Back again in England at last, but now it was decided that a move must be made—the three children born in Belgrave Road were not strong and needed purer air ; so my Father went house-hunting again, and this time found a house at the foot of Richmond Hill—just the ordinary kind of semi-detached villa with a strip of garden behind and steps up to the front door—just large enough for us. He named it Bowmont Lodge (I wonder if it still stands and still has that name), and we moved in just before my eighth birthday.

I remember so well our first ramble in Richmond Park ; the mossy paths ; the exciting finds underneath the oak trees, oak-galls, acorns, moss. Oak trees are much more interesting underneath than beeches I always think ; the joy of being able to scamper about and run up and down the steep slope leading to Petersham (after Belgrave Road and the dull squares and streets) and to have a garden, were an endless delight. Of course we each had our own bit

of garden and used to save up our pennies to buy plants, mostly roses and pinks and hen-and-chicken daisies. My Mother, who had a perfect disease of tidiness (not inherited by any of her children), did not quite approve of our gardens, which somewhat spoilt the general symmetry.

At Richmond our education began in real earnest. We had a daily governess, a Miss Laura Sellé,<sup>1</sup> the daughter of Dr. Sellé, the organist at the Parish Church. She was gentle and took great pains, finding in Emily a pupil after her own heart, when once Emily had reconciled her conscience to being taught by an "atheist," as for some odd reason we labelled Miss Sellé (it may have been because she was a special student of Keats and Shelley, or Atty may have got hold of the idea, or else from some chance remark of my Father's). Anyhow we learnt some things from her; among others she taught us to read aloud distinctly, standing at a desk, and I can remember how even I enjoyed reading Macaulay aloud. I was better at this than Emily, whose great gift was a wonderful memory. She could recite any poem after once reading it—and at bedtime would go through all the "Lays of Ancient Rome" before she went to sleep—a great bore for me, her room-mate.

Our schoolroom was in the basement and this enabled us to creep out while Miss S. was giving a music lesson, and enjoy a little croquet or a look at our gardens; at least I did pretty often. I think Emily was more studious and conscientious. Sundays were rather pleasant. But, oh! how trying the service at Church was. I remember the dull despair that settled down on me when the Litany began, and how I tried all the expedients G. F. Bradbey describes in his book. Things improved later, after we had made friends in Richmond. My special friend was the eldest of a family of nine, and she and I had to take our respective broods to the Children's Service and keep them in tremendous order *à la* Maricena Kenwigs. She had brothers and I had none. On the other hand, our baby was much

<sup>1</sup> She afterwards married Henry Duxton Forman.

prettier than hers. I remember specially one of her brothers, a beautiful child of eighteen months, with curly hair, and sleeves tied with blue ribbons. He is now Father Paul Bull, of the Community of the Resurrection. I don't think he liked being reminded of the blue ribbons when I met him forty years afterwards!

At this time two or three episodes seem to show the bent my mind was to take—perhaps they are too insignificant to mention, and they are not all creditable. But I must be honest in this record or it will be valueless.

I remember my first Valentine, brought to me by a little boy called Sharpe, who lived in a terrace near. It was a lovely one, scented, of rice paper, and all sorts of pretty embossed pictures. Then I remember going out with a nursemaid to shop, and on the way seeing a grimy beggar-woman with a baby, who held out her hand and implored us (in French) to help her, and the two shillings I had taken to spend was quickly put into her hand, and how happy I felt about it. Another memory is our being sent out for the afternoon to tea with the Chapmans on the Terrace. I resented this and knew we were being got rid of for a purpose, and the velocipede and other games did not distract my thoughts in the least. I *ached* to go home. After tea we were taken home. The door opened—and I held my breath. "You've got a little sister and she is as fat as butter." This was Evelyn, and her arrival meant hours of delightful work for me, as Atty accustomed herself to make much more use of me than she did of her proper underling. I suppose from the first I had a natural knack with babies. At any rate my lessons were thrown to the winds. I think by this time Miss Sellé had almost given me up and turned her attention to Emily and Gertrude who were both far more interested and interesting to her.

We spent that September at Lowestoft, and I think this must have been about the date of my first visit to Somerleyton, the Suffolk home of my Uncle and Aunt, Sir Francis and Lady Crossley, a place which was to fill a large part



in our lives for many years. The sojourn at Richmond only lasted about three years. My Father disliked the place and never felt well there, but we children loved it and were never tired of rambles in the Park. There, too, we used to spend long mornings. Generally I took my knitting. A devoted Aunt was my instructress and found me the most diligent with my fingers. I learnt to tat and crochet and knit and sew, and soon could make any little woollies the baby needed. My Mother, who was a most clever dress-maker and made all our garments herself—and in the very latest fashions, too—never cared about other work. And indeed she had no time. I cannot now understand how she managed to make our frocks, with a horrid little chain-stitch machine, and all our other garments, trim our hats, and at the same time always herself look smart. Her views on dress even at that early age clashed a good deal with mine. I hated to look "peculiar" or fashionable, and to wear black stockings when others wore white; flappy Leghorn hats or still more obnoxious Nîçois hats; short skirts, etc., meant a sort of martyrdom to me. No doubt I was very tiresome, and my friend with the eight brothers and sisters used to lecture me freely.

Added to this my Mother herself gave us dancing and what the children called "chestik-spander" exercises every morning, and also superintended our practising, with a pair of scissors in her hands of which I sometimes felt the points! She certainly had a hard life, and yet both she and my Father were much sought after and knew a great many people. He kept up his shooting at Wimbledon all the time, and between times worked at his water-colours and oils. Many of his best sketches date from those days, and I think also a little Guide to the Tyrol which he and my Mother did together, she supplying the botanical notes. This Guide was published by Murray & Son, I believe, and I don't think any profit ever accrued from its sale, but the *Saturday Review* seems to have been sent free for many years—instead of a royalty. The little book is full of tiny

engravings done from sketches, and I should like to procure a copy of it.

When Evelyn was a year old we left Richmond and were again without a real home, a fact which I always resented ; but to my Father it meant freedom and a chance to travel again. So we warehoused the furniture and went off to Switzerland, this time to Vevey, where we took a rather fascinating house standing sideways at the edge of the lake, near La Tour de Peilz. I can see it now, with its green shutters and the waves lapping the shore. We were very happy there all that winter, in spite of lessons from a very inadequate "Swissesse," who really knew nothing and spent all her time gossiping with our *bonne à tout faire*. We were now old enough to know the delights of "lugeing" in the snow and ice, and, when the frost melted, the walks to Hauteville and Blonay, the open air luncheons off walnuts and rolls, the marketing, the shopping—what a fascinating place Mack's shop was, with its *châlets* and carved animals. I wonder if it still sells them or if modern children are too sophisticated for such things.

Then I must confess that a good deal of our fun came from the fact that we were close to the Pension Sillig, a large boys' school to which many Americans used to send their sons (I have seen it mentioned in *Little Women*, I think). Of course we got to know some of the boys, and they used to hide near the gate and look at us, and on Christmas Day four of them came to games, but so far forgot themselves as to bring mistletoe and then blow out the candles!—so that the Riot Act had to be read.

We were constantly making friends and losing them, and that is why I do like to keep the old ties when I can. My Father was *persona grata* everywhere and would always get into conversation with complete strangers rather than remain silent in company, and my Mother, being pretty and alert, and well read, was always able to enjoy life.

After Vevey we travelled about all the spring and summer, visiting Bex again, and going up the Rhone Valley, in time

to get the best of the flowery season. The fields near Leukerbad were full of lilies. Leuk itself is very amusing—with the "invalids" up to their necks in the baths, nobody being allowed to stand up—is it so now, I wonder?

The next stopping-place I remember is St. Ulrich, where I think we must have been the first English visitors, and where I was the proud possessor of a whole sheaf of "bank-notes" (kreuzers or pfennige) to be spent on the wonderful carvings done in the village. In those days it supplied all the wooden dolls and all the crucifixes I should think that Europe or at any rate Germany needed. Now I hear from Mowbray's in Oxford that we do our own carving of crucifixes. St. Ulrich, what with perpetual Kalbsbraten, and the fact that the dining-table in the inn served as a bed at night for any casual traveller, did not tempt us to a long stay, and we went to Berchtesgaden, where we found pleasant quarters some way from the town and stayed some months.

I realize now that helping Atty, who was getting much less active and had a varicose vein, and the charge of Evelyn, now a rampant child of two, was "growing me up" much more quickly; and I can remember my thoughts and reflections of those days, as well as the novelty of the life in that strange place; with the continual fun of running along the bridges and steps and passages which formed the *Wasserleitung* (or conduits) along the lanes to our lessons in the town; the wayside shrines, which were always intensely interesting to me and often made a long and tiring walk seem shorter.

Our house was cool and we had a lovely garden, and in it we played with the Hausfrau's son, a boy of ten, and picked up a certain amount of German in that way. He was a spoilt child though, and had every imaginable toy including—but I hope I shall not be called to order—a box containing a complete "outfit" for the celebration of Mass!—and on occasions he went through the service—or a semblance of it, rather to our dismay. The Hausfrau, however, took it as a matter of course, and I don't know

what Atty thought. By this time her varicose leg had become an open sore and she had to stay in bed, in the so-called nursery—a room with a window looking over the garden. There I "minded" Evelyn, washed and dressed her, "did" Atty's leg, all under my Mother's superintendence, it is true, but I did it. To add to the discomfort it was very hot weather, and straight under the window—boarded in, it is true—was the cesspool! This in the days when antiseptics were unknown. However, no ill results followed except that Atty was found one morning with her mouth on one side and a strange look—a "stroke"—as I at once realized; only a slight affair, but she was not able to be of much use afterwards, and I became still more of a nursery-maid; not that I disliked it, but I sometimes wonder if "they" quite realized what it meant for a child only eleven years old!

After this we made our way as best we could, with an invalided Atty, to Stuttgart, where an Aunt and cousins were staying, and where it was thought we might get some music and other lessons. I shall never forget the hot, uncomfortable journey—poor Atty, the rather troublesome baby girl, my Father's patient face (he knew he ought not to have brought Atty from England this time). Stuttgart seemed a most unattractive place and very smelly; but we had no home in England, so it was decided to stay and take lodgings near the Brintons, and two days after we four children were taken to the Katherinen Stift, the large girls' public school, and enrolled as pupils.

The idea of school—*Day School*, be it understood—had always appealed to me, and it certainly was an amusing experience, especially as we knew scarcely a word of German. Emily and I were placed in a class of about fifty girls under a Master—and we did the lessons after a fashion—writing-lessons, poetry, singing, etc. A small group of English girls, including our cousins, were in the same class. One of these had acquired popularity by a talent she had of tattooing her schoolmates, by means of a steel pen and slate

pencil dust. But our long hair got us into trouble—the German girls wore theirs in pigtails,—couldn't we? But my Mother was adamant about this, and it ended in my plaiting my hair on the way to school every day, and so acquiring merit in the eyes of the Master—and a respite from teasing.

It was all great fun for me. I enjoyed the poetry, when each girl had to stand up and say a verse out of Schiller's *Taucher*, though I could never manage the bit :

“ Und es walle und sieder und brauset und *zischt*,”

especially “*zischt*,” which really is a horrid word. And the writing-lessons, all done to a sort of chant which fitted the upstrokes and downstrokes of the queer, angular *Schrift*.

Perhaps we should have stayed on at Stuttgart, but my Father took fright, not without reason, at the smells and general unhealthiness. I really do believe the stream which ran through the public gardens was a sewer, anyhow it smelt like one, and either that, or the fact that plums only cost ten kreuzers for forty, brought about a sort of epidemic, and we were hastily brought back to England.

I think this year was the first in which we spent any time at Somerleyton, and the delight of being there and the lovely fresh air did us all good. Savile was with a tutor somewhere near, but he got many days off, and to us, who had no brothers, it was a great treat to share a boy's games and amusements. In spite of Aunts we had a pretty free time, and the room in the tower, where we mostly played, was full of pet mice, stamps, games, and all the rubbish children love.

There were the shrubberies to play about in and all sorts of queer berries and fruit to sample. I wonder we were not poisoned by our experiments. And almost the greatest delight of all was to get an old volume of *Punch* and sit in the winter garden munching a bun. The house-keeper made delicious buns and there seemed no “close



season " for them. In fact, my Aunt used to say, " Children and chicken must always be picking."

Sundays were rather a trial, but I discovered that by going to the *Chapel*—not to the Church—Savile and I could have sips of a compound of melted liquorice, which we took in a bottle and which atoned for extra long and dull prayers and sermons ! Somerleyton is much changed, I suppose, but I should know my way about the lanes and grounds still, though I have not been there since the day we went over from Southwold thirty years ago.



## CHAPTER IV

### BAMBURGH IN 1864

**I** HAVE written of my Father's love of foreign travel, but the North country had perhaps even stronger hold on his heart, the Northumbrian scenery, the soft Border country and Bowmont Water, and last, but not least, his beloved Bamburgh. My own memory of Bamburgh goes back to very early days, and the place is so worked into the mosaic of my life that my frequent allusions to it need some explanation.

Bamburgh has, no doubt, of late years ceased to be the quiet retreat which it was to us in those early 'sixties, but in spite of inevitable changes the essential charm of the place seems to remain, or else the North country has an irresistible appeal to those of its blood. We as children spent our happiest times there; my Father used to rent the old house known as Wynding House from Miss Thomasin Darling, the old sister of the heroine Grace, a kindly body, unattractive in appearance and rather alarming at first sight; but to us she was everything that was interesting and romantic, and her cooking is something to remember! She gave us the warmest of welcomes always, and endured our noise, and inevitable sandiness for "old sakes' sake"; I think she had known my grandfather, too.

Looking back over the first twelve or thirteen years of my life and knowing how many months we had spent abroad and elsewhere, I cannot fix exactly the date of our first visit there. It must have been when I was about seven years old, and we went up there in September and stayed

well into October on account of the partridge-shooting at Bowmont Hill, and the fishing, I think. I have not mentioned fishing before, but my Father was very keen about it and he had several silent and mysterious friends who always accompanied him in his visits to the Plough Inn at Yetholm, their head-quarters. My Mother used to grumble about these men—Mr. Smart and Mr. Hodgson, both, I believe, at the Inner Temple as was my Father; they certainly were not "ladies' men," and their one idea with children was to tickle them, a cruel sport—we hated them!

Thomas Maxwell Witham, another of the group, was a very different sort of man and very popular in society. He was a fine figure-skater, too, and wrote the book on the art. With these companions my Father spent many happy hours, and we at Bamburgh ate the partridges and the trout and lived on the sands, just as our children and their children love to do now.

I remember so well our annual arrival at Bamburgh, the long journey, the "conveyance," with one slow horse, to meet us at Belford, old Dixon greeting us somewhat surlily but friendly, too; the sharp sea wind and the jolting drive of more than an hour, Evelyn on my lap asleep perhaps; patient Lilian, very quiet as usual. Then the familiar village, the "grove" only half as high as it is now and fewer houses, but the Church unchanged; the turn to the Wynding, and then a stop at the garden-door and Miss Thomasin Darling appearing to welcome us. She was a plain old woman with a sort of hare lip, a cap like Atty's rather, only with a black velvet band across a ginger-coloured "front," as it was called. She greeted us all, and I had, of course, secured Baby and carried her into the warm dining-room smelling strongly of mice as usual, and there Baby stretched and warmed her cramped little legs; and the rest unpacked and settled in. Georgiann came, too, and helped, and Dixon's son William carried the boxes up. We thought his back was bowed from carrying luggage and we were not fond

of him and wished he were not going to marry Georgiann, whom we liked very much though she had a sharp tongue and often found fault with me and thought I was too severe with the little ones. "I wouldn't be *your* bairn, Miss Mary!"

A delicious supper of fresh herrings and then bed. Emily and I to a queer attic with two small windows looking on to the Castle. As we went up the wide, shallow stairs we thought with joy of what to-morrow would bring, and the sound of the sea and the howling of the wind was real music to us. The Wynding House is full of memories to me always, even the sofas, harder than any ever made, I should think, remind me of the old days and the parts they played in our theatrical performances.

Next morning as soon as possible—and in spite of my Mother's protests (she never really liked the place or the life at Bamburgh) we would scamper off to the sands and start the endless castle-building and housekeeping which were our main amusement. The village was full in those days, but this meant only a score of what the villagers called "bathers." There were no houses to let, no lodgings, and only two small inns; so our sand-diggings were undisturbed from one week-end to another. Bathing, too,—a doubtful joy in those days,—my Father, shoeless and with trousers rolled up, prowling along the edge of the sea, to catch each of us in turn and give us the statutory "dip"—right under and kept under I think for about half a minute. We three scampered about and tried to get out of his way. We looked funny little things, garbed in what were once little red crinolines, but the steels had been removed and they were only little red skirts (imagine my Mother taking the trouble to make us crinolines, but she did!). Watching us and dipping herself ceremoniously, with a splutter, was Auntie Jane, in the orthodox bathing dress of navy serge, made just like a pillow case with a hole for the neck and two holes for the sleeves, the "skirt" being kept from flying up by tapes tied between the ankles. Not easy to

swim in, but women didn't swim much in those days—they only got drowned! And several had been drowned there in the dangerous currents near the rocks. Auntie Jane meant to have thirty bathes, on principle, and she was supposed to look after us, and one day did save us from being swept out by the "under tow," just because she, of all the party, had her feet in the firm sand. Old Dixon used to watch us quietly from the sandhills, but I used to wonder what he would really do if we got into danger.

We had friends, but seldom wanted them, and one family I remember we felt rather guilty about, especially Emily, with whom it was a matter of conscience. The Alfred Hunts were at Bamburgh one year and my Father and W. Hunt used to go out sketching together, while we played with the three little girls, whom we considered *the* naughtiest children we had ever heard of. Then once the George Howards<sup>1</sup> had the Keep, and Atty was very anxious about our associating with *them*, as they were, according to her, "infidels." But Mr. George Howard came to tea and was, as usual, delightful, and drew us a picture—"Afternoon Tea in Charles I's time," which I still possess.

After all nothing could, nothing *does*, spoil Bamburgh for us, or we should have lost our love for the place long ago. The Church it is, I think, that holds us so close. No changes in its structure or ornaments can make it any different to me from what it was when the two dear cracked bells used to call us (I wish, however, they were there still; they had a peculiar quality of their own). How I used to love the Church services. Perhaps for the first time in my life I grasped what they might mean to me. It was supposed to be "High" Church in those days, and from our pew—three rows behind the Glebe seat—I can see the procession coming up the Church. Nutman carrying the cross (*old* Nutman, I mean, dead long ago), then the boys of the Choir, and then old Mr. Darnell with his queer, waddling walk and wearing a green stole. Mrs. Taylor of

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Earl and Countess of Carlisle.



Beadnell—in one of the neighbouring seats—sat down with a plump. "This is just idolatry!" (She was the great lady of Beadnell, very pretty even in old age, and very bigoted—my Father was her heir-at-law, but that apparently meant nothing in the way of money.)

Down from the dilapidated main buildings of the Castle came the procession of the School, which then formed part of the Crewe Charity; thirty girls, known in the village as "the Boarders," then in their picturesque uniforms of green or brown stuff gowns, white capes, and straw bonnets. They led the singing in the Church, the organ being then in its proper place at the West end. The service enthralled me always. The four "Boarders" in green gowns near the Chancel sang alternate verses of the Psalms and Canticles, and the twenty others sang the rest from their seats near the South door. We used "Helmorc," and it seemed far more beautiful and more simple than the Plainsong at the Cowley Fathers' Church in Oxford. Mr. Sanglier could do wonders with the old organ, which indeed is a creature of moods and prejudices and simply hates some organists.

The Vicar of Bamburgh in our day was the Rev. William Darnell. He read the lessons, with queer little twitches. I used to think he was obeying the rubric which says: "A Minister must read turning himself about," etc. He held the living for more than fifty years, and Bamburgh was considered a dangerously "Ritualistic" Church; the cross was carried in procession, coloured stoles were worn, candles lighted (not for actual lighting purposes!), and, I think, early Celebrations introduced; in fact, it must have been one of the first Churches in the North to share in the advance movement.

Dr. Dykes, the composer of so many hymn-tunes, was a great friend of the Darnell family, and many of his best tunes were composed at Bamburgh, and "tried on" by his sympathetic friends,—he was then having very hard work in his poor Durham parish, where, owing to the Bishop

refusing to license him a curate, he was in sole charge. The strain wore him down at last, but he lived long enough to know how his music was appreciated,—not long enough to hear the adverse criticisms of to-day. To him music was an emotion, not a science, and to the emotional his hymn-tunes will always appeal, wedded as they are indissolubly to familiar words. The tide in taste in such matters as music seems to ebb and flow, and I am reminded how in the 'seventies I was taken to hear Verdi's "Requiem" at the Albert Hall, with an apology on the part of my escort because the "Requiem," though "pretty enough," could not be classed with "the best music." I liked it very much, though. And only recently (1927) the musical critic of the *Sunday Times* regretted the small audience assembled—again in the Albert Hall—to hear the "Requiem," comparing it, to the disadvantage of both, with the "Messiah" and "Elijah."

And so many memories cling round that old grey Church, unchanged in spite of such "improvements" as the setting up of the elaborate reredos in white stone, the removal of the organ, the peal of bells hung in the tower, replacing the two cracked bells which summoned us in the old days. But in the dim lights of Evening Service one can easily imagine oneself back again in the 'seventies, the "Boarders" singing, and far back, near the font, I seem to see the tall and beautiful figure of Mary Darnell, my great friend, keeping the village singers together in chants and hymns. This was before the break-up of the home, which comes so sadly to the families of the clergy; she trained as a nurse afterwards, and in the end became Matron in the Clifton College Sanatorium, so much beloved and valued that, even after her change of faith (she joined the Church of Rome), the authorities could not part with her.

Old Miss Carr, the pew-opener, was there also. She knew everybody's genealogy and had the history of Bamburgh at her finger-ends; also she bathed and would on occasion hire out her bathing-dress, and as she was at least two

yards round, the hirer got a good deal for her money ! Miss Carr, like everybody else, was a connection of the Darling family and also probably of the Forsters. But we sitting there were proudly thinking "our ancestors, and ours only, are buried in the crypt." Some day I hope we shall succeed in tracing up the family tree properly.

It is difficult to write about what is so familiar and, of course, childish memories are not sentimental ; we think of pleasures shared and all those we shared them with—the Oliver boys and the Darnell girls ; the plays Gertrude wrote and we acted in the Wynding dining-room ; the sing-songs, sometimes on the Stag rocks, while we sat and worked and sucked Berwick cockles. In those days expeditions were not frequent, the trouble about "conveyances" precluded them, but every year two tiresome journeys *had* to be made, one to Beadnell for Sunday luncheon and a very dull Church Service (part of the duty of an heir-at-law, I suppose), the other to be shown to our Great-uncle at Alnwick.

We have no longer any bond except of sentiment with the Border country, though I suppose the call of Northumberland will always be in our blood. I would like to lie in that Churchyard with the wind blowing from the sea and the sun shining behind the Kyloes. It is the one view in Bamburgh which never changes, and standing there one feels that in spite of the passing of the years one is really not changed in oneself. The villagers seem to feel the same, and when I brought my string of little girls there it seemed to many of them as if they were looking again at my sisters and me,—a little fair-haired troop, all dressed alike (only I think my Mother aimed at dressing us more fashionably than I dressed mine).

Those were happy summers for us children ; somehow we seemed to get more out of the actual seaside life than the modern young people do, with their golf, and tennis, and motoring about. We knew every nook and cranny of the rocks, and were familiar with all the living creatures

which abounded in the pools; we collected shells and seaweeds, kept aquariums (or is it aquaria?), very short-lived, as usual; we dug up sand-eels and coaxed Miss Darling to cook them for us (they seemed to remain very sandy); one summer we found and reared several huge caterpillars of the Death's-Head hawk moth. We were never bored or "loose-endish." I sometimes wonder if the present craze for games and "perpetual motion" tends to destroy the imaginative faculty in children. But I am no pessimist, and these early happy days have had their counterpart fifteen years afterwards; a long enough interval indeed, but North Country folk do not forget.

And, as a fitting climax, I have seen a daughter married in Bamburgh Church, a son and three grandsons baptized there! "Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest where she may lay her young, even Thy altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God."

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To return to my story, it was now decided that a house at Lowestoft for the winter would mean being close to Somerleyton and in many ways desirable till we could get a permanent home again (but I must say my Father never wanted permanence, his one joy was to travel). Evelyn was now supplied with a nurse, who spoilt her terribly and was otherwise undesirable. Our education now began seriously, with a German governess, Frl. Duncker, who managed in some wonderful way to interest even me, and who found Emily a pupil after her own heart, ready to learn any number of pages by heart and to remember every date and event in history. Her one idea was synoptical tables, which she had for every subject. She hated fresh air and exercise and had no sense of humour at all, but she did teach us, besides being a good musician. I think I shall have to give a special chapter to our education, not that there was anything extraordinary about it, but it was so

very different from the sort of education children have nowadays.

I will try and describe our life at Lowestoft that winter, in the rather dull and badly built house on the Esplanade ; it did shake in the gales and I was at that time haunted by the idea that it might some night be blown down. But I own to an affection for Lowestoft, the fascination of the harbour and piers and the pervading smell of fish ; the sands, rather poor after Bamburgh, but still with interest of their own, as we found some treasures there that are unknown to Bamburgh, cuttlefish-bone, cornelians (on the shingle) and sometimes tiny fish which we used to take home and cook. And the sand, how it blew into our front garden in great gusts ! Our joy was to excavate holes, cover them with bits of slate or seaweed and camouflage them with sand, and then tempt Fräulein D. to her doom, which she good-naturedly accepted, though it nearly sprained her ankle once.

Jumping off the esplanade wall and races on the sands kept us warm in spite of our very short frocks. We wore that winter for weekdays very short ruby linsey little Princess frocks, with capes for out-of-doors edged with fringe. On Sundays navy serge made the same way and trimmed with white braid. I cannot remember our hats, but they may have been the detested Niçois kind, introduced to my Mother by her friend, Mrs. Lawless, at Vevey. Dreadful things, perhaps suitable to the peasants at Nice for carrying loads of lemons and oranges on their heads, but for children no protection and moreover bringing the wearer continual ignominious hootings from street boys and others.

That winter I think I first learned that church-going could be something more than a habit, or duty. I got to love it. We used to go to the little Church on the cliff by the sea at Kirkley. It was not a fashionable resort at all, but full of fishermen who used to sing Hymns Ancient and Modern very heartily, my first introduction to that hymnal. I wonder if the sea has washed the Church away by now.



Savile used to come on Sundays sometimes, and besides his always welcome society we knew quite a number of other children, and went to some parties. I remember noticing at one dance a tall, dark, rather dour-looking boy, very short-sighted and very awkward, too, who, I since found out, was W. J. Birkbeck, afterwards of Magdalen College and a great authority on Church (especially Eastern Church) matters, and also an editor of the English Hymnal.

We were close to two large boys' preparatory schools, one in which learning was the first consideration, and the boys looked inky and unkempt. The other went in more for outside polish, and the boys were always spick-and-span, clean collars always, etc. I don't seem to remember their ever doing any games. The Principals of both were ladies, each, as one would expect, of the peculiar type the School demanded. However, in both a better order prevailed than at the Pension Sillig, which I am afraid we rather regretted! I was conscious of growing up more that winter; for one thing we had regular lessons and I almost got to like them. Evelyn having grown out of babyhood I had no distractions in the nursery.

Then our evenings gradually settled down into pleasant hours of sewing or knitting, while my Mother read aloud to us. This she did admirably, and to this day I cannot hear certain Sonatas of Beethoven, especially the *Pathétique*, without my mind going back at once to the soldiers and peasantry of Erckmann-Châtrian; she translated as she read without hesitation (no doubt she skipped difficulties, but not noticeably, and it went very smoothly), and all the time Fräulein Duncker would be playing the piano in the next room—her daily practising time, and she played well, too! The music and words are always together in my mind.

After one of these happy evenings came a night I shall never forget: a fierce gale rose up, the house shook and sleep was impossible, and towards two o'clock one became conscious of strange noises—bombs or guns—which brought

us all together to the nursery window facing the sea. From that window we could directly see the line of foaming breakers and at last the outline of a ship, in the wash of the waves ; crowds of people on the sands, much shouting and at times the cries even of the sailors, lashed to the rigging, for the ship was on her beam ends.

My Father dressed and went to see if he could be of any use, but he found that another ship was aground a little further along, and indeed eleven ships were driven ashore that awful night, two on the pier and the rest on the north and south beaches. The rocket apparatus was got out and time after time the attempt was made to get the rope to the ship, but each time it failed, and we heard the agonized cries of the sailors afresh at each failure. At last the rope was got round and the "breeches buoy" brought the men ashore, each being dipped bodily in the breakers as he came out. Poor little men, they were perished with the cold after hours spent in the rigging. They were colliers and had a crew of only five or six, and all the crews except that of one vessel were saved that night, but the ships mostly became total wrecks. I have a drawing of one of them which my Father did the next day. He did not, however, find Lowestoft very attractive from the artistic point of view ; a pity, because he could have made something of the fishing-boats ; but Suffolk lacked the wonderful atmosphere of the North, and the sea the clear blue and green of his beloved Bamburg sea. It seemed always muddy at Lowestoft. And even with Somerleyton only seven miles off, life at Lowestoft was not very interesting to him or my Mother, and we went up to Bamburg rather early the next year, to our old haunts at the Wynding House.

Fräulein Duncker did not adapt herself at all well to the life there. Lessons were shirked ; it was a glorious, warm summer, and bathing or "plodging" were in full swing, and everything at its happiest, when Emily was taken suddenly very ill, with what was supposed to be peritonitis, caused by forgetting to take off an undergarment she had

worn by mistake under her bathing dress. She was for a long time in great danger. Auntie Jane came ; she always turned up, a willing nurse, in any of our childish illnesses, and Fräulein Duncker departed for good. Nursing such a case as this, with the poor accommodation the Wynding House offered, must have been very difficult, but my Mother and Auntie Jane managed it.

Emily recovered, the ghost of her former self, grey and thin and grown taller than I was ; and as soon as she was able we went to Edinburgh for a winter, staying in lodgings in Melville Street, so as to be near Charlotte Square and the Rutherford Haldanes, my Mother's friends. I can only remember the cold winds of Edinburgh and the desolation of spirit which I felt when we were taken through the Canongate in those dreadful Niçois hats and our short frocks. I wonder we escaped alive !

From Edinburgh we went to Bridge of Allan, after doing some expeditions to Stirling and the Trossachs and Callander, but I got an impression even in those days that Scotland was too much a tourist place, and also that there was no joy to be had in rambles in the fields,—always Notice to Trespassers ; and we children were very law-abiding in those matters. As for Bridge of Allan we simply could not get away from Wallace, though we managed to gather some lovely juicy " hips," of which we made jam, the only juicy ones I have ever met with anywhere.

The end of the autumn found us still without any fixed home, and my Aunt (Lady Crossley) and her kind husband suggested we should all go to them at Halifax for the winter, which would give us time to look round for a suitable abode. This meant a rest from housekeeping for my Mother, and for us children the prospect of big rooms to play in ; we did not realize what sort of a place Halifax might be, and how even the comfort of Bellevue would not atone for the smoke and blackness of the very unattractive town. The winter, under a new and very severe governess, was to us a time of trial ; Sundays, however, brought one respite. It was

sometimes possible to be taken in the carriage, not to Church but to the large Congregational Chapel, called Square Church. Savile always went there with his parents and used to beg for me to go too. And there my great delight was the music, the wonderful congregational singing, which somehow at the other little Church on the moor (I forget its name) never reached such a pitch of perfection. Yorkshire people *can* sing ! And they used to sing Jackson's *Te Deum* sometimes, but not often enough for me. I can remember bits of it now though I've never heard it since, and it is more than fifty years ago. It may be bad music, "soppy" perhaps, but it thrills me now to think of it.

Early in the spring my Father went house-hunting again, and though he always professed and really had a dislike to the Thames Valley, he at last thought he had found what he wanted, and wrote enthusiastically about a house at Teddington ; attracted to the neighbourhood, I think, by the fact that some very old family friends, the Johnsons, lived there.

What descriptions we had of that house and how we studied the plans—detached—a large garden with three big elm trees,—encaustic tiles in the hall (I particularly recall how pleased he was about those,—horrid cold things !). And then the going South, good-bye to gloomy Halifax ! There is a rhyme I remember which seems to share our opinion, "Hell, Hull and Halifax," but I don't remember what came next. But it held warm hearts and great kindness for us ; there is something so friendly and jolly about the Yorkshire speech, as I was reminded many years after when we had the privilege of friendship with dear Dr. Varley Roberts at Oxford.

Not even the presence of our governess could damp our joy in our new home. And I can almost smell the sweet spring air coming from the sunny open fields and the hawthorn hedges ; the larks singing, all so lovely and fresh to our eyes as we walked from the station to "Woodlands," at the end of a shady lane, running parallel to the wall of Bushey Park with scarcely any houses near.

From Teddington my Father could keep up his shooting at Wimbledon, and his many friends at the Garrick Club, of which he was a member, and for a time he seemed to appreciate our new surroundings.

It was indeed to be our home for nearly eleven years. "Woodlands" was rather an ordinary house with plenty of rooms, built in the foolish way of the times, with basement and many steps up to the front door and down at the back to the garden. But my Mother, who was very clever at all that sort of thing, soon made it pretty and comfortable, and she worked wonders with the garden, planting deodars and all sorts of pine and fir trees: *Wellingtonia gigantea* I know some were, and about two feet high when she planted them, so that Savile, coming over from Eton, jumped over them all very contemptuously. We called it the Dolls' Wood. And now the last time I saw them they formed a small forest reaching to the sky!—nearly as high as the elms which were big trees when we took possession.

What a happy life we had there—when Miss M— had gone. We did have our first year somewhat spoilt by her presence, but even she softened and sweetened a little in the more congenial atmosphere and with a schoolroom of her own to rule over us in. My bedroom, a tiny place, was next door to the schoolroom, and at that time I was liable to severe attacks of bronchitis which kept me "in one air" for sometimes three weeks at a time, that being the orthodox treatment in those days. So from my cosy retreat I could hear the others being scolded, and very kindly my chest wheezed and rattled every morning, and the verdict was "Not to-day," to my great delight. And even when convalescent and able to go out of doors, the wearing of a respirator (!) acted as a prophylactic against her worst attacks. (I ought to say here that those bronchial attacks went on every winter for about three years, but ceased after I had started opening my bedroom window at nights, even in damp, foggy weather, and Teddington was a foggy place.)

I really feel rather sorry to have written all this about



Miss M——, but it *was* a cruel time for us. Everything was an occasion for tears, even the learning of whist in the evenings ; and I must say Emily was very slow at it. Lilian also suffered ; in fact, I remember her seizing Lilian's head and plunging it into a basin of water because she couldn't do her sums. " Can there be any sense in that forehead ? " she exclaimed, red with anger. Lilian, who was my Father's special pet,—“ the little reasonable child ” he called her. . . . It is not surprising that when Miss M—— slipped into the river one day at a picnic, we all stood aghast, but not quite shocked enough, I fear. We hoped she might be a little *hors de combat*, but not so. Her “ hustle ” kept her up and she floated gaily and was at once pulled out . . . and didn't even catch cold !

Well, she left us, I think to be with a sister, and years after I heard of her nice letters and kind visits to *Emily*—once the dunce and butt—now become a writer and leader of others. I believe she really liked us, but even to look at her photograph now brings up memories that I should wish to lose. I only write this because I suppose she had some part in the building up of our characters, even if she built them up crooked.

She was succeeded by a lady who made so little impression on me that I have forgotten even her name. It was a case of “ King Log ” after “ King Stork,” and it will hardly be believed that we sometimes regretted Miss M——, but we did. Lessons were dreadfully dull, even Emily and Gertrude, who were keen on being “ educated,” were bored by them. I am going to give a chapter to our education because I think it will be interesting to compare ours with present-day methods, and I think it will come in here very well, before I describe the first flights of my “ growing up ” mind.

## CHAPTER V

### SCHOOLROOM DAYS

IT gives me rather a shock when I begin this chapter to remember that once we counted up the various governesses we had had, and found they numbered as many as fifteen ! But this is really not so dreadful as it sounds, our wanderings explain it, for wherever we stayed, if even for a few months, care was taken to find somebody capable of going on with our lessons, and this from a very early age. My Mother was most careful and anxious that we should not lose any time ; she herself tried to teach us writing, not with much success.

Even though without any ear for music herself she could play fairly well and read music easily, and always played our hymns and accompaniments. Looking back I realize how hard she must have worked at us and how unresponsive I was. Her best pupil was certainly Emily, and of all her children Emily loved her the most ; not even Atty came between them, though Atty was devoted to Emily, and strange to say her devotion had no jealousy.

On Sundays we always had to learn the Collect and the Gospel—no effort to Emily, but a great labour to me. *She* had the gift of learning by *heart*, I by rote ; but I am glad I was made to learn these priceless things. They come now to my mind just when I want them most. On the Sunday afternoon we were all summoned to say the Catechism. The placing of ourselves gave me some thought, my object being to avoid long or difficult answers, but I could rattle off the Duty to My Neighbour well, it has a

sort of rhythm to it. But as a rule I was rather a naughty girl at the catechizing, which formed part of the lesson. Some dreadfully dull questions in some books, edited, I think, by Miss Yonge, always annoyed me and I often sulked; in fact, my conscience now reproves me. Poor Mother! She continued those Sunday lessons for years, and what religious teaching we had was given by her.

When resident governesses began we had regular hours, time-tables and all the rest of it. Our German governess, *Fräulein Duncker*, was an educational enthusiast and aroused even *my* interest. I even started to save up pennies for a French History of the Queens of France. I only had a jam-pot with a paper cover on it in which to pop the pennies, but alas! when about three shillings were collected I was tempted by dates—not the historical kind—and withdrew my savings. My Mother found the stones, but I did not confess the weakness.

With her, too, we learnt any number of Schiller's ballads and used to recite them, verse and verse about, and I rather liked this. But again Emily was ahead of me with her wonderful memorizing gift. She used to say the whole of the "*Lied von der Glocke*:" straight off, and for her history lesson would learn pages and pages by heart. As for me, one flying, despairing glance at the book and one date perhaps—and I could do no more!

We had to write essays for her, but I got discouraged over mine, which was too ambitious—"A Voyage Round the World." I stuck at Gibraltar! Meanwhile we were picking up German just as we had picked up French at Vevey, and we kept fairly well to the rule of "No English." I admit my French and German have always been of the colloquial sort, but it has been enough to make a considerable difference to my life, and this facility seems to me just what modern education in England fails to give children. They can translate far better than I ever could, but find difficulty in the simplest conversation. For this again I am grateful to my Mother. My Father, like most English-

men, was shy of speaking French, though he was fairly good at German.

Fräulein Duncker was an intelligent teacher if rather a heavy, stupid woman, and we were sorry when she left, especially when we realized her successor. With Miss M—— we slipped back to an entirely mechanical sort of lessons. She herself was well-read and intelligent, but the books we used were: Mangnall's *Questions*, Brewer's *Guide to Science*, and *The Child's Guide to Knowledge*,—and our work was so many answers to so many questions marked off in each of those books. Mangnall really contained history, mythology, geography, etc., all in one volume. I wish I had the horrid book still! Of course I came off badly by this method, and Emily's gifts were of little use to her; besides, she was hopeless at arithmetic, and her slate—yes, her *slate*—was slippery with tears nearly every day.

Our time-table under Miss M—— was a veritable nightmare. Half an hour's practice before breakfast in the cold schoolroom—lessons until twelve, with an interval of lying on the blackboard (my spine was supposed not to be quite straight owing, my Mother said, to the trick of standing on one leg, but, more likely, the constant carrying of Evelyn when a baby). To lie on a flat board or on the floor and try to eat an apple is a feat I don't recommend!

Half-holidays we spent sometimes happily in working in our little gardens, but more often in walks, when even the beauty of Bushey Park could not cheer our spirits. But I must not paint too black a picture. We did manage to enjoy life in spite of our martinet governess, and even with her drastic comments and corrections, reading aloud was still my favourite lesson. I think I should have done better at a good day school. It was depressing to be constantly beaten by Emily and Gertrude, who were much more industrious: Gertrude with ambitions to "pass examinations," a thing almost unknown in those days; and Emily because no counter-distractions were troubling her. If I am asked

what counter-distractions I had, I think I must explain that *all*, or nearly all, the children's books we read—except our beloved Grimms' Tales and Countess d'Aulnay—were of the *Ministering Children* type, setting out ideals of work for others, among the poor and so on, or less desirable books like the *Wide Wide World* and *Queechy*, describing rather priggish children who were apt to preach to their elders. And following those books, which we were encouraged to read, came Miss Yonge's *Daisy Chain*, and others.

So it is not to be wondered at that my ambitions took the form of a longing to grow up and that I might be a "Ministering Child," as in that way at any rate I should be set free from tiresome lessons and be in my element—with babies, now that I had outgrown dolls (yes, I still had a doll—at fourteen!).

At Teddington our dear friend Margaret Johnson, who was always kind to me, asked me to go with her one Sunday to what was then called New-Found-Out, a cluster of cottages, with no church or school and a very poor and neglected set of families. There she had collected a small Sunday School in a cottage, and I cannot describe the delight I felt and how I longed to be able to go regularly.

Looking back I can see that I could *teach* little or nothing, but children loved me and I loved them, and it was a happy time. But the opposition of both my Father and my Mother was absolutely adamant—especially on my Mother's side. She did not want me to become "Parishy." I felt bitterly about it and I am afraid I behaved not at all as a "Ministering Child" should; I could not tell them, and indeed it did not strike me then, but the books I had been given and the ideals put before me in them were partly responsible for this. At times and on special occasions they relented, and I was allowed, as a special treat, to take a class or attend a School Feast, but it was not till I was seventeen that I was allowed to take a regular class in the Sunday School, to my intense delight! Yes, it was a delight, even though it meant going every Sunday at 9.45, then

Church, then at 2.30 again and Children's Service to follow. No Sunday School teacher does as much in these days, and Sunday Schools, as I knew them, seem things of the past.

I taught for nine years, and regularly, too, in spite of other distractions, and this not from any self-sacrifice on my part but because I loved it. As to my actual teaching, I sometimes lament the lost opportunities and wonder if I taught them anything except the fact that I cared for them, and was their friend. I collected a large class, twenty-five at one time, and I can see their faces round me sometimes now. Many must be dead by now, many are Grannies, no doubt. One I saw at Teddington when I went to open a Bazaar; she was an elderly lady with white ringlets. We had an amusing meeting.

I think this record of our education will explain why I have often taken up the cause of the child who will not "pass its standards," but is quite good at work in some technical subject. That was actually my case, and I do not believe that any teacher, however painstaking and good, would have succeeded in putting me successfully "through the mill." Even the great teacher I married could not teach me; not that I boast of this. It was innate unteachableness on my part, and I often think that if I *could* have learnt I would have helped him more. "Two heads in council," as Tennyson says.

But I was to learn in other ways, and I was growing up to become, I fear, a very difficult problem to my parents. In a way they lacked understanding—real understanding—of any of their children. Perhaps in spite of superficial differences and even quarrels, they were really too much to each other to leave room for much, certainly much maternal affection. Emily had the gift of sinning and repenting, quarrelling and making it up again—to a high degree—a creature of impulse, and she, I think, was nearest my Mother's heart. Gertrude, we all felt, was a person apart, a strange, mystic creature, whose depths none of us



ever sounded. I think she loved my Mother although so unlike her in every respect. I will write about her later ; her time with us was short.

For some years our summers were divided between trips abroad, visits to Somerleyton, holiday times at Bamburgh. I can hardly put dates to those various periods, but I know that one summer we went back to Bex, our old favourite resort, and to Montreux and Glion ; but I think my Father found growing up daughters more troublesome to travel with than the babies ("spots" he called them) in panniers.

Soon after this my Mother's health began to cause anxiety and all sorts of evil prognoses were made by her doctors. She was ordered to Schwalbach and I was sent to Somerleyton, in charge of the younger children,—Evelyn, by now a terrible handful, very pretty, very much spoiled and very self-willed, and Lilian, still a quiet and "reasonable" child. Altogether I had no easy task, with a very indulgent Aunt to undo all my well-meant arrangements, and a vulgar, injudicious nurse as my only assistant. But Somerleyton was always a Heaven for children, and I managed to get some pleasure out of this visit, and, as the novels say, "Things began to happen." Savile was at home for his Eton holidays, and at first to me A. L., who was there, was just Savile's tutor, apt to summon the reluctant Savile to work when perhaps we had planned to go boating or fishing. I must say it generally ended in our all three going out together and throwing books to the winds, but I was the popular niece and never got into hot water for any of these escapades,—besides which I was really devoted to my Aunt, and loved nothing better than being allowed to help her. We had much in common.

We often went out on the Broads for the whole day in Savile's yacht the *Vindex*, and by this time I had got over my dislike of boating and could enjoy it to the full. A. L. and Savile both thought they could manage the yacht, but I am not very sure, as we seemed so often to run our bows

into the muddy bank and stick there. Sometimes the two would go without me, on more adventurous expeditions out to sea, and I believe on one occasion they narrowly escaped capsizing, besides being very sick.

Then there would be drives in the coach and four, to Yarmouth or Lowestoft, Savile being even in those early days an excellent whip. Tandem drives, which came later, were really thrilling, too much so on one occasion, when the experiment was tried, rather against the groom's advice, of doing without blinkers. Result, at the first turn out of the gates the reins got across the wheeler's eye, and they both bolted, but I sat tight and we "brought up" safely at the turn into the Lowestoft road.

Work and studies were apt to be relegated to the evenings, indeed I think A. L.'s habit of working late at night dates from those days, as, also, the disgracefully late breakfast hours, which must have tried my Aunt's patience very much, although she never once showed it. Other aunts seated at the breakfast-table might look grimly reproachful, but the kind and too indulgent hostess, never. In return for this kindness it is evident from her letters that she found in A. L. a wise counsellor in business matters and in every detail of her busy life, and she took the deepest interest in his college work and activities, although she had no sympathy for or understanding of athletics, and I remember they had quite an altercation about a protégé of hers who had, unreasonably she thought, urged a request for some cricketing flannels! I heard serious arguments put forward, and, of course, the boy got them!

## CHAPTER VI

### BALLIOL AND TRINITY: 1869-1879

AND now after this lengthy account of my own youthful days I must get back to my real theme, and A. L.'s first years at Balliol.

Life in college was becoming more congenial, and the most exacting of Dons can never have complained of A. L.'s lack of industry. He was ambitious, too, I think, in those days, though ambition never seemed to show itself in him in after years; I was ambitious for him but he was not so for himself, though he was pleased when promotion or flattering offers came. The hard training at school was certainly responsible for the dogged persistence with which he would concentrate on the work, or the rowing, or whatever he had in hand; he would set his teeth and carry it through, as I have often noticed,—one day especially when he was in a sculling race and the rival bows came a little too near!

Balliol in those days, and when I first remember it, was supposed to be a hotbed of Free Thought, no doubt quite unfairly. It was probably nothing more than a sort of reaction from the stir of the Tractarian Movement, aided by the apparent conflict between new discoveries in science and revealed religion. There was a certain amount of flippancy, which does not seem to exist now, and I think less real religion even than now. The long, dreary School Chapel Services had a deadening effect, but besides that one has only to take up, say, *The Monthly Packet*, a much-read magazine edited by Miss Yonge, to see what a gulf

divides the spiritual pabulum provided in those days from what we read, and re-read often with keen interest now.

Study of the Bible as a living, interesting series of books, but not the *final* word of a God who is still speaking, was not very common then ; science teachers and students were generally assumed to be "atheists" ; there seemed then no possible reconciliation of science with religion, and no doubt A. L., with his scientific mind, accepted this view as others did. But neither then nor at any other time was he a "scoffer." Sometimes I have thought that in taking up, as he did, the History School after Greats, he shook himself a little free from the philosophical position, and obtained a wider view of life, as shown in the history of the world and the other subjects which are included in that School. History with him counteracted Greats, in fact, and others better able to judge than I am, can no doubt trace the growth of his mind, the result of his further historical work, culminating, as I felt, in the lectures on "Church and State in the Middle Ages" (The Ford Lectures). I shall never forget the thrill of surprise and emotion with which I listened to one of these. "Is Saul among the prophets?" I fancied the cavillers asking.

Fortunately for him his fellow-Grecian, R. H. Roe, had entered Balliol at the same time with a Mathematical Scholarship, so that the two were naturally a good deal together, to their mutual advantage. They both managed to join the College Boat Club and Cricket Club (although in cricket A. L.'s increasing short-sightedness must always have been a handicap). On the advice of Prof. T. H. Green they both joined the Union Society, although neither of them seems actually to have spoken there. A certain shyness and *gaucherie* held A. L. back, and it was not until much later that his college work developed in him that gift of humorous speech for which he was afterwards so remarkable.

His light weight kept him out of the Torpid for his first two years, and it was not till he had stroked the winning

Morrison Four in 1870 that he was put into the Torpid and after into the Eight, which went Head of the river in 1873. His devotion to the river was unswerving, indeed it caused the only breach of discipline of which he and Roe were ever guilty. They had made up an Eight of Old Christ's Hospital men to row from Oxford to Reading, and just ten miles from Reading one of the crew broke down, causing the two undergraduates to miss the last train back to Oxford, for which they were gated for a few days "by way of example"!

I cannot do better than quote here the words of this same old friend, whose last letter to A. L. from Brisbane only reached Balliol three days after the cloud had begun to darken the active brain. The two were not to meet on earth again. They had been so happy together twenty years before, during R. H. Roe's last visit to England; separation and the flight of years never affected their friendship, though letters were few and far between.

"A. L. never courted popularity, but won his way into men's friendship by his manifest sincerity, his good fellowship, his humour and cleverness, his loyalty. 'Once a friend always a friend' was both his practice and his experience. Long-standing friendship with him only revealed more fully the lovable qualities of his nature. After an absence of twenty-five years in Australia I found, on returning to Oxford in 1900, the same warm affection and the same blindness to his friend's defects as he had shown in earlier years, and our correspondence in the succeeding twenty-four years has shown that the fires of our friendship were still burning, even with increasing glow until the end.

"Like all Balliol men of our college days he owed much to the inspiration of our Master and Fellows. They were, indeed, a remarkable body of men, and contact with them could not fail to change completely our outlook on life. Scott, Jowett, Edwin Palmer, T. H. Green, R. L. Nettleship, Henry Smith, Strachan-Davidson, all in their different ways moved our admiration by their genius, their profound learning, their high thinking and plain living, their absolute devotion to the College and its ideals. That devotion he early inherited, absorbed, and afterwards practised in his

College service for the greater part of fifty years, and he himself has become a source of inspiration to the Balliol men of later generations. He would have wished for no greater distinction."

The years of hard work at Balliol were being crowned with success, his *Lothian Essay* on "Erasmus" gave him great satisfaction; it is a rugged piece of work and shows traces of the writer's keen study of Carlyle. He was a voracious reader, and, in spite of all the work for the History Schools, an extra school for which he had, as he explains, only about three quarters of the usual time to work up for. He achieved, however, a Second Class in this School, hardly a disappointment as it was followed very shortly afterwards by his election to an Open Fellowship at Trinity College. For a time he seemed to have risen to a giddy height of success, with beautiful rooms to furnish, the position of a "Don," with kind and congenial colleagues, R. W. Raper,<sup>1</sup> H. G. Woods,<sup>2</sup> Robinson Ellis,<sup>3</sup> Henry Whitehead,<sup>4</sup> Charles Gore,<sup>5</sup> and, later, Arthur Hassall,<sup>6</sup> Archibald Robertson,<sup>7</sup> and many others.

He was incredibly happy at Trinity, and his happiness and success were shared to the full by the friend who had "mothered" him and helped him through the troublous years, and whose home was still his home. By this time Savile Crossley was at Balliol, doing credit to his tutor's instructions, at any rate in rowing and athletics, though he never took so kindly to books! The Trinity Fellowship, however, in those days ceased on marriage; in fact, the relaxation of the rule as to marriage of Fellows had only just begun on a very small scale, and the University society was very limited in numbers outside the College precincts.

<sup>1</sup> Fellow of Trinity.

<sup>2</sup> Later President of Trinity

<sup>3</sup> Professor of Latin.

<sup>4</sup> Later Bishop of Madras.

<sup>5</sup> Later Bishop of Oxford.

<sup>6</sup> Senior Student of Christ Church.

<sup>7</sup> Later Bishop of Exeter.



In any case, the Fellowship could only be held for seven years, and the question of A. L.'s future career had still to be decided.

Like so many others he was tempted by the prospects of the Bar. Had not the name of A. L. Smith already been covered with glory by a distinguished barrister (who became later Master of the Rolls) ? And perhaps a propensity for argument gave encouragement, ambitious friends added their fuel to the fire, and accordingly, in November, 1876, he began to read for the Bar, sharing rooms in Alfred Place with Norman Pearson ; both, I believe, working in the chambers of an eminent barrister, Mr. E. Bury, who proved a kind friend to both. A rather pessimistic letter dates from this period. He had parted from Roe, with whom he had much in common besides their childish memories of school.

" TRINITY COLLEGE,

" OXFORD,

" 1876.

" MY DEAREST MOTHER,—

" . . . I leave Oxford to-morrow and go to find lodgings in town, where I shall be alone for eight months ; then my friend Pearson, whose family are going abroad, joins me for half a year ; and, after that, who knows ? I am sorry to leave Oxford, where the work is so congenial, and *if* I had two hundred a year of my own would spend a year in study abroad and then come back to teach here, instead of involving myself in the ' nice sharp quilllets of the law ' in London. But a Fellowship that is stopped, and with it one's definite career, by the comparatively innocent process of marrying, is not a fair thing to depend upon.

" At present I don't know my address, but will send it, and Trinity College, Oxford, or Somerleyton, will either of them always find me. . . . I have just finished writing for an Historical Prize here, which is thought a good deal of, but which I shan't get ; however, I have learnt to read Italian meanwhile, the subject being *The Rise of the Republic of Venice*. . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

" 9, ALFRED PLACE,  
" SOUTH KENSINGTON,  
" LONDON.

" 17th Nov. 1876.

" MY DEAREST MOTHER,—

" . . . I am now in lodgings here with my friend Pearson for six months or more. My second intimate friend and old schoolfellow and college chum, Roe, has gone out to take the management of a large College School in Brisbane, Queensland; he will do very well there, being a fine fellow if ever there was one. I suppose I ought to be enjoying this time, poor as we are (Pearson having been robbed of half his small fortune by being too generous to a scoundrel), and though the prospect at the Bar is only too prospective. . . .

" I never know under the uniform fortitude of your letters whether I can really believe in gleams of prosperity, or whether your mutual happiness is only in lieu of it and by no means a sign of it. Personally, I fear I am the owner of a disposition to which adversity brings no benefit or none to outweigh its ill-effects. The true and only solid interests one can have are interests in others; to act otherwise is to spend not time merely and strength, but one's soul in a struggle for successes, that lose all their value as soon as they cease to be hopes and become facts. And yet this is what one has to do. I ought not to pour out upon you the vials of my despondency, but I feel how much I ought to be able to help you, and how utterly unable I am, unable even just now to get on for myself. . . .

" The Essay I wrote (on The Rise of Venice) failed, to my greater disappointment than I confess, and, vain as it seems to say it, to my surprise; I must have been deceived by my too enthusiastic friends. . . ."

Norman Pearson was quite another type, indeed never were friends so dissimilar, and yet their friendship, too, continued till N. P.'s sudden death in 1923. Rowing was really their bond of union, and a certain philosophic strain in both, but the *ménage* in Alfred Place must have often amused their guests. One host always "*tiré à quatre épingles*," dressing for dinner every night; the other,

untidy, rather shock-headed, in a litter of books, papers, tobacco, pipes, and a most uninviting bull-terrier Gudrun ("Good run"), a foolish but devoted female whose virtues nobody else could perceive.

Besides the Law work, several pupils offered themselves, among others the son of the eminent Q.C., Arthur Cohen, and this meant the introduction to another kind and hospitable house besides Mr. Bury's, and the foundation of another lifelong friendship. A. L. had indeed a real gift for making friends, and friends of the most diverse kinds, and he possessed also the further gift of being able to take up the threads of a friendship exactly where they were last dropped, so that years of separation counted for nothing with him, and no precious time was lost by having to break the ice.

Occasionally the experiment of a reading-party disturbed the even tenor of A. L.'s vacation work—here is a letter written to his Aunt, Miss Sarah Strutt, by this time in very failing health but still much interested in him :

" FORTINGAL INN,  
" ASHFIELD,  
" PERTH.  
" 10th July, 1874.

" DEAREST AUNTIE,—

" I imagine you would be with Lady Crossley when my letter came ; so you would know my first experience of Scotland. We get through seven or eight hours a day of solid work ; breakfast at eight (or for myself a *trifle* after), lunch at two ; after which the others fish and I watch them and wonder at their patience, or climb a perpendicular hill and come down sliding-wise by way of exercise ; sometimes we get an hour's cricket in the evening with the village club, but generally read steadily after dinner from half-past eight to past eleven. So glide the days away, and I shall not be sorry when they have ' glode,' for I find it keeps me occupied enough to provide mental food for six healthy and growing intellects. But I think of it as a contribution of a month of my time to the folks in Chicago. . . ."

The continuance of the Trinity Fellowship involved, of  
A.L.S. F

course, long and delightful spells of college life; he was even able to row in the Trinity Eight one term, and, though always faithful to his old College, the beauty of Trinity and its gardens greatly appealed to him. His rooms were close to Mr. Raper's, looking over the gardens; the furniture, mostly picked up in various old shops, was quite in keeping with the panelled walls. Here again Lady Crossley came to his rescue, supplying all the "dull" necessities of which he took little heed; and later he had the joy of entertaining her as his guest at Commemoration, a pleasure he had not been able to achieve in his undergraduate days.

It certainly was the most complete and elaborately arranged Commem., imaginable, the joint effort of Savile and A. L. My sister and I and two girl cousins were of the party, and my Aunt the patient chaperon through a long four days' programme, including three balls. Dancing was really dancing then, although undergraduate efforts in that line were perhaps more energetic than graceful. A waltz to Strauss's music was a joy to performers and to lookers-on, if you got the right partner. It was altogether different to the rhythmic "cuddle" called "ball-room dancing" nowadays. And Sunday in Commem.—"Show Sunday" as it was called—had its own special ceremony, when everybody paraded up and down the Broad Walk in Christ Church meadows, men in academic dress, and girls and their "people" in all their smart clothes; an opportunity for meeting again partners and settling up programmes. All this would seem very "boring" to the modern youth, but it is very delightful to remember. A. L., however, was never an expert dancer, though very painstaking.

A. L. and I were, it is hardly necessary to explain, continually meeting during these last two years. Often I was in charge of younger sisters at Somerleyton, and A. L. took a great delight in their games and chatter. Towards my third sister, Gertrude, he, like every one else, was specially drawn, and he used to help her to make her poems scan,

always a difficulty until she discovered that not syllables but *beats* must be counted. She writes : " Mr. Smith is here ; he is very kind and he helps me ; he is very particular about trochees and things like that." Her gentle, wistful ways attracted every one ; extraordinarily gifted, but at the same time somewhat of a medieval mystic in her asceticism, she died in April, 1876, of diphtheria, at the age of seventeen, a few months before the birth of my youngest sister.

It was not until the autumn of 1877 that A. L. and I became engaged, after a period of probation and trial. It is necessary perhaps to explain that my Father had rather a prejudice, natural to a Cambridge man, against the Balliol group my Aunt and Savile had gathered round them ; partly because he thought them dangerous as " guns " ; partly because Balliol, as I have said, was supposed to be an atheistic hotbed ; partly, too, that A. L. was a bit of a *raconteur*, as was my Father, and two of a trade seldom agree. Then, again, his prospects were very uncertain—no income beyond his Fellowship—in fact, he was, in my Mother's phrase, " a detrimental " !

At first my Father was quite obdurate, but at last A. L. wrote a letter setting forth his hopes and his prospects, and explaining that three or four possible careers were open to him, thanks to the kindness of many friends—a Mastership at a Public School and a School Inspectorship were mentioned among other openings ; and this letter and an interview resulted in our engagement being reluctantly sanctioned, so that we could at last discuss plans and think about a definite future.

I have always been thankful that the pull of London and the Bar failed. I already knew something of Oxford, having stayed there for two " Commems.," and now, thanks to our kind friends there, Dr. Franck Bright, afterwards Master of University College, Mr. A. H. Johnson,<sup>1</sup> and, last but not least, the Master of Balliol, the offer was made of a Lectureship in Modern History at Balliol, with the prospect

<sup>1</sup> Fellow and Chaplain of All Souls.

of permanent work after the Trinity Fellowship had come to an end, as it would by his marriage.

The idea of Oxford as a home both alarmed and attracted me, but I had enjoyed a Commem. visit to Balliol, and survived it!—had been to several balls, letting myself in in the early hours with the Master's own latchkey, and, in the intervals, meeting all sorts of interesting people, among others Mrs. Asquith, then Margot Tennant, whose conversations with the Master I listened to, at a safe distance. The dinners were always rather alarming; one was always sorry for the "tail of the eleven," three or four shy young Dons, or undergraduates, to whom no ladies were allotted, and who used to disappear as soon as they could afterwards. Our experiences were lately described in an article in the *Twentieth Century*, by the girl friend who shared them with me, Eveline Farwell, afterwards my bridesmaid, who later married Mr. Walter Forbes, a relative of Mr. Forbes of Callander House,—that wonderful castle and storehouse of treasures which I visited a few years ago.

Another guest of the Master's at that time was Robert Browning. He delighted in all that went on, and no one would have suspected him of being a poet, especially from his outward appearance and manner; unlike Tennyson, who used to be rather gloomy and silent, even when "Margot" was of the company. When I had to leave Oxford for home, after my five exciting days, it was suggested that Mr. Browning and I should travel together as far as Reading (where I had to change trains). I was rather alarmed at the prospect, but indeed I had no reason, for the journey was most pleasant and thrilling. I plucked up courage to talk about Mrs. Browning's poems (which were indeed among the few I had read). I told him about our friends the Cottrells in Florence, for whose baby E. B. B. wrote *A Child's Grave in Florence*, and he got quite excited, and stood up and leant over me, much to the amusement of our fellow-travellers, already intrigued by the "R. B." on his suit-case. Evidently I had struck the right chord.—I am



afraid I am too apt to digress, but my life has been mostly digressional.

At home, after this, life went on quietly, and the work of the Oxford Term left few opportunities for us to meet. I ought to have been educating myself for the position and for the society I was going to be launched into, but though A. L. lent me books, I made little headway in them. I struggled with *Friends in Council*, *The Earthly Paradise*, *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, Butcher and Lang's *Odyssey*, but with little success. My sister Emily was a much more responsive and intelligent pupil, and, like A. L., a voracious reader, with a most wonderful memory. I was always very conscious of my deficiencies in these respects, but there seemed no chance of making up for lost time,—my days were too full and life was too interesting.

I am coming now to a very difficult period, and an almost impossible task. I say it is almost impossible because others, much more capable and learned than I am, have failed in it. I mean the task of giving a true picture of Oxford in those days. During the winter and spring of 1878-9 I had to pay several visits there, for house-hunting and other purposes, and every time I seemed to meet a new group of friends, though in truth the Oxford society at that time was a very small world indeed compared to what it is now, and beyond that society nobody, so to speak, "counted."

The long roads in every direction which now pass through mile after mile of pretty (or ugly) villa residences were bordered with green fields then, and what was to be dubbed the "Parks System," by the *Oxford Magazine*, was only just beginning. It is true there had been some expansion before I came up, as I found when some dignified lady spoke to me regretfully of the time when there were only four University ladies, a "delightful circle," she said; whereas when I arrived there must have been over twenty, and the number was steadily increasing under the new regulations. Rumour reached me that at one time those four distin-

guished ladies had met in council together to discuss the advisability of their each calling on a newcomer, the bride of a Professor. The decision was in the negative, because "it might establish a precedent." Things are indeed changed !

I found, however, that this inner and terrifying circle did not dominate the situation. Everywhere people were kind to us, and our friend Mr. A. H. Johnson took much trouble to find us a house. I remember him taking us over a little house in Canterbury Road, which I liked, but he would not hear of. "No possible room for a nursery," he whispered. (It was a good thing, as it happened, that we did not decide on it.) Eventually, we had to take one which was not yet finished, and which we could therefore alter or improve as far as possible, but I admit it was both ugly and inconvenient compared with the cosy, labour-saving houses they build nowadays.

However, No. 7 Crick Road—or, as we had to name it, "Somerley,"—began to fill our minds, and we spent days in trying to hurry workpeople, getting furniture, etc., and laying out the garden, of which the soil was mostly brick-bats and stones, with a wall dropping mortar and chips continually. Rather a hopeless garden, but it is not so bad now, as the trees, which we planted rather recklessly, have made it quite a pleasure.

My Mother helped me with everything, or we should certainly have been terribly at sea, for, though I could sew well, I had no ideas about furniture ; and nothing surprises me more than the way in which in every house we have lived in the rooms seem to have arranged themselves, almost automatically. Those were æsthetic days, and it was easy to make mistakes, but we collected some nice old "bits." I think A. L. had quite a "flair" for things of that sort, though he was not much use in getting straight, and in the business and financial side of it all was sharply looked after by our cousin-lawyer. Here is a letter to his Mother, written about this time :

"TRINITY COLLEGE,

"OXFORD.

"27 April, 1879.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,—

"Now that my troubles are at last over, and my long-awaited-for future about to begin, I can write to tell you more about it.

"I am to be married on June 25, at Teddington, from Mrs. Baird's house; then spend our honeymoon on and about the River Thames, for I have work to begin on again before even the 'moon' is complete; and, after that, look out for furniture, etc., for the house which I have taken in Oxford, and which is now being built in a nice situation, with a garden round it, and which we hope to begin to inhabit about October 1st, ready for the beginning of Term.

"You know that I am settling down into an Oxford Tutor, and am now lecturing on 'Modern History,' in the pay of Balliol College, which pay is not magnificent at present, as I am new to the work and not able to do it all unaided; but it will improve as I get more competent, and will, at no distant date, I hope, give me a permanent place on the Governing Body of Balliol, and among the Staff of Fellows there, for I vacate my Fellowship at Trinity and lose my connection with it by marrying, a penalty which leaves it doubtful whether matrimony was, in the eyes of the ancient Oxford legislators, a sin, or a luxury.

"Of course I am pleased at regaining a place in Balliol, my old College and the first College in Oxford, and there is a great opening in the University for the teaching of Modern History, which I have plunged into heart and soul, from mingled motives of necessity, ambition, and interest in it. So do not be surprised if some twenty years hence I may be intriguing for the Professorial Chair in the subject.

"I hope this summer (when summer does come) to get rid of the last traces of the illness I had; and shall be very content after all my adventurous and varied experiences to sink down into sober domesticity. And I anticipate that I shall thus be able to be of some use to you sooner than if I had clung to the bright potentialities of the Bar, though at present I cannot tell if we can do more than struggle along in decency on our funds. . . ."

## CHAPTER VII

### MARRIAGE AND OXFORD

WE came up in May or June to give a final look round, and were both guests at the wedding of A. L.'s old friend and colleague at Trinity, H. G. Woods (afterwards President of Trinity) and Margaret Bradley, at the Church of St. Peter's-in-the-East.

At home our preparations went on fairly quietly. My Aunt, Lady Crossley, threw herself whole-heartedly into the furnishing business, and, indeed, did more than stand *in loco parentis* to A. L. She paid for all the furniture, and no doubt for all his trousseau ! And so it came about that many problems which might have been serious hindrances were cleared out of the way, and my Father also was more or less reconciled at last to the inevitable. It was a real grief to him, I think—the flight of the first bird from the nest. He loved to have us all at home, and preferred even travelling with the whole troop. I remember once, as we filed out upon the platform of the station at Stuttgart, hearing a bystander exclaim : “*Na ! eine englische Familie !*”

We were married on the 25th of June, 1879, at the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Teddington, where our home had been for the last fourteen years. Norman Pearson acted as “best man,” but it really took two, and our most intimate friend of those days, Philip Lyttelton Gell, bore the brunt of the arrangements and was a tower of strength. I don't think he was responsible for the only “floater,”—lending my Father's dress-clothes to the waiter, who had got drenched in an untimely thunder-shower ! A. L.'s only

relative present was his Uncle, Charles Strutt, who had just landed from Australia in time to be with us, but the dearth of relations was made up for by many Oxford friends who turned up in force.

Our wedding trip was an amusement to all our friends, but an anxiety to my family, who thought A. L. must be rash on the river. We certainly made the trip down the river in the smallest boat I had ever seen, a thing called an outrigger skiff, with just room for me to sit, but not to sneeze. A tiny trunk at the stern held all necessities, but would not have satisfied a modern girl with even the skimpiest of frocks. I steered, and though I have seldom steered since, I think I could almost do it automatically even now.

The riverside inns were rough and primitive, and not always clean, and we had some strenuous days. I made the discovery, which no one else has dared to notice, that A. L. used surreptitiously to look at his oars, even at his sculls, just out of the corners of his downcast eyes. Anybody who has really watched him will confirm this!

In the evenings we read aloud, at least he read to me. It was *The House with the Seven Gables*, and I never could keep awake or even grasp the plot; but, then, I belong to the other section of humanity, who like reading aloud but dislike being read to. Thus we discovered that in future the rôles must be reversed, and for more than forty years the hour and a half, or two hours, after dinner, unless other things intervened, were spent by me in reading aloud to him, his one real time of rest and relaxation, which he thoroughly enjoyed. We began by reading "improving" books; Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times* was the first I embarked on; but the lure of Stevenson tempted us, and after *Treasure Island* (in which I was not allowed to stop, though the clock pointed to 11.30!) we went in for fiction of all sorts, except Meredith and Pett Ridge, who always gave me a sore throat. But I shall touch upon this later.

Our first Long Vacation was spent away from Oxford, where our house was being prepared for our reception. We went to Canterbury, where A. L. was to examine the King's School, and stayed with the Head Master, Dr. Blore, and I at once lost my heart to his wife, a most gentle and sweet and, I thought, lovely woman, with four or five boys and girls of her own to look after, besides the work of a Head Master's wife with a big house of boys. The life was very interesting to us both, in the midst of the Cathedral and the Close; quite a new experience, not terrifying like Oxford, or else the Blores' kindness made the difference. We were there a week, and dined with the Dean and Mrs. Payne-Smith, for whose edification Mrs. Blore made me put on my wedding-dress. Also we "did" some of the Canterbury week, and watched an infant prodigy called Spooner do wonderful things at cricket.

From Canterbury we went to Buxted to stay with the Gells. Philip Gell's Father was Rector, and they had a pretty Rectory and gardens, and the week there was full of delight. We were left to ourselves a good deal, which is the secret of entertaining in the country, I am sure. I spent a whole day fishing in the pond, catching nothing and the bait being nibbled off all the time; but I quite understand the fascination of it.

After Buxted the business of life, so to speak, began for me. We had arranged to take Savile and his friend Arthur Wickens on a reading-party to Porlock. It was entirely new ground to me, as I had never been in the West Country, and I thought Porlock village delightful with its thatched cottages and pretty gardens, though the memory is still a little seared, so to speak, by a contretemps which A. L. never forgot.

My keys disappeared and I could not unpack. I had noticed the large collie dog lying close by, and my suspicions lighted on him. Could he have swallowed them? Remembering the episode in *Cranford*, I was ready with remedies, or rather an antidote, but when the victim had gone off, no



doubt feeling sick in both senses, my keys were found under the box!

We finally settled ourselves at the Hotel at Porlock Weir, and had a very happy time there, walking up to the moors where the stag-hounds met, or along the coast; not easy because of the boulders, and I missed our dear Bamburgh sands. We lived on the fat of the land—oysters, cream, laver (which I have tried in vain to find and cook at Bamburgh). At least we *did* live on the fat of the land until the Benson family arrived, a vast horde, it seemed to me, and a determined mother who insisted on her family being fed first; so we got no more oysters after that, though no doubt they were better employed in building up the great brains of that brainy family, to say nothing of the future Archbishop. However, we had a piece of "Royal" venison served up to us, and I just remember seeing the words "Royal Venison" on it, and then knew no more; the aroma of the dish proved too much for me and I fainted away! I have never really liked venison since.

We left Porlock with collections of ferns, heather, whorts jam (which last broke out of its pots and covered the boys' note-books with crimson juice). It was the end of a lovely holiday, and now to Oxford on our first start in domestic life.

Mrs. A. H. Johnson had found us two young maids, both G.F.S. girls, she explained. They certainly were girls, and too friendly. In those days it was not possible to get houses which could be run with one maid, and two were deemed essential, but £12 or £14 was considered good wages. I remember our first night at "Somerley," where there were as yet no curtains or gas-fittings. We ate a queer meal, with candles stuck in decanters, but it was all great fun if only I had not been so much in awe of my two silly maids. Even now I admire, if somewhat contemptuously, people who ring for the maid to put the coals on. I very seldom rang for anything, and no doubt my maids' morale suffered in consequence. But I took housekeeping seriously,

and had a manuscript book in which I wrote recipes and menus, aiming at elegant economy but carefully graduated according to the status of the guest. Conger-eel cutlets, I remember, figure as a Freshman's dinner. I don't think our cooking was anything extra special, and as for punctuality, well, it is not necessary for me to say that punctuality was the virtue I could most easily have dispensed with, in maids.

In these days life seems in some ways much simpler than it was in the 'eighties. For one thing it was impossible to find a house without a basement, and that made the work too much for one maid. Wages, as I said, were much lower, and far less time off was allowed, but I think the *entente* was less *cordiale* when maids were relegated below stairs, and it was not so easy for the young mistress to superintend or to help, still less to do her own cooking, as so many do now. It was, however, possible to start a *ménage* like ours on about £600 a year, and Oxford has never had an impossibly high or showy standard of living, so that we managed fairly well for the first few years.

Oxford did indeed welcome us very kindly. The Balliol Fellows were, of course, our most frequent visitors, R. L. Nettleship, and his undergraduate friend, Archie Grahame, Andrew Bradley, R. G. Tatton, and, of course, the Master, who from the first regarded us as his special *protégés*. The University society, as I have explained, was very small in those days; there was a sort of inner-circle of wives who called each other by their Christian names, and these received us into their fellowship, except for the Christian-naming, which I have never found easy to begin myself or to encourage in others. The habit, peculiar to Balliol, I believe, of calling the Fellows by their Christian names, or even nicknames, had not then crept in, and when it did we neither of us dropped into it.

Our nearest neighbours were the Arthur Aclands, and I used to watch their two little red-stockinged boys trotting off to school in the mornings, often with the faithful

"Charles" in attendance (now Porter at Trinity and still exactly the same). Every week also I saw the guests arrive for the weekly dinner, R. L. Nettleship always one of the party. Then there were the Butchers in Bradmore Road. I admired him very much and he was a kind talker to ignorant me, and she also, in spite of the perpetual court of undergraduates. She it was who insisted on top-hats being worn for Sunday calls, and one Sunday a pyramid of these was piled up in her drawing-room! The two Miss Paters were also kind; I mean they did not give that demi-semi sort of attention, with eyes at the other end of the room, which is so discouraging to the shy aspirant, and I was very shy. I must own that their brother and I never met, or, if we did, I don't remember it. I feel that phrase would have incurred the severe censure of Mr. Humphry Ward, if he had read it. In his company, and, I must add, in that of his wife, I never felt really happy, or therefore at my best, and I must have had a "best," because, with certain people, I became unconscious of self and therefore happy and natural and able to talk about things that interested me.

Of such were Dr. Franck Bright, of University College, and his sister-in-law Miss Wickham, who lived with him and brought up his four daughters. Dr. Bright having really brought us to Oxford, felt, and always acted, paternally to us, and she, with her sweet patience, always appealed to me; she was a great invalid, but on her couch managed to do a great deal of Braille work, and was always at leisure to sympathize.

The Arthur Johnsons, of course, had been faithful friends of ours since the beginning, though Mrs. Johnson represented to me at first more the Higher Education of which I knew so little. The naughtiness of their two boys made me feel that the severity of their parents must be more superficial than real. Bobby and Wilfrid, when I first remember them, must have been about seven or eight years old; they were always dressed in artistic colours, knee-breeches and

smocks, with wide white collars edged with deep frills, garments which no modern schoolboy would be seen in for a moment. They were generally accompanied by a nurse not much taller than themselves, and stories of their escapades were rife in Oxford. I must own to being rather afraid of these redoubtable youths—more especially because at home I had had no brothers—and my sisters and I had been brought up on the good old-fashioned principle: "children must be seen, but not heard."

However, we secured Bobby's respect vicariously, if grudgingly. My young sister, Dolly, paid us a visit that summer, a very active, long-legged, and ambitious child about their age, and in one of our walks in the Parks she met and challenged Bobby to a race. Dolly won, and Bobby wept. Does he, in his present distinguished position,<sup>1</sup> recall this ignominious defeat?

This reminds me of what greatly impressed me in Oxford at first—the apparent dearth of children. There were some, but mostly kept in the background, and I only remember the delightful Harcourt twins, the little Acland boys, and, later, the Sidgwicks. It shows the change in public opinion that A. L. should one day solemnly warn me "not to let myself become a mere mother like Mrs. ——" In these days maternity is perhaps unduly exalted, but it was very different then.

The relaxation of the rule about married Fellows resulted, of course, in quite a number of young couples starting life in Oxford at the same time as ourselves, so that there was an *embarras de richesses* of brides at dinner-parties, and one escaped thereby sometimes the alarming experience of being "taken in" by the host. Only one host, however, really terrified me. He was, in an academic and superior sort of way, just a *tease*, and that was the late Provost of Oriel.<sup>2</sup> I survived, however, to enjoy the torments of other brides at his wonderful dinner-parties.

<sup>1</sup> Col. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Master of the Mint.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Shadwell.

We had met and made friends with the Cook-Wilsons while we were all of us engaged in the agonizing task of choosing cretonnes at Shoolbred's. They had been married just before us, and he was an old Balliol man *and* a philosopher, a double bond of union; but those who knew them will realize that the first sight of her was rather a shock—her extraordinary garments and pseudo-artistic appearance were like nothing I had ever seen before. But they were friendly and glad to know us, and from that time a friendship began which lasted, in spite of everything to the contrary, until they both died, she just before, and he in the first year of the War. I cannot write critically of her; anybody who knew her will understand this; in spite of her obvious faults and tiresomeness there was something which kept her friendships really unbroken to the end. And she could be kind, too. Many kindnesses I remember both to me and to the children. We were a real interest to her as well as being her nearest neighbours, and she used to trail over to see me in her queer yellow gowns and lamp-shade hats, and look at the new baby. "Ah! annozer little Smeess," she would say, for she was German and her English had never improved at all.

Professor Cook-Wilson himself was a striking figure for so small a man. He had good features and an almost patriarchal beard. He was a most devoted husband, always at hand to pull his wife's wicker chair up hill and down dale. We used to wonder how he found time to do his University work, and I felt he was actually setting a bad example to other husbands by having such an impossibly high standard of behaviour. They had only one child—a son;—but I am anticipating and must return to the memories of the friends of those early days. So many are only memories now.

Dr. Darbishire and his wife we saw a great deal of. He was the well-known rowing Blue, and had also rowed with A. L. in the victorious Balliol Eight of 1873, and as he had just set up in practice in Oxford we were very glad to

consult him. His dour manner hid a warm and tender heart, and his silence sometimes told one more than other people's talk. I was very fond of his wife, too; again one of those people who *needed* one in all sorts of ways, and in all the tragedies of her life we were always in touch. They had children, too; Arthur, the eldest, was simply idolized by his father and mother, so that I often wondered how he grew up so attractive and brilliant; but in a way he was unspoilable, I suppose.

Other children I remember, though, as I say, they were always kept in the background. I recall the shock of surprise (and pleasure) when I saw a baby, with blue bows on his sleeves, being dandled at a grey, ancient window of Oriel College; but there the A. G. Butlers—lucky people!—began their married life, and there I met the said baby, Harold, now Professor of Latin at London University, and a father himself. A. G. Butler<sup>1</sup> was a dear friend to us both.

We saw a good deal of the Balliol undergraduates, as A. L. had already started work there, and we used to invite them to dinner, although it would seem a "far cry" to Crick Road in these days, without the help of bicycles or trams. One group of men interested us very much—four friends who shared picturesque rooms in Holywell. None afterwards became quite so intimate, except, of course, those who actually lived in our house. Of these Archie Grahame, who afterwards became Lionel's god-father, and died a few years later, was "one of the best"; a phrase I do not like, but it expresses him. A. L. thought him a promising oar and tried to coach him, but he was never strong and took to sculling peacefully on the Cherwell instead. A bond of something which was more than friendship—perhaps aspiration and disappointments, unspoken yet shared—united him and R. L. Nettleship.

Then Cecil Spring-Rice.<sup>2</sup> Those who only knew him

<sup>1</sup> Fellow of Oriel.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Cecil Spring-Rice.



later can have no idea of his gaiety and fun in youth. He was no respecter of persons, as his College rhymes show. A. L. and I did not escape his wit ; though I never saw the rhymes on us in print, I saw a quotation from them referred to in some paper, and, to my disgust, incorrectly. A. L.'s really ended :

" And I know his temper varies  
And is not so good as M—— "

Another of this group was the present Lord Farrer, who had a phenomenal knowledge of Bradshaw, which made him very useful. Mr. Shand was the fourth, now a distinguished Judge in Queensland. He must have had nine lives, as he fell off a precipice in Switzerland and was said to have broken his back, but lived to tell the tale and appeared, when I saw him last, in splendid health. This group formed a nice sort of human "salad," each ingredient necessary and ideal, and the whole just what was wanted.

Rhoda Broughton, who at that time also lived in Holywell, always had a sort of salon of these and other lively spirits round her. In those days she somewhat terrified me, and obviously preferred young men ; and it was only years after that I found what a delightful and understanding friend she could be, and how enjoyable the spice of wickedness that often showed itself. She used to dine often at Balliol with the Master, until she committed the *faux pas* (as he thought) of putting his old friend Mark Pattison into one of her novels.

Our First Term was a very happy one. We were entertained and had not yet the task of entertaining. Dinner-parties, after our first shyness had worn off, were really rather fun. We always walked, of course, whatever the distance ; I with the tail of my wedding-dress wound round my shoulders—the said dress was laced up the back, and "alone I did it" ! No "buses in those days, so it was really an effort, but worth it. Needless to say we were never the first to arrive.

After Term we were invited to Somerleyton, and there we had skating on the marshes, days of great fun, when I really could manage it without having the constant fear of going through, which haunted one on the Round Pond or the Long Water at Hampton Court, where our previous skating had been done. But I did A. L. no credit as a pupil. I was a coward and I did not like tumbles. He was disappointed, as I could skate neatly on an inside edge which looked almost *exactly* like an outside edge, if it hadn't just taken a little curve at the end. And I could dance, too, though perhaps not up to Norman Pearson's standard, but he had just begun to "reverse," and I thought it unpopular, as indeed it was.

However, my skating and dancing both came to an abrupt end. We went home to Teddington for Christmas, our happiness clouded by the ill-health of my youngest sister. She was seriously ill, and my Father decided to give up the home at Teddington and find some healthier spot nearer London. It was a very anxious Summer Term for us, and we were thrown into further perplexity by the suggestion of the Master, always rather autocratic, that we should take young Lord Weymouth (the present Marquis of Bath) to some place on the Continent, and work him up so that he might enter Balliol creditably.

A. L., with some bashfulness, tried to explain the difficulties of the situation : baby expected in August, and this was June ! "That seems to present no insuperable difficulty," said Jowett. "You could go abroad just the same, an excellent thing both for yourselves and the young man. I hope you will manage it." I confess I do not remember any protest being made by my family, and we prepared to leave England early in July. Our head-quarters were to be Baden Baden, of all places, and we found a dear little house, just the right size, one of three standing in a garden near the road leading to the Greek Church ; the Villa Marx it was called.

The life there is a delight to look back upon. From the

garden under the lime trees I used to watch the storks on their nest in the tall chimneys opposite, and wondered—Our young charge was the most charming addition to the party, not exactly industrious perhaps (I used to find him counting an array of wasps he had killed during the morning, in the intervals of his grammar lessons), but in the end he did succeed in matriculating at Balliol, and, like others in the long succession of our resident pupils, he has remained a loyal friend.

They carried out more or less the reading-party routine, working all the morning, and doing something in the way of exercise in the afternoons, and they had German lessons from an old professor, Fink.

Callers came! Our first callers were rather amusing, the result of reading the Visitors' List in the *Badeblatt*, in which we appeared as "Professor and Miss Smith of Oxford." Two ladies, Mrs. and Miss Montgomery of Exeter, were sure that this entry meant Prof. H. J. S. Smith and his sister, two leading figures in Oxford and Balliol at that time, he being a tall and venerable-looking man with a long beard, and she a massive person, easily sixty I should think! So that the embarrassment of the callers can be imagined, and I don't know to this day how we managed to explain ourselves away, but in a very few minutes they became interested in us, and afterwards did us many a kindness. Miss Jessie Montgomery, the daughter, became afterwards a keen Extension worker, which made another bond of union with A. L. I believe a tablet was erected to her memory in Exeter Cathedral.

Then, on August 19th, 1880, after a terrible four days, my son!—and I "remembered no more the anguish." Nurse leant over me: "You will live to have many more, dear," she said. My Father and sisters were in Baden Baden, and he came and somewhat shyly inspected his grandson. The German household buzzed round us sympathizing and admiring, and the lovely, quiet weeks in the shady garden passed all too soon. We took our son down to the English

Church on September 12th, to be baptized by our old Vicar, Mr. Trinder, then Vicar of Highgate, who happened to be in Baden Baden, and who had also officiated at our wedding ; and soon after we came back to England and Oxford.

Life was going to be more complicated now, and I was very anxious not to let the precious baby interfere with his father's work or comfort. I hardly ever even allowed him to be heard crying (fortunately there were no red-tape rules about babies' lives in those days, and I think it was much happier for them !). I knew A. L. had to work so hard, and I wanted to spare him as much as possible, but I think thereby I deprived him of some of the joy of life, and he never was quite at home with wee babies.

A further complication now arose, because our kind friend the Master had a strong opinion that we were of all people the best fitted to drill into shape the backward but interesting sons of his numerous friends. He was certainly right about A. L., but I don't know that I had any special qualifications for the task myself. But no one could oppose Jowett. If he wished anything done it *was* done, and, moreover, we felt we were in a sense *protégés* of his, and I always liked the old man. He was very kind to me and never tried to frighten me. No doubt he thought I had my "place in creation" (after writing that word I see I wrote truer than I thought).

Our house was really not suited for pupils at all, and it is still a puzzle to me to remember the succession of youths, two at a time generally, who were our charge in the Crick Road house, and who, some of them, still look back to those years with pleasure and friendliness.

We saw a good deal of Lord Weymouth during his first Term, and on the strength of that friendship we were invited to spend a week at Longleat in the spring of 1881, A. L., Lionel and I, and a German nurse we had brought with us from Baden. We were rather a funny party to stay in such a house, and I remember the terrified yells the baby indulged in when we arrived at last in the immense hall of the Castle.

My heart sank, and still more when we were shown to our rooms, a splendid, lofty suite, with life-size peacocks all over the wallpaper, and an immense bed. However, we managed somehow. Lady Bath was kindness itself, and I got used to dinner off gold plate, but I did *not* get used to the sort of person who seems to hang about all great houses. I am not going to tell his name, but he was a cleric and a writer. An American, a Balliol man, was of the company, and he got distinctly bored and impatient at this individual's recital of pedigrees, which was apt to go on all through dinner, and one day he broke in with: "Now *who* did you say was the father of Zebedee's children?" A shame, because it looked as if I was the conspirator; and the cleric's face showed great disgust.

Lord Alexander Thynne, afterwards our pupil, and one of that great company of Balliol men who fell in the War, was then a child of about six, just recovered from scarlet fever, very delicate and all eyes.

Our visit to Longleat was spoilt by a severe attack of pain which laid A. L. low one morning, so severe that I thought it could only have one cause. It was indeed an attack of "stone," such as he had had at Somerleyton once during our engagement. Fortunately in my desperate anxiety I prescribed the right thing—a very hot bath; and when the doctor arrived the pain was over and the troublesome obstruction moved away; never to trouble him again, as it turned out, though by no means cured, as was disclosed at the very serious operation A. L. underwent in November, 1921.

That summer we paid several visits, but in later years this became more difficult to manage, as the babies came and work increased. Looking back I sometimes think we ought to have forced ourselves to leave home sometimes; it would have been good for both of us, but at the time the obstacles seemed insuperable. My kind Aunt had been failing for some time. It was a tragical evening of life for her; she had been such a leader, beloved by all and not

least by the two who owed to her their happy Oxford home.

As I write I feel that the task I have undertaken is almost too heavy for my strength. I am reminded of a day when, as a little girl, I set out to make a sketch of Bamburgh Castle from the top of the wall round the familiar Wynding House garden. I had an ordinary "block," but found I could not get it all in, that long battlemented wall ! So I got a large sheet, then a larger still ; finally I thought : " At this rate I shall have to get a piece of paper the same size as the Castle ! "—So I gave it up. I don't want to give this up ; it is a duty to the children and to many friends. But I think I can best do it by a series of episodes, now that I have started on our married life ; and I shall not attend to chronological order nor to dates, of which I have never been fond.





## CHAPTER VIII

### HOLIDAYS AND EXPERIENCES

THE births of our nine children are, of course, my landmarks. Six of them were born in the house, No. 7 Crick Road, in which we began life, Lionel having been born abroad.

That first winter, 1881, we had, I believe, several pupils with us. One was "Jock" Wallop, son of Lord Portsmouth, and brother of A. L.'s first pupil. I often wonder how these young men, accustomed to a spacious life in their own homes, really liked the life with us. It must have been a severe change for some of them, for we were rather a casual household, and I don't think I was a clever housekeeper, though I tried very hard to feed them well and keep down expenses,—not easy, with a husband used to comfort at Somerleyton and with such generous impulses.

By that time A. L. had been elected a Guardian of the Poor. He was attracted to the work by having been on a C.O.S. Committee in London with Mr. C. S. Loch and Mr. Charles Reiss, both old friends; so he came primed with all the C.O.S. ideals, which were already being carried out by most of the Oxford University Guardians, in spite of great opposition. A. L. attended the Board Meetings very regularly, and I have several little note-books in which he used to jot down the cases, every detail written down in his queer legal abbreviation style. At the end (too often) come the words: "House offered." I am afraid I always pitied those poor people, and only reluctantly went to try and persuade them to accept the offer. They clung always obstinately to their poor homes and

"sticks." It shows what life teaches us (or unlearns us) that I should find it impossible to-day to work on those lines.

Still, A. L. was always loyal to C. S. Loch, L. R. Phelps and their optimistic view, and he certainly worked very hard at the Board and followed up his cases keenly (tempering often surreptitiously, as I found out afterwards, justice, or C.O.S. justice, with mercy, for that he had a truly generous heart and hand I need not say). The experience he gained was of great use for years afterwards in his Balliol Political Science Lectures, latterly perhaps the most crowded and popular lectures in Oxford. I only heard a short time ago from Lionel that he had met a man in Mosul who told him that the one thing he took away with him from Oxford was the memory of those particular lectures.

The spring of 1882 was chequered with joy and sorrow. Gertrude's birth on March 1st, was followed, only a fortnight later, by the death of my Father, after an illness of six months, and by a serious outbreak of scarlet fever in Oxford, limited fortunately to a few families served, as a special privilege, from a private dairy. In those days there was no regular official inspection of dairies. The infection was, however, definitely traced, although not until several fatal cases had resulted. This meant anxious days for our little household. During that trying time A. L. found a splendid helper in Jock Wallop, the two working away together at getting the place disinfected. We seemed to have escaped ourselves, but later it was found that I had had the disease in a suppressed form, with serious after effects. However, after a long and tedious illness, I took up the threads of life again.

A. L. had just been elected Proctor (Junior), H. S. Holland,<sup>1</sup> of Christ Church, being Senior Proctor, than whom no more delightful colleague could be imagined. College work was becoming not less arduous but always more interesting, and we were, I think, looking forward to the Summer Term

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Henry Scott Holland, then Censor of Christ Church.



WINDMILL HOUSE, BOSTON, 1870-1880



THE MANOR, BOSTON, 1870-1880

THE MANOR, BOSTON, 1870-1880

with some excitement. It is rather a "Mayfly" time for Mrs. Proctor, to be sure, but none the less enjoyable for that.

That summer vacation saw us at Seaview in the Isle of Wight, then a tiny, unsophisticated place, with old associations for me from very early days. Of course this much-needed change of air would not have been possible if A. L. had not combined it with a reading-party of sorts; among others we had "Tab" Brassey,<sup>1</sup> from that time, till his death in November, 1919, a dear and devoted friend, and his great friend "Ducker" Maclean, both pupils after A. L.'s own heart. Sometimes I joined their sailing expeditions or went for luncheon on the yacht, delicious feeds they would have been had not the yacht rolled a bit at anchor. Once "Tab" produced some black, sticky sugar as a great delicacy, scraped, he said, off the bottom of the raw sugar casks.

Altogether it was a most delightful holiday, a good preparation for an arduous Term, with the Proctorial duties on the top of all A. L.'s other work. Fortunately I was able to give him some help, not only on the social side. The Proctors in those days seem to have had more jurisdiction over the morals of Oxford than they have now; the Spinning House controversies at Cambridge had their effect in Oxford, but it was *then* possible and lawful to shut up women found "soliciting" in the rooms under the Clarendon Building, and they could then be sent to prison; and the undergraduates caught with them, even if only speaking to them, might be summarily "sent down" by the Proctors.

A. L., of course, met with many such cases, and used to discuss them with me, and try to enlist my help, and I remember going, with the courage born of ignorance and innocence, into the purlicues of St. Ebbe's to hunt up a girl of fifteen in a "bad house." As I went along I meditated about this particular sin, and it seemed to me as if it could not be like other sins because, to my mind, it was based on love. I wondered, but when I at last got into

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lord Brassey.

the house I did *not* wonder. The Evil One himself seemed to look out of the eyes of the hardened woman who kept the house. I trembled (they must have seen me), and pleaded my cause, or rather Annie's, very feebly, to their evident amusement, and got no further that time. Even now, though, I think I can more easily forgive the woman who sins in that way than the woman who is just cruel, or even unkind.

I did succeed with some cases and for a time felt much drawn to Rescue work; partly because we had the privilege of seeing a good deal of Miss Felicia Skene, a wonderful old lady whose whole life was spent in such work, and who over and over again was cheated and deceived, and yet never failed to believe in her *protégées*, with the result that she saved many. Her stories of Oxford life in the earlier days used to thrill me with horror; the terrible slums (some are bad enough to-day) hid crimes and criminals without number, from the baby-farmer (who set her wretched hovel on fire when seven poor babies were in it) to Leg of Mutton Court and its filthy inhabitants, now pulled down, I am glad to say.

But I think that A. L. let me go into that work too young. I have seen since its harmful effect on young women, and how it may become a "craze" like anything else, with a spicy flavour all its own. My own branch, however, was a fairly humdrum and useful one,—the visiting of the Lying-in Ward of the Oxford Workhouse. I did this regularly and even took two or three of the women at different times into our service as cooks, etc., until I found it was impossible to combine the double relation of mistress and rescuer (or whatever I might call myself). Several made good starts with us, and I loved the work and got on well with dear kind old Nurse Dickens and her staff. But I expect things are very different nowadays in the "Institute." I wonder if any solution has been found for the "ins-and-outs" problem. Two women in my day had each seven illegitimate children, all by different fathers,

and gloried in this. Nothing could be, or was, done to stop this scandal, and it may still be going on,—until, indeed, some drastic remedy is found.

H. Scott Holland and A. L. were pronounced by Miss Skene to be "good Proctors," which meant that they were keen on this side of their work, and helped her more than some of their predecessors. She always maintained that the imprisonment of girls caught in suspicious circumstances gave her a great opportunity of getting hold of them, so that many made a fresh start in life. And the summary punishment of the undergraduate implicated was no less salutary. The whole problem has become so acute and complicated nowadays; I often wonder what Miss Skene would say about it and what her advice would be.

Certain other Proctorial duties, such as the attendance at University sermons, of which there were then two every Sunday, were rather irksome to A. L., as may be imagined, and I fear the Pro-Proctors of that year may have had to do more than their share. But the companionship of H. Scott Holland atoned for much, and it was a happy year, I think, for them both. H. S. H. was pure sunshine then; the burden of the flesh and the sorrows of the world had not begun to weigh on him; he was happy and he radiated happiness. I was very sorry when the year came to an end, and I regretfully cut out and made a skimpy little frock for my baby out of the black velvet sleeves of the Proctor's gown—a most illegal proceeding, I believe.

All this time we had various pupils living with us, among others Victor Morier, the son of Sir Robert Morier, a great friend of Jowett's and *persona grata* even at the German Court, where he was Ambassador. Victor was a huge, overgrown, backward youth, of a most attractive and lovable nature, but unbalanced and undisciplined. Altogether a size too large for our house; but we liked him and took a great deal of trouble with him. His foreign education was a great handicap, and I think he still thought in German, nor did English come at all easily to him when writing.



I realized that examinations would be occasions of downfall for him, and they were. I grew to hate all examiners and all exams. for his sake ; he was an able and delightful boy, but quite incapable of going through that dreadful " mill " successfully ; but he would do things that other boys of his age would have shrunk from. He used, for instance, to go day after day a long way up the Cowley Road into a by-street where lived a little boy perpetually doomed to lie on his face on a table, and whose one delight was to hear Victor read aloud to him by the hour. Sometimes it was : " Will you read me something religious to-day ? " And I used to wonder what the choice would be.

Often, too, he would go and dine with the Cowley Fathers, not for the attraction of the food, but for the " atmosphere," which seemed to soothe him. He was happy enough with us, and stayed on with us on and off for about two years, when he entered Balliol for a time. It fell to my lot to nurse him several times, once when he accidentally shot his finger off, cleaning a gun with a cartridge in, and with his finger across the barrel ! A. L. was out dining and I sent for Mr. Horatio Symonds, who came and snipped off the joint while I held three candles tied together as close and as steadily as I could, the antiseptic spray going all the time,—very different from modern operations !

Seaview remained our summer resort for some years. Once we shared a house with the Darbishires ; their family, so near our own in age, was a pleasant background to our holiday, and a help when life became too hectic ; A. L.'s alarms and excursions being sometimes too much for me. One morning he came in with a severe scratch on the thigh (he used to bathe before breakfast). It was then high water, but later on at low tide we inspected the spot he had dived from, and found to our horror that he had only missed by an inch being impaled by the sharp point of a broken handle, or whatever it is called, of an anchor embedded in the sand. We came away feeling quite sick. It is so much easier to remember startling events like this

than to recall the exact details of our life ; though life was by no means " jog-trot," but full of interests and occupations, more friendships taking root each Term as Fellows availed themselves of the permission to marry.

I was always, I am afraid, a bad caller ; still we got to know a large and delightful group of people, and I found the new-comers on the whole less alarming, and began even to be consulted as an expert in nursery management ! (Possibly they thought it was my " Special Subject.") The Higher Education of Women, then comparatively in its infancy, engrossed the energies and interest of some of the married women, and of the men, too, but it was new to me to see women so keen about education, and such opposition as there was only made them keener. As I pass through the streets of the Oxford of to-day and notice the crowds of capped and gowned girls, and the women B.A.'s, M.A.'s, etc., all coming back from Degrees, I can hardly believe such an immense change can have taken place without bloodshed.

" Knowledge is no more a fountain sealed "

(but a dam burst).

To return to Seaview. It had great points as a resort for children in those days, and a sea that is always fairly warm has great advantages. I think the children would all have learnt to swim more easily if we had stuck to the south coast, but, of course, it is all terribly overrun and sophisticated now. Another advantage we enjoyed immensely was a certain amount of sailing on the Solent. Somehow or other we managed to hire a pilot-cutter (the mere name gave me confidence), and spent whole days picnicking on the sea, rather a tame sea, it is true, but it was very jolly. The Vernon Harcourts at St. Clare were near neighbours, and it was always a joy to be there among the children in that lovely garden, or bathing off the seawall. There seemed any number of little girls dressed alike in turkey-red frocks, with little white kerchiefs round

their necks, and Bernard in a smock,—then rather a novelty. I envied Mrs. Harcourt their number, not foreseeing that we might one day attain almost to the same.

Summer then as now seemed always too short, but for some years the time was fairly free except for the teaching required by the reading-party. At home in Oxford at this time, and always afterwards, the Master (Jowett) made great calls on A. L.'s time, taking him into his confidence about all his schemes for the College, and it will be readily understood that he could not have found a more sympathetic listener or one more ready to join in his enthusiastic ambitions. This meant a great expenditure of time, besides which there were all the likely young men coming on, whose future had to be discussed and arranged, and I don't think any of the other Fellows had quite the same sympathy for youth that Jowett found in A. L. That is probably why he looked upon us as the most suitable guides and instructors for the boys—sons of old members of the College,—most of whom must *coûte que coûte* be squeezed through Matric., and eventually, as he sanguinely hoped, bring credit to the College. "*Floreat Domus de Balliolo*" must have been written on Jowett's heart.

One scheme of his was to build on the ground then, or soon after, to be known as "The Master's Field," a Hostel for undergraduates, to be run on less expensive lines than was possible in College, and, adjoining it, a house for ourselves, so that A. L. could supervise and teach, and I could cater for the twenty or thirty men housed therein. Needless to say, the project filled me with dismay, and I was relieved when, as might be expected, the Fellows turned the first part of the scheme down, although the plan for a tutor's residence on the Field still remained a fixed purpose in the Master's mind and was to materialize eventually.

I do not remember when the Field itself was actually bought, but for many years it was the objective of the Sunday walk with the children, and much enjoyed by their Father, who in those days took such violent exercise

on weekday afternoons that he could afford to "slack" on Sundays. He would go off with a trail of children, and the dog following, and it was the opportunity for wonderful story-telling. Sometimes he would tell them about the old Christ's Hospital days; it was the one and only time in the week when father and children could meet, as it were, on equal terms, and needless to say they were nearly always late for tea!

The winter, of course, brought other distractions. Rowing remained A. L.'s chief exercise in summer; though he played lawn-tennis with great vigour he could never excel at it owing to his short-sightedness. Our tiny garden was the scene of very heated games, in which the balls flew into the neighbouring gardens and into windows; and in its season—indeed out of its season—hockey commandeered any available pupil or child, and was played indoors on our narrow landing, if rain prevented outdoor play. Frequent blows and bumps and tears resulted, and I used to "stand by" with Hazeline and bandages, wishing that games had never been invented.

Then would come a hasty tidy-up and rush to College, or a belated essay had to be scrambled through, or a set of examination papers finished. One seemed always half an hour behind time, and my efforts were directed towards catching up, if possible. Of course it was *not* possible!

The number of outside engagements tended to increase every year, some necessitated by the need of adding to our income in proportion as the family grew. Important Examinerships were offered and accepted, and having once taken work of that sort on it was bound to continue for the rest of A. L.'s life. It was work which interested him, too, and brought him many friends in the world outside Oxford,—in Wales, Scotland, all over England. It was work in which I was able to help him, if only by adding up marks, doing up parcels, reading MSS. to him when his eyes were tired. Besides this he had by this time many other "irons in the fire." The first boathouse on the

Cherwell, close to Lady Margaret Hall, was built under his auspices, to house our boat and those of two or three other friends; the elaborate system of combined Athletic Club accounts now in force, I believe, in every Oxford College, was evolved by him for Balliol, although I seem to remember another name being put forward years ago in the *Oxford Magazine* as the author of this scheme.

The enclosing of a portion of the meadows near Christ Church Running Ground, to be reserved for subscribers, and flooded and swept in time of frost, was also, in part, if not entirely his work, although he had the advice and help of accomplished skaters like A. H. Johnson and R. W. Raper. As for skating, when a real frost came, the effects were most demoralizing; all other duties seemed to be laid aside, and all Oxford rushed for its skates. I say "all Oxford" because older tutors than A. L. have been known to affix notices on their doors which could only bear one interpretation.

My own share was to provide sandwiches, cake, and drinks for the skaters, but these too often were devoured by complete strangers. I bore for many years a grudge against Mr. Bennett, of Hertford, who ate up all the food intended for the children! On one occasion one of our children (Rosalind) was found skating alone on the sacrosanct expanse. The Keeper went to her and expostulated. "It's all right," she said, "I'm one of the nine Privileged Families"! The strange freaks of climate have made the Long Meadow and its ice a thing of the past, but it meant something in those days before the Glacial Period shifted to April and May!

A. L. was a painstaking skater rather than an expert one, I think. He would spend hours with an orange in one corner, and was very keen on inducing others to try and learn figures; but for speed-skating he had neither aptitude nor liking, unless, indeed, the performer could be equally good at figures. He was immensely pleased, however, when Lionel won the Skating Competition at Rugby in

his second Term, though Lionel, like other sons, was somewhat evasive of his father's lessons.

It was in October, 1886, I think, that Charley Howard came to us as a pupil, on the recommendation of Philip Gell, who was a friend of the George Howards; and thus began a friendship which lasted till his untimely and tragic death in 1912.

He had left Rugby early with two others who also came to us soon after—Guy Granet<sup>1</sup> and George Goschen,<sup>2</sup> but at first Charley was our only "inmate," so that we were soon on very intimate terms. I so well remember him, a rough schoolboy, in loose frieze garments of some light colour and a blue tie; very noisy, very simple, very ignorant of everything except what he had picked up at home and when abroad (and that meant he was familiar with a good many things that "every schoolboy" is ignorant of). His diaries, kept with great care and shown to me with pride by his mother, were evidently more her work than his. Still he was in a measure cultivated, and anyhow well worth cultivation, as was proved by his getting a Brackenbury Scholarship in History at Balliol in the November following.

As a pupil and as a member of the family Charley was all that one could wish; even at that age one felt one could absolutely trust him, and though at Rugby somehow his interest had not been awakened he soon became a most responsive and delightful pupil. His "stable companions"—Guy Granet and George Goschen—came to us in the spring, and I cannot now make out how and where we managed to put up three men as well as our own nursery party and three maids; but our houses have always had a strange elasticity, and I have no remembrance of discomfort or crowding (perhaps our pupils have in their more spacious lives!). True, the children had but one room for night and day nursery, and I always had at least one with me. We could not ask visitors to stay with us except at Christmas; but still we were very happy and things went smoothly,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Guy Granet.    <sup>2</sup> Lord Goschen, Governor of Madras.



though always, always I feared the strain would be too much for the bread-winner. I had not learned then, or dared then, to take as much off his shoulders as I was able to do in later years.

In the summer of 1886, before our time at Seaview, we spent a month at Castle Howard, partly to go on with Charley's work no doubt, but the kind thought of his parents was none the less appreciated, and we met many interesting people there and saw another side of life altogether, as may be imagined. It was rather alarming to the worried mother of three babies, but some of the children there were young, too, and after a time we enjoyed it very much.

The three Lushington girls were staying there at the time: Kitty (afterwards Mrs. Leo Maxse), Margaret (afterwards Mrs. Massingham), and Susan; and they used to play trios to us in the evenings, looking sweet in their white muslin frocks and black sashes (mourning for their mother). At various times other guests joined the party: Lady Stanley of Alderley, a very *grande dame*; Lord Houghton; Lady Blanche Hozier, and Lady Griselda Ogilvie, cousins of the Howards and both very full of life and fun. The Lyulph Stanleys lived near and often came in to dinner. She was most lovely and sweet, and her babies were about the same age as mine, which made a bond of union between us, further strengthened to me by her North Country manner of speech, or rather tone of voice; a most attractive sound after the Oxfordshire voice, surely the ugliest in England!

I think this must have been almost the happiest time in the history of the Howard family, all at home, none as yet thinking of flying from the nest; the tragical future casting as yet no shadow; Mary and Cecilia, each in her own way, looking after visitors; Charley also; Hubert and Christopher ragging about; and Oliver and Geoffrey, two nice schoolboys, only *not* at school, which was a pity; and Michael and Dorothy, nursery children, playing about with my three.

The whole family, I remember, threw themselves into the pleasant but fatiguing task of receiving and entertaining a train-load of poor children from Leeds, a holiday party who were to be housed in the village or in the Guest House. We all set to work to get them settled in, and it felt like old times to me, reminding me of my beloved Sunday scholars at Teddington. But I think the children felt rather lost in those wide spaces, and one little boy, a choir-boy in some Leeds slum church, howled so inconsolably when Saturday came, that they had to send him back to Leeds forthwith. The whole Howard family devoted themselves to the task of making the little things happy, but it was just that they had got so used to their "mean streets" that gardens, and trees, and flowers did not really appeal to them. In these respects I do think the children of these days are more fortunate; the "Nature-walks" seem really to be great joy to them, even if in our large cities they are apt to be rather of a suburban type.

I have said no shadow was cast, but a shadow did fall on our remembrance of that happy time,—poor Lord Houghton dying soon afterwards; and A. L. himself being taken ill with pleurisy soon after our arrival at Seaview from Castle Howard, the only attack of the kind he ever had, and Seaview air soon set him up again. But the place was getting spoilt, houses were springing up in all directions, and the sea was always full of millionaires bathing and noisy champagne lunches on the sands; it was no place for us, we felt we must look elsewhere for our "*Sommer-frisch*."

The choice seems always to have been left to me, but, indeed, A. L.'s time was more and more filled up; apart from his own energetic ways he was always being entrapped by people with "axes to grind," and he was too easily their prey. This causes a man to have many friends, no doubt, but it brings him enemies, too; and gradually it was borne in on me that one of my duties must be to "head-off" these people, if I could only catch them first, or, at any

rate, limit the length of their interviews with the great man. This did not, I imagine, increase my popularity, but it was absolutely necessary in order that he might be free to do essential things and not let himself be frittered away on trifles. His spare time, too, was cut short by the necessity of taking violent exercise every day. I say "violent" because, as early as 1878, he had been told by a specialist, Sir William Jenner, that, if he wished to avoid a return of the kidney trouble, he must not only take exercise daily but it must be of a really strenuous kind. This habit made some of his friends and even his family speak of the "fetish" of exercise, but this does not seem quite the right word to use when one knows the facts. Latterly I am sure he did spend too much time in exercise; he often carried it to a point of over-fatigue, and, in the end, as was disclosed by the operation he underwent in 1921, his care and precaution had really been of no avail.

In successive summers we sampled different places. Once, following up an advertisement in the *Western Morning News*, we took a house just above Looe, described as being "five minutes from the sea." So it was if one took a flying leap off a cliff; but otherwise it was a tedious clamber down and climb up a zig-zag path scratched out on the shaly cliff-side. It was an uncomfortable house, too, but quite fun as an experiment. The annoying thing about the Cornish climate is that whenever it is exceptionally fine and warm a heavy sea-mist comes up and spoils everything.

But we managed to get a great deal of fun out of it all. We shared the house with our friend Mrs. Gamlen and her two children, and our reading-party of three was a particularly easy and pleasant one,—Charley Howard and Harold Russell, the eldest of the four Russell brothers,<sup>1</sup> who all came to us in turn. The semi-farmhouse life amused us very much. I used to make the butter, drive the "jingle," and potter about the grounds with the babies, who had a

<sup>1</sup> Sons of Lord and Lady Arthur Russell.

donkey to convey them down the precipice to the beach, until the poor animal's back gave way under the united weights of the two solid infants, Jack Gamlen and Molly. It was in that summer that I first tried to teach them songs, to the accompaniment of the cracked old piano.



## CHAPTER IX

### BAMBURGH AGAIN : 1893

**D**URING the next winter I thought I really must do some entertaining. A. L. was himself very keen about it, in theory ; but when it came to details I was rather left to my own devices. I plucked up courage, however, to get up some quite small dinner-parties. I came upon the menus of some of these the other day, drawn up with more care for economy than anything else. (Wherein it will be understood that A. L. had no part ! His friends of the Political Economy and other Clubs will remember that he incurred the censure of the Clubs because his standard was too high.)

One party I remember even now with dismay. We had somehow saved some champagne from our earlier days, and it seemed an opportunity to try it on our old friends the A. G. Butlers and some others who were dining with us. Our inexperienced maid "undid" it with circumspection, rather timidly. The glasses were ready (our lovely Powell wedding presents, little blue ones with sort of spiral out-sides), a napkin pinned round the bottle. Nothing happened — no splendid pop. Another was tried, then another, and finally A. L. took one into the garden and knocked the top off. It was my fault, of course, but how was I to know the stuff should have been laid on its side ? Everybody laughed, of course, but I did feel ashamed.

Society was a good deal "stiffer" then, calls were more strictly paid, except by me. But I have the advantage now of having a circle of friends whom I really want, and

who want me, not a vast sea of acquaintances with whom one has nothing in common. I had read unfortunately in *The Queen—The Lady's Newspaper* the dictum "Visiting Cards are never sent by post." If that had been possible I might have left Crick Road without a stain on my character.

A. L., while very good as a host or entertainer as every one will admit, was not much help about the agonizing details which I had to settle, and I used to look at Professor Cook-Wilson with a sort of envy, seeing him arranging seven wine glasses for each guest (perhaps the German fashion, but very impressive). I think I always had a hankering for the really "simple life" which in those days, with basements and two maids, it was not possible to attain.

In the spring of 1887 we heard from Chicago that we might expect a visit from A. L.'s sister Miriam and her husband, Spencer Beman, an architect of that city whom she had married some years before. She used to be A. L.'s favourite sister, but she must have been scarcely more than three years old when he entered Christ's Hospital, a little boy of seven. They had never met since. I wondered what he felt about it, and prepared to make them comfortable, intending to obliterate myself as much as possible after we had made friends.

They came; and I remember the meeting of the brother and sister so well, in the drawing-room. They greeted each other shyly and almost speechlessly. It was, indeed, impossible to speak, just as one would not easily find words if a great friend were to telephone from Australia, or—another analogy which has often occurred to me—if one were to speak from the Beyond. I felt so sorry for them. A. L., I knew, was always reserved and could not always speak his thoughts, even if they were bursting his heart. But she—it was different with her, as I found later. It was altogether a disappointment, and I could do nothing to help either of them. Next day they told us that they found they must leave Oxford earlier than they expected,



at once in fact. My regrets, our regrets, were accentuated by what followed in the autumn, poor Miriam dying when her son June was ten days old. That episode was past.

Then came a summer at Whaleybridge (marked on the map, I remember, as the wettest place in England); and a delightful visit to Naworth Castle in the winter. (Again the kindness of the Howards gave us this treat, although they themselves had to be away in Italy, only leaving Oliver and the little ones behind.) It was a great business in the depth of winter, but I shall never forget our arrival; the wonderful old hall, the lights, the warm welcome, and the exquisite food brought to us in that most beautifully sunny of all rooms, the Glen Room I think it is called. I always think of it when I read of

*" Magic casements opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."*

You opened the casement and looked down into the glen far below with its rushing stream sounding perpetually. Summer and winter it was equally beautiful. We were to do just what we liked—and we did. There was skating and walking and rambling in the glen, and the time passed all too quickly. It was a lovely holiday and we went back to Oxford feeling ever so much the better for it. That kind of break, complete change of scene and everything and no responsibilities, was a very unusual happening in our lives. I often think we ought to have attempted it oftener, as bonds and ties only grow tighter if you give in to them. A. L., however, seemed to find it more and more difficult to make the effort; even when really tempting invitations came, he would find some excuse, or even no excuse for declining them. And so the little happenings at home are more vivid in my memory: Lionel tumbling into the Cherwell from the landing-stage of the new boat-house; Gertrude giving the alarm to her Father inside. He dashed out, only to see a little straw hat floating down the stream. He just "flumped" in—not an orthodox

header—and grasped the child, who still had his little coat under his arm ; he had not even shouted ! Then Gertrude knocked a hole in her head, falling on a staple in the conservatory (where I kept guinea-pigs !). She was always in the wars and once “ did for ” three frocks in one week.

In these agitating times A. L. preserved an outward calm, but he was really very anxious, all the more because I don't think he ever felt really “ at home ” with children. He used, it is true, to collect the small ones into the study for a few minutes before bedtime for what they called a “ tickling fight,” a rough game which often ended in tears, but which the children loved. One game consisted in cramming the child head-first into the large fur-lined bag in which he always sat while working (an invention of mine for keeping him warm, but which I had sometimes cause to regret as, when once tied coily up in it, he could not reach his books, etc., so that an S.O.S. call would be heard and I would have to come speedily to the rescue).

We paid our last visit to Seaview that summer, taking a pleasant house I had always coveted, with a little garden looking down the road to the pier. There, among others, we had Willie Ogilvie, an Australian from Sydney, whose two sons afterwards came to Balliol, and, I think, one of the Arthur Russells. My young sister Dolly also stayed with us, a bit of a responsibility as she was at a sort of betwixt-and-between age, very independent, and loved to go out by herself and make friends. The said friends were rather a worry to me, because I knew that my Mother was very particular about social differences. Dolly one day told me she had been playing with “ a very nice little girl whose father sold hats.” I was alarmed and showed it ; so Dolly explained : “ But you see, he doesn't sell *one* hat or a few, he sells hundreds.” Wholesale trade is, I suppose, more honourable than retail !

The winter of 1888 brought us another invitation to Naworth. This time “ the family ” were to be at home for Christmas, and though rather alarming, this made it of

course much more interesting. We were to come, babies and all, Mrs. Howard would take no refusal. I must say again no one could be kinder or more generous than she was; even her faults amused and interested me, and I quite understood why all the men were at her feet. She used to say she preferred women's society, and (with a sly smile) even at dinner-parties, etc., she preferred them beside her. As she at that moment had four men deep on each side, the humour of the situation was not lost on any of us.

Mr. George Howard, it is needless to say, was always the kindest of the kind, and he and A. L. went for long walks and talks; in a way he seems to belong to my "past," as he was often a visitor to Bamburgh in my childish days, and he remained a firm friend to the end of his life. He used to spend his day mostly painting in his studio. Sometimes his wife would take us in to see "how hard George worked," and he would be found with a mahl-stick, etc., and a huge cigar always, at work on the numerous pictures, all rather alike, I think, and somewhat lacking in "atmosphere"; perhaps because the landscapes were mostly Italian or Eastern, very different from the northern skies of my youth.

The whole visit is a thing to remember, and it makes me grieve to think how all but one of that splendid band of sons, one after another, died prematurely and so sadly. It does not bear thinking about.

The next summer we experimented on Southwold for our reading-party, feeling drawn to the east coast after the heat of Oxford. There Hubert Howard came to us to prepare for Balliol, very different from his elder brother, but a delightful and lovable creature. He had never been to school and was very backward, but, like Charley, a most responsive pupil though he and Willie Peel (First Commissioner of Works) made things almost too lively at times, in spite of the sobering influence of Mr. Mitchell, a Scot, who was also reading with A. L. When I saw Lord Peel,

some years ago, at Balliol I could still see the "naughty boy" in his face; but I did not remind him of the day when he locked me into his room, with the request that I should pack for him, and I got out of the window! It was all just fun, but sometimes I felt those two needed a firmer hand than A. L.'s on them. I was wrong, no doubt, for both remained very loyal friends,—Hubert till his untimely death at Omdurman; Lord Peel I hope still.

I have said "a firmer hand than A. L.'s," but, indeed, the disciplinary part of the work fell on myself, and I remember coming into the study just in time to stop an unoffending youth from being poisoned, or, at any rate, very much upset, Hubert having "made tea" with tobacco "for a treat" for him. Hubert was under a pledge not to smoke till he was twenty-one, when I believe he was to receive a reward of £20. I had my suspicions as to this promise, and finding one day a box of cigarettes on the study table, I wrote on a card:

"Ah! what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practise to deceive,"

and stuck it inside the lid, to Hubert's great consternation when he discovered it.

We had several summers at Southwold, and on the whole liked the place, but Walberswick—"Wobbleswick" as we called it—was really the attraction, and we used to go over as often as we could and let the children play on the tiny patch of sand; not much to boast of compared to the vast expanses at dear Bamburgh, but, still, better than the tiring shingle.

One specially interesting reading-party included H. A. L. Fisher,<sup>1</sup> F. F. Urquhart,<sup>2</sup> Harold Russell, and, I think, Hubert Howard. Breakfast was to me rather an ordeal that year, as I had to cope with these intellectuals single-handed, and they were terribly punctual; not so the host.

<sup>1</sup> Now Warden of New College.

<sup>2</sup> Fellow and Dean of Balliol.

Still, the abiding memory of that time is a pleasant one, and they were all very patient with my ignorance.

We also had a visit from Lord Arthur Russell, whom A. L. always liked very much. He also admired Lady A. Russell, but I used to think her rather alarming and masterful under a gentle manner, while *he* was gentle, too, and interesting in so many things that one always felt at home with him. It struck me that she was one of the people who perhaps wondered why A. L. had married me! I noticed in Mrs. Barnett's excellent *Life* of her husband that in one letter she writes of meeting A. L. at dinner. She uses some appreciative phrases about him, then come \* \* \* \* and I can't help wondering what came next. It really would be much more interesting if people were more candid, and it might also help one to correct one's faults.

As usual we spent a good deal of time that following spring in discussing where we should go for our holiday. I had often thought about our days at Bamburgh long ago, and wondered if I should ever be able to see the place again, but I was reluctant to suggest it because of A. L. being such a chilly person. I thought he needed a warmer and more sheltered place. But when I one day mentioned it the idea appealed to him. He was always interested in our family history, and the wonderful archaeological remains of Northumberland also attracted him. So I took courage and made inquiries about a house for the summer, hoping that I should not find too many changes in the dear old place. In August I went on ahead with the children, a very slow journey in those days, but what a joy it was to hear the familiar North Country speech again. A. L. was left behind to get through his summer's task of "Awarding" (certificates), a hot process, which he often went through at Cambridge; but it meant a nice cheque and, later on, the great delight of seeing various members of his own family distinguishing themselves!

So I had time to get things into order for him and to

settle the children in. Just a sniff of the sea before bed and a lovely supper of "baps"; then the very hard beds and sleep. In the morning the bright sun was shining in, and we sallied out to get spades and buckets and to be seen by old friends. It was *fifteen* years since my last stay at Bamburgh, but we had a warm welcome. "Just like old times," they said. "We might think it was all of you back again." (I was the eldest of seven girls.)

The Miss Sangliers were smaller and older than when I knew them first, when they used to wait and see how we were dressed before they got their own autumn attire (I don't think they ever wished to take their fashions from *me* later); Miss Harvey at "the shop"; the Miss Coulson at the other shop, where they kept the bread among their garments. Miss Carr, standing at her door, as usual.

Bamburgh is very conservative still, and I found one old friend quite determined not to pay any attention to the "summer-time" arrangements. "No; I go by God's time," she said to me, looking rather shocked when I tried to point out that the calendar was not of Divine origin or inspiration.

I don't know how many more welcomed me back to Bamburgh and admired my "little steps"—the five little girls. Then to the sands and to show the children the old haunts. Not a stone was altered nor, indeed, can I see any change even to this day in the sandhills, perhaps not in the rocks, and I could find my way to the same pools where we used to feed the "*crassicornis*" and the other anemones.

To my great delight when A. L. came he made himself quite as happy as we did, though in those days there was no tennis, nor indeed any bit of ground flat or large enough for a game of hockey, and I don't think hockey on the sands was thought of that first year. He bicycled about a good deal and got to know the people in the village, whose funny talk remained always a delight to him. And of course it was not long before he had the whole history of the place



at his historical fingers' ends, so that the links which afterwards became so strong, and bound him to Bamburgh almost as much as myself, were forged that year.

Since that summer Bamburgh has been, as it was in my youth, a gathering place for the whole clan, and the recurring difficulty of finding a suitable house or lodgings solved itself when we were able to buy a small, but, as it proved, very elastic house of our own, thanks to a final act of kindness on the part of my Aunt, Lady Crossley, a legacy which nearly paid for the house and the necessary enlargements which our large family required.

Surprise visitors were apt to turn up at inconvenient times; catering was not easy in those early days, but our guests seemed seldom deterred. I think A. L. was really at his best at Bamburgh. His keen interest in the place was a constant surprise to me, and a delight to the casual visitor, or even the "tripper," meeting him perhaps walking along the sands; a chance remark or a greeting would lead to a friendly talk, and the tripper would leave Bamburgh a well-informed man.

It was the same thing in Oxford; and I remember once when my daughter had almost carried off on the bows (or whatever the front of a car is called) a Canadian lady studying her guide-book in the middle of the High Street, the startled victim was more than repaid for her fright by being brought into Balliol to rest and see everything there was to be seen in College, A. L. having happened on the scene at the critical moment.

I used to wonder if, after all, he and my Father would have fraternized over their common affection for Bamburgh, but I don't know; no table was ever long enough for those two. It reminds me of a dinner-party we once went to at the Froudes, who then lived at "Cherwell Edge." Mr. Henry Furneaux was one of the guests and it was most embarrassing to us all, for he, at his end, was telling long and amusing yarns in the Cornish dialect, and Froude was being even more interesting (and much more com-

prehensible) at the other end. And one's attention had to be divided in a most exhausting way! I think Lord and Lady Aberdeen were of the party, and, being accomplished diplomats, they managed to hear both and to look correspondingly intelligent.

The Master's schemes for the College were now ripening fast. The field, known ever since as "The Master's Field," was already bought and laid out, and the plan for an official Tutor's residence was being discussed, and really from the first planned for A. L. and me. All the time Jowett had been "planting out" with us youths in whom he was specially interested, sometimes boys who, like the Howards and Russells, had suffered from never having been to Public Schools; or others who had not had much chance at Eton, or perhaps, I should say, had had too much chance, and had not acquired much learning. Of these the list is long and sad to read, so many fell in the Great War—Anthony Henley, Alexander Thynne, Basil Blackwood, Alistair Leveson-Gower; their names bring up happy memories. They were not only pupils who repaid trouble, but they were extraordinarily nice to me, and I cannot have had much time to be nice to them; also if any reproving had to be done, or money matters gone into, it always fell to my share, and I have on various occasions come out to scold a youth whose legs were very unsteady as he leaned against the doorpost, and tried to look normal without any success.

Possibly Jowett recognized my share in this work, and it was to me that he came with the suggestion that we might like a larger house where we could take these young men more conveniently. "It is a great work for the College," he said, in his odd little voice. He regarded these boys as people who would bear an important share in the life of the country, and he spared no trouble with them. On the other hand, I must say he was just as anxious that men of humbler origin should have their fair chance, and no one will ever know how much money he spent on them;

he did not let his left hand know what his right hand was doing, and in this tradition was followed up, as many know, by A. L. himself.

The Tutor's house then was planned, and planned on a generous scale. Sir T. G. Jackson was the architect, but A. L. and I used to be summoned to little committee meetings, to discuss with him and the Master details of arrangement, meetings, however, in which it was quite impossible for one woman to carry her points against three learned men; so that certain obvious defects in the plans (obvious to the feminine mind, I mean) remain as drawbacks to an otherwise beautiful house. Very great architects cannot, of course, bring down their minds to purely domestic details; at least they did not in those days.

The site was chosen and, I believe, nine feet of concrete had to be laid to begin with. The foundations seemed to take months and months, and A. L. and the children's Sunday walk for some years used to be to the Master's Field "to see how things were going on." He would whistle for them in the hall; he had a peculiar whistle which, indeed, was the only musical sound he was ever heard to make. I never heard him whistle a tune, and I was often surprised when he seemed to recognize one; but he enjoyed quiet piano-playing although neither of us frequented the Balliol Sunday Evening Concerts. Sometimes I wonder if this was a neglect of duty, the Concerts being such an "institution," but two reasons militated against our going: one was that the social gathering in the Common Room after Hall dinner was *the* one special and valuable time when old members coming up for the Sunday had an opportunity of a talk with A. L., which he valued and loved as much as anyone; the other reason was the lateness of the hour, which tended to "Mondayishness" the next day, a symptom which house-mothers will easily recognize!

By this time A. L. was interesting himself in the children's lessons, but I don't think the actual teaching of a small boy came easily to him, or else the small boy had his

own ideas on the subject. It could hardly be expected, however, that a father whose whole day was taken up with teaching till quite late at night, when he would be trying to get some grammar into sleepy pupils, would have much patience left for teaching a reluctant child. Moreover, I think most people would agree that a father is seldom the best instructor for his son; he expects too much and at the same time makes too great allowances.

The summer of 1893 found the house in Mansfield Road at last ready for occupation. I could hardly believe it would ever be our good fortune to live in it. We had been very happy in our first little home, but sadly cramped towards the last, as I realize when I pass it nowadays. A. L., though always absorbed more and more in outside interests, was quite thrilled at the prospect not only of the added dignity of such an abode, but still more because he would now be able to throw himself more into the life of his beloved College, and see more of the men. He and the Master spent much time walking about the Field, planning out the garden. I think he found A. L. the most sympathetic of his colleagues, and he liked me too, for A. L.'s sake. He was now growing very feeble, and the pleasant drives I sometimes had with him could no more be attempted. At the time they rather alarmed me, but he would laugh heartily at the tales I used to tell him, sometimes the "annals of the poor," anything but "short and simple," and no doubt it was a rest and relief to him not to make any mental effort.

I do not remember in which year I heard the Master preach in Chapel for the last time, but the occasions were always looked forward to and the Chapel was crowded. He used to preach from a specially-contrived "pulpit," rather like a Punch-and-Judy box, with a sounding-board above to help his voice, which was never very strong. Real "Gospel" sermons I used to think them, and reading them again in the collection that has been made I seem to hear his voice. It is odd how sometimes the printed words

carry that effect with them, and with him it was specially so. It was sad to watch his failing powers, but to the end he kept up his interest in this darling project of the house and the Field, though he did not live to see all he hoped for completed.



## CHAPTER X

### THE KING'S MOUND : 1893

WE came back from Bamburgh in September, 1893, for the final move into the "King's Mound," as the new house was to be called (the low fortifications of the City, the defences of King Charles against the invading Roundheads, pass through the garden, so the name seemed appropriate). Workmen pervaded the house for another six weeks, which was somewhat disturbing to domestic peace, and I amused our Doctor by administering bromide of ammonium to those of my staff who seemed most affected by the unusual element, with very successful results.

A short Dedication Service, held in the drawing-room by our kind friend the Rev. E. C. Dermer, then Vicar of St. Philip's and St. James's, seemed to set the seal of *home* upon the King's Mound. Later on we gave a supper to all the men employed in the building of the house—a very cheerful and friendly affair; after this we settled down to enjoy all the amenities of our new surroundings.

On the very day of our move came the sad news of the Master's death. I did feel that it was tragic, apart from the shock, for death always comes as a surprise even if not unexpected. It seemed such an irony of fate that it should happen just then, and that the kind old man should never have the pleasure of seeing us in the house he had so thoughtfully planned for us. Moreover, there was at once the problem of finding a successor. Colleges do not wait long on such occasions, and the air buzzed with discussions. There was, as usual, no obvious man for the position,



and, indeed, no one *could* fill the place as Jowett had filled it.

It is difficult to write of this time, and I know that some regard the election of Caird as one of A. L.'s mistakes; perhaps his only serious mistake of that sort. I am inclined to agree when I remember the discussions and cabals that took place, and the animus aroused by the popularity, outside the College, of Mr. Strachan-Davidson. It seemed almost as if just because the rest of the world looked upon him as the ideal and obvious Head, the Fellows thought otherwise. And yet I believe that it was the opinions of the actual tutors of the College, whose arguments and persuasions carried the day; and the result was the election of one who was no doubt a "great man" (in the sense in which the beloved J. L. S.-D. would never be a "great man") but who, though a Balliol man, was quite without the Balliol "tradition."

He did make great efforts to acquire it, but it always seemed to be quite foreign to his character, and he was not helped by his domestic circumstances. Mrs. Caird and he were, however, the kindest of people, always ready to take up the cause of the afflicted or oppressed. I could never feel anything but respect and liking for the Master, and his firm, kind hand-grasp, like Sir William Markby's, is a thing to remember. Afterwards in Lionel's college days, when he went out of his way to give me in my anxiety a few words of encouragement, I understood better the real greatness of his nature. To the really great man the small things of life have their importance; the philosopher could come down from his heights to think about my small worries and to give just the word of comfort needed.

The attitude of Mr. Strachan-Davidson to the election, which *must* have been a disappointment to him, has been recorded and praised by so many that I need say nothing more. Really I think his position as Dean was happier than as Master, because, as Master, he would have to know all the men, and, as Dean, he could see more of the special

type which interested him most, the best Public School type, and Etonians "for choice."

It seems strange to write about College things now that I have become a "back-number," but the memories of those years are very vivid, and though much of the secretarial work I did for A. L. left little impression on my mind, still College crises *were* exciting and A. L. *would* consult me about every little detail, in spite of my discouraging attitude toward such confidences. He hated to be alone, either out of doors or at work and often, when he came back from College, I would be summoned to hear the latest about some renegade undergraduate or some recalcitrant Fellow, or even some contretemps at a College meeting.

Sometimes the matter would be more personal. He would come in and say: "I want to speak to you. Now I know what you will say, but I mean to do it." ("Two heads in council, two beside the hearth," says Tennyson, but one was chopped off at once!) "So-and-So is—(either ill, or in want of money, or something like that)—I want to lend him £25 or £30. Can we do it?" The answer was always the same. I felt he was "the ox which treadeth out the corn" and must not be muzzled. It was often very difficult.—In this way he helped a great many people and, strange to say, did not thereby make them enemies as so often happens in this wicked world.

A. L. had the instincts of a millionaire, or what people who are not millionaires imagine must be the instincts of a millionaire. His ideal was to save money, but his instinct was to spend, and the two are not compatible. And life at the King's Mound proved inevitably to be more expensive than in our more humble home in Crick Road; even with pupils who paid well, so much seemed to go in coals and light and wages and taxes and soap and beeswax and turpentine! But our life there was to be a happy one, in spite of anxieties; I managed to keep these all to myself and never allowed A. L. to be worried by anything if I could help it; a mistake, as I now realize.

It is not well to linger over the more sordid side of things. I would rather remember the joy of the first years in our new abode, the garden which so soon began to look delightful as we planted flowers under the old apple and pear trees, which from the first took away any "suburban" look the new house might have had. A. L. had been looking and feeling very fagged and was threatened with a "clergyman's sore throat," so that at one time he almost thought of putting in for a Professorship in Australia, thinking the milder air might benefit him. And now the change of house, and still more the garden in which he used to work for hours, inside a wicker shelter, basking in the sun, worked wonders; how I wished that the kind old man who had made such happiness possible to us could have seen how quickly A. L. responded to the change.

He had not been without opportunities of leaving Balliol during all these years. Twice R. W. Raper had urged him to consider standing for the vacant Presidentship of Trinity College. But while others, like R. L. Nettleship and A. C. Bradley, chafed at Jowett and his masterful ways, A. L. remained faithful and, as I have said, more in sympathy with him than any of the others except perhaps Professor H. J. S. Smith. When I heard the sermon preached in Chapel, after R. L. N.'s sad death in the Alps, I seemed to notice a semi-apologetic note, which showed that Jowett was conscious himself of their divergent minds, and perhaps had something to regret in his dealings with that strange and fascinating personality.

The Chaplaincy in College was held at that time by Canon Fremantle, and the services were much better attended then than now, attendance being compulsory, i.e. absence meant that you were "hauled up" to the Master and reprimanded; they were also, I think, better in the musical way. Mr. John Farmer was not a specially religious or reverent man, but he put great energy into his playing and the singing caught the infection of his enthusiasm. He had prejudices, like all musicians. I remember him

dancing with rage when Mrs. Fremantle requested him to play "Abide with me"; not for *anybody* would he play "that mawkish tune."

But Mr. Farmer was a real power in College in his day, and, as a family, we owe him much happiness. Our tattered copies of his Song-Books *Gaudeamus* and *Dulce Domum*, are still much more popular than even Dr. Buck's *Oxford Song-Book*. He was often violent; as when, for instance, some one praised Gilbert and Sullivan's Operas. Strange that it should be so, for Farmer was a man of melodies and tunes, not like many of the Moderns who seem to be only able to write *noise*.

Sundays at tea-time became our social hour, when undergraduates used to call, and those who had "the freedom of the nursery" were to be found at nursery tea. Later, when the children grew up, we often had quite a crowd, and in summer they would stray into the garden and indulge in a mild game called by us "Sunday Tennis," played with a ball and no racquet! In those days I don't think any tennis or other games were played on Sundays, even in riverside places where "the Smart Set" congregated, unless indeed at Mr. Vernon Harcourt's. He, on principle as it were, played with his children in the garden at Cowley Grange. I must say that the Puritan within me still feels the sight of Sunday games as something of a shock.

With the change to more spacious surroundings came other changes which were not so welcome. I suppose the first start at a big Public School is always more or less of an ordeal to parents and boys alike, and Lionel's first term at Rugby was no exception to this rule. For his Father, it meant the loss of a great interest,—Lionel being an apt pupil in every form of athletics, especially hockey, which was now taking its place as a serious game. By this time, too, the family, like all large families, was beginning to form its own traditions and customs, and A. L. threw himself into all these with all the more zest and enjoyment because they had never had a place in his youth. Straw-

berry teas at Wytham were one of our institutions for a time. I specially remember one when Professor J. A. Smith and the present Rector of Lincoln helped A. L. to row the boat full of children, and each child was ready for a second "go" of strawberries and cream, to the dismay of their elders.

Another strawberry feast would be on Sunday in Sir William Markby's garden at Headington; both he and Lady Markby were the kindest of hosts and the children looked forward to this from one year to another. Strawberries as a crop were not a success, needless to say, in the King's Mound garden; indeed, for several years, they failed altogether, and suspicion lighted on Anthony Henley, who had devoured all my spring-onions and had been seen near the strawberry bed. After this, I contented myself with more utilitarian vegetables. For some years we allowed the grass to grow long and indulged in a prolonged period of haymaking, again not a paying crop as, apparently, amateur hay like that can't be sold; in fact, one has to pay for having it carted away.

Winter, too, had its joys. At Christmas we kept up the traditions of my old home, the children beginning the day with "stockings"; then coming down to sing a carol at their Father's door, rather too early for him, but still—; then Church, then something energetic in the afternoon, not often hockey, though, as in those days Christmas was more "Sundayish," and one did not always feel quite certain about skating even when skating was to be had. Times have changed. Next came the tree in the evening and all the present-giving, A. L. very insistent on knowing that everybody had what they wanted. He loved, too, to gather in to dinner and all the rest of the fun any friends who might be alone in Oxford, and for many years W. P. Ker<sup>1</sup> used to come and help us sing "Good King Wenceslaus," or rather sit and watch the children gathered round the piano, taking parts as they grew older in the King's and the Page's conversation.

<sup>1</sup> Late Prof. of Poetry.



GROUP, 1893  
IN THE CONSERVATORY AT THE KING'S MOUND  
(M.P.S. AND CHILDREN)



A. L. had no music in him, but the family singing, whether of the Farmer songs or carols or hymns, did greatly appeal to him, and our summer "sing-songs" must be remembered by many who shared them with us, remembered perhaps with varied emotions. It must have been a trial, for instance, to a real musician like W. A. Pickard-Cambridge to be requested to play "The Baby on the Shore"! At Bamburgh the family concerts used to attract the passers-by and villagers, who would hang on the fence outside and applaud; and on several occasions our "troupe" sang at the Village Penny-Readings; but we had no very critical audience there and, for old sake's sake, the village liked to hear and see the children singing.

To return to Christmas, another fixture was an arrangement of "W. P. K.'s." He used to get up an expedition on Boxing Day, taking lunch up the Cherwell, whatever the weather, in our old boat the *Atalanta*, but for this the children were not required until Lionel was of an age to share in it. One other dear old friend, John O'Regan, would join A. L. and W. P. Ker, and anybody else they could cajole into braving the elements. It would be a day after W. P. K.'s own heart, and they would come back in time for a festive dinner at All Souls. For many years, indeed until just the last years of "W. P. K.'s" life, this was his Christmas programme; latterly, perhaps the thought of the many vacant places at All Souls saddened him too much to carry it out. It was not that his own years were telling on him, at any rate, though he may have noticed that others were ageing.

A. L. was at his best on the river. It was tragic to see as time went on that his hands became too stiff to grasp the oar; the serious spell of acute rheumatism which came on in 1900 left this legacy, although he could still walk and, for a time, ride a bicycle. But in the years of which I am now writing, if he could wrest a half-day from work, he would collect two friends and go off, perhaps, to the Upper River. "Most unwillingly will he resign his

oar and take his turn to steer when the hour-shift is over ; he would prefer to do double work all day," writes a friend who often shared these expeditions. "He was always stroke," which, no doubt, kept his crew up to the mark.

The same friend goes on : "He must often have been very tired, for he had a vast amount of normal work to do—and he probably made himself too willing a slave. Yet he seldom confessed to being tired, and was always ready for an evening romp with his children, and always eager to snatch a day for a Lechlade or a Goring row." But "snatching a day" meant arrears of work and sitting up late at night. True, he found the midnight hours the best for work, but the habit, of such long standing as to have become incurable, was none the less regrettable. Possibly the after-dinner hours were partly to blame for this ; his one real rest-time in the day, in which he lay back in his arm-chair smoking, and I used to suspect, half asleep, while I read to him. Sometimes if the book had arrived at a thrilling point he would beg me to read on, and eleven o'clock would strike, and he would reluctantly stir himself up for two or three hours' work and writing in the study. To me those hours of reading were often the happiest times in the day and we used both to be cross, I am afraid, when an intruder burst in upon them. When we had pupils of course I had to stop at ten, and then I would sit awhile and hear going on in the next room the painful process of getting a dead language into a sleepy mind ; our pupils had to get their coaching at odd times in the day or evening, but I knew well what this rest-time meant to A. L. and always tried to keep it sacred.

Certainly life had more amenities for A. L. after our move, and for our pupils, who were all potential Balliol men, the advantages were obvious. There were, perhaps, drawbacks for me, as when muddy and bleeding hockey-players were brought in by their too humane tutor to be bathed and bandaged up after a more than usually exciting game.

(There was as yet no Pavilion, with baths, etc., and A. L. always imagined that I liked giving "First Aid.") A preparation called "New Skin," however, seemed to reduce the number of my patients after one day when I applied it rather freely to one poor man's lacerated face! Some of our pupils managed to evade hockey, and if they took to the river, well and good, but A. L. insisted on some form of exercise. I don't know how he would have dealt with a type of youth too common nowadays, wearers of strange clothing and frequenters of cinemas.

The children were growing up, a little troop going every day to the High School, dressed all alike in red or blue frocks, "made on the premises." The garden resounded with their games and the chirping of broods of chickens. Never a very tidy garden; families of guinea-pigs, rabbits, and pigeons pervaded the lawns, but it was delightful all the same. The shadows which the Great War seems to be able to cast *backwards*, the unsuspected danger even darkening one's happy memories, are, I hope, only realized by those of advanced years.

A. L. took a great delight in all this. To be able to live a country life only a few yards from a city street was, we felt, an unique privilege, and we enjoyed it to the full. But outside things were becoming more and more engrossing. Apart from all the College History work (he had sometimes as many as forty pupils) the summer months brought successive crops of Examination papers, work he really liked but which must have been very tiring to his eyes. But it meant good pay, and money to him meant the power of helping other people; the amount of his surreptitious charities will never be known. Indeed, he drew upon himself frequent rebukes from his friends, who found him terribly demoralizing to caddies, porters, cabmen and such, and even to schoolboy friends if he could manage to get them apart for a moment.

Christmas was to him an orgy of present-giving which it was impossible to control, and to tramps he must have

been a great "find." He certainly departed, in his later years, from the code laid down by his old C.O.S. friends, C. S. Loch and L. R. Phelps. I remember one day when I had just parted from him on the Iffley Road, so that he might continue his walk to the Free Ferry, I turned to watch him; he was speaking to two navvies at work, as usual, in Oxford, breaking up a perfectly good road. I don't know what he said to them, but obviously money changed hands. He went on and the two men remained gazing after him, apparently petrified with amazement. "Such men are too scarce," they probably thought.

For myself as "Domestic Bursar" the position had its difficulties, and I think that by taking too much on my own shoulders I deprived him, among other things, of the practical knowledge of domestic life and its difficulties, which would have been of great value to him in his dealings with the Workers in later years, when he threw himself heart and soul into the work of the Tutorial Classes and the W.E.A. His knowledge of their conditions was always, I thought, more theoretical than practical.

I was struck by this very much one day when I faced him with a poor woman who came to me in tears begging me to find her a cottage—one of the thousands for whom Oxford has as yet no home. "What can I do?" he said almost indignantly. Somehow I think he felt, as I did, that theory and practice are too widely sundered, hence our present distresses. The thinkers cannot carry out their plans; the energetic social workers get impatient and make mistakes.

Be that as it may, the Lectures on *Political Science* which A. L. gave in Balliol were only equalled in popularity by those on Aristotle's *Politics*. The notes of those Lectures are merely skeleton notes of what he actually said. He went continually off on tangents—"frills" I used to call them—odd little humorous touches which startled and delighted his audiences, stories brought in to illustrate some point. The result is that these Lectures could never be printed.

The last time he lectured was in 1913, and the crowds were larger than ever, hurrying along the broad walk of the Garden Quad to get a good place, and coming back discussing the points and laughing over some joke. We used to chaff A. L. about this "stunt." Often he would go to the lecture feeling shaken and anxious, and then the stimulus of the large, attentive audience would have its effect and he would return home renewed in mind and body. To many those hours must be an unforgettable experience.

Other pens have written of his work in connection with University Extension, and later with the W.E.A. and the Tutorial Classes Movement, so I need only say that I hardly remember the time when he was not keenly interested in all these schemes, and working in every possible way to enlist public sympathy and interest in them. He was impatient of opposition in those days, but it is not surprising that there should have been opposition; the whole idea was so new, the machinery to meet the demand was still in a state of chaos.

But he found others who were like-minded, and in Balliol he had the sympathy and the opportunity he wanted. It was in Balliol that the first working-class students were welcomed. It was in the garden under the apple-trees at the King's Mound that the groups of men and women from all parts of England sat and listened to A. L. giving out the best of all his knowledge and his powers to meet their need. No book that has been written about these movements gives any idea of what he did for the students in those first years and, indeed, to the end of his life; but in the hearts of many a man and woman the memory of them will be fresh as long as life lasts. I was only a looker-on, but I saw.

The Summer School still goes on, the students still come up and enjoy the peace and beauty of Oxford and that part of Oxford not generally admired by the tourist but loved by all who know it—the Garden Quad at Balliol; but to many of them must come the thought of "the voice

that is still," that curiously "carrying," but never loud, voice, so characteristic of the man, with his own special message to them, a message sorely needed now but which, perhaps, still has its old power to "men of good-will."





## CHAPTER XI

### VISIT TO EGYPT: 1902

I HAVE diverged a great deal from the King's Mound family life, but this narrative has no strict chronological order. I am trusting to memory, and memory is kind to me, recording many happy events. One of these, which it will easily be imagined gave A. L. the greatest pleasure, was Lionel's election in November, 1898, to a Classical Scholarship at Balliol. It was announced, I remember, in Hall after dinner and, somehow, by the kindness of the Master. I was allowed to hear it, a thing unique in maternal experience. We were all very happy about it, and went to our last 1899 Speech Day at Rugby with our minds set at rest about the future of our son, who would come up with another Balliol scholar, R. H. Tawney, in October of that year.

Then came the birth of our second son, Hubert, on August 12th, 1899, a Saturday all sunshine, with a College Servants' cricket-match going on on the Field, and applause at intervals which seemed to welcome the new arrival.

We had a belated but happy time at Bamburgh, taking the little brother, at a fortnight old, to be baptized in Bamburgh Church by our friend Rev. Sidney Swann, an old Cambridge Blue, and, I think, father of two recent Cambridge Blues. We called him Hubert after our dear Hubert Howard, the news of whose death had come to us the year before while at tea on the sunny rocks; the first of the sad series of untimely deaths which were to become so terribly familiar to us in the coming years. For the shadow of the Boer War

was on us all then. As usual the country was optimistic: the war would soon be over.

I need not dwell on those times, the history is written on too many hearts, and indeed I remember little except the daily ordeal of trying to keep the news from A. L. until he had had his breakfast. My wiles were not often successful but I could not bear to see him grieved. One day in particular I went into the study with the news of Magersfontein, and he hid his face in his hands in sorrow and disappointment. But what were those lists compared with those we had to read fifteen years later?

At that time, however, after years of peace and prosperity, the country was ill-prepared. It was a new and terrible experience, and for a time A. L.'s health gave way; he became the prey of a severe sort of arthritis or rheumatism, which affected his whole body, shifting from place to place but never really leaving him, and intractable by any means which the doctors could try. Apparently, all one could do was to wait for the disease to wear itself out. Often I feared the patient would wear out first, the pain was so agonizing and would come on at uncertain times by day or night, so that rest was impossible. Every remedy in turn would be tried unsuccessfully; it was a most despairing time.

I have ascribed the trouble to the anxieties of the Boer War, but it has been pointed out to me, and I have myself noticed, how such periods of breakdown seem to occur very frequently just when a man expects to be at his best, in the "prime of life" as the phrase goes. No doubt, in A. L.'s case, his over-worked muscles were more easily a prey to the neuritis, and the long-continued strain of work helped to depress him. He was never a very good patient; he liked being nursed, but objected very strongly to drugs, and insisted on taking exercise even when it was almost impossible for him to move without pain.

With such a condition of things it seemed rash to think of attempting our usual Bamburgh visit that year, but A. L.

was anxious not to let plans be changed on his account, and I yielded to his apparent desire to get away from rooms whose very walls seemed by this time to suggest pain, and from work which he felt unable to face. So we accomplished our usual flitting up North, and I tried what hot sea water would do for the agonizing bouts of pain.

But no relief came, and, in my despair, I bethought myself of a kind, keen face I had seen watching the tennis in front of our house. I had heard he was a doctor (the children had already dubbed him "Sherlock Holmes"), and, regardless of medical, or, indeed, any etiquette, I then and there implored him to advise us. It was a good move, for this good Samaritan—Dr. Donald Pollock—not only gave advice, but took the patient home to his own father's Manse at Galashiels, and watched and nursed him for more than a month, really battling with the disease and for a time conquering it, and in the end bringing A. L. back to me immeasurably better in every way and happy in the acquisition of a new friend. But the phrase "a new friend" does not seem the right one, for our friendship with him since those days has grown and deepened, and I am afraid my gratitude to him is of that unworthy kind which looks always for favours to come. Some kindnesses can never be repaid.

As for our pupils, the work of looking after them devolved now on me. We had, somewhat reluctantly, taken over the charge of a young Egyptian, Mohammed Mahmoud, and, later, a second Oriental<sup>1</sup> was added to our household, the young son of the Sultan of Perak, a boy of about sixteen, who was hardly able to speak a word of English, but whose future position might one day be important. He was brought to us with some pomp and circumstance by Sir Hugh Clifford, and commended to my care, and I may say that no pupil has ever repaid us better for all the trouble we took with him. He stayed with us for five years, and then returned to Perak, where he now reigns as Sultan, and, I have been told, carries out faithfully all he learnt

<sup>1</sup> Rajah Alang Iskandar.

with us. I used to think he was learning nothing, in the sense of book-learning, I mean, but his character certainly did develop, and character is what counts. I was glad that the main work with these two fell to my portion. Mahmoud was, however, already well-educated, and, after a time, was able to enter Balliol. He, too, is in a high position now, in Egypt, after various political ups and downs, and remains to this day a faithful friend to us.

Later on, when the Boer War was over and, with it, the more acute stages of the rheumatism, the doctors were very urgent that A. L. should get away from the worst part of the English winter, and see what sunshine and warmth could do to remove the aches that remained, and restore him to health. Egypt was suggested, and though, as usual, A. L. was very difficult to move, and my own courage failed me at the thought of letting him go in such a weak state, still it seemed a great opportunity. Mahmoud volunteered to take charge of him, and to convey him to his father's house at Abutig. Accordingly, they left England at Christmas, 1901, and remained in Egypt until the following April.

I have said that A. L. was never a good letter-writer, or, rather, that he disliked letter-writing and was not at his best except in such letters as those to friends in sorrow or trouble, when he always managed to find the right words. But during his stay in Egypt he wrote not only many letters to the children and to me, but he also kept a sort of diary, from which I now give extracts.

\* \* \* \* \*

"CAIRO.

"16th January.

" . . . You should see me sitting with my Shetland shawl over my knees smoking, amid a conclave of Arab dignitaries and relatives with their beautiful garments and ceremonious manners. They seem much interested in me, and to regard me as some sort of big-wig.

"The editor of the chief anti-English paper here came last night and sort of interviewed me on the subject of

English views on the Boer War, and it all appears in this evening's *Moiad*, or whatever the paper's name, as the dicta of 'one of the most important and most learned personages in England.' . . .

"We then went on to discuss England's position in Egypt, which he compared to that of a man called in by a householder to help get his house in order, who then annexes the house. We ended by proverbs. He gave a sketch of recent Egyptian history, and asked if I agreed. I said, 'We have a saying "One tale is good till another is told."' He answered, 'A man came before Khalif Omar with one eye put out, and claimed justice on this evidence. The Khalif said, "Let me see your enemy, for perhaps you have put out both his eyes."' "

"Then I showed him my eyeglass, to prove I had only one eye good to use, and so, if I paid him a visit at his office, he must promise not to put out even one of my eyes, nor so much as take my eyeglass. At this they all roared with laughter. That an infidel should make a joke at all seemed to put him before them in the light of some sort of animal taught to imitate men, like a learned pig."

"ABUTIG,

"21 January.

" . . . We got in two hours late, so our arrival lost some of its pomp, but a throng of M.'s relations and friends rushed upon him, while each piece of our luggage was seized by a separate retainer; his father, the old Pasha, a fine, tall man, came up and shook my hands fervently, then kissed me on both cheeks, and said my coming was the event he had most desired for years past.

"With lanterns in front and behind us, and him holding my hand in his, we wound through the streets of Abutig, with salaams and kissings of our hands on all sides. At one house a great bouquet of roses and jessamine was presented to 'the Pasha's guest.'

"We got to the Nile and on board their *felucca* and rowed across, being towed part of the way by a *dahabeeah*, and then landed and rode up a mile, a procession of about twenty people, each on a donkey, to the house. . . . The house is a large white much be-windowed and be-shuttered building, with large rooms, all the doors always open, and

curtains looped over the doorway. . . . My bedroom is a big room, in which the only difficulty is to shut the folding doors. The bed is a mysterious construction of brightly-coloured woollen blankets with lovely silk-fringed borders. The water is poured into a sort of long wooden trough with a lid, whence a tap and pipe let it out into a marble basin beneath. . . .

"After lunch we basked an hour in a balcony watching the camels marching beneath. I never get tired of them; they go pacing along with a sort of squashy tread, hobbling their necks, shutting their nostrils when the dust blows, and seem to be always chewing something forbidden, and muttering ill-humoured remarks when the driver shouts: 'O, thou wicked one! make room for the *Effendis*.'"

\* \* \*

"ABUTIG.

"25 January.

" . . . The day had turned dark and cloudy, and felt like thunder. I began to remonstrate with M. on the subject of this so-called Egyptian climate for being a fraud like the so-called 19th century; but he assured me it *never* rains in Upper Egypt, and as Herodotus and Mr. Thomas Cook and Son had already said the same, I felt pacified.

"What was my resentment, then, on hearing last night at 10 the unmistakable sound of heavy rain. It rained all night, and is at it still—1 p.m.—and looks as if it never meant to stop. It is all very well to say 'the oldest inhabitant does not remember the like.' That's just what they told us when we found two feet of snow in Ancona; and so at Rome, fifteen years ago, when the snow lay two days in the streets, 'crisp and even.'

"I have suggested to the natives that this may be the turning point in the history of the climate. After 2,200 years at least without rain the wheel may have come round, and we may be in for a 2,200 years' spell of what they have the cheek to call here 'English weather.' I never saw a country so pathetically unprovided against wet. There is a large sort of fan-skylight in the roof of the hall. In consequence the principal landing is at this moment a marble bath about three inches deep, which they try vainly to keep down by baling. . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*



" 1 Feb.

" 1901.

" I must tell you before I forget it of our first expedition to the desert. Behold me mounted on a tall and active donkey with a thick blue saddle ; in fact, my donkey being big (to our ideas) and M.'s Arab horse small, the two made quite a match. . . .

" We rode to the foot of the hills, and began to climb the cliffs, and for almost the first time in this dry land I got quite hot. The sun beating straight on the rock-face was terrific. Take the hottest corner in the Castle rock on the hottest day, double it, and then add the whole thermometer to it, and there you are.

" At the top was a wonderful view of the Nile for what seemed hundreds of miles, and the whole breadth of Egypt reduced to a narrow bright green ribbon with a silver thread in the middle of it . . . otherwise looking eastwards towards the Red Sea was nothing but rolling hills of flint and chalk and stones, the most arid, desolate thing conceivable. I constructed an Arabic proverb : ' Allah made the Nile but Iblis (Lucifer) made the desert,' and fired this off for the sake of the village Mayor, who insisted on our partaking of hospitality. . . .

" It is a great nuisance the mails are so erratic ; thus I got four *Times-es* and four letters in three days, and now am four days left without letters. The only remedy is to send off *something* every day ; if you could only imagine what a difference it makes here, I am sure you would all co-operate to do it. I have twice been on the point of telegraphing : ' Write oftener ' ; but I thought it would alarm you. . . . Love to all and my constant thoughts of them."

\* \* \* \* \*

" 12 February.

" . . . Lunch is a serious business here. In deference to me, they have cut it down a bit in this house. I will give you a menu, to compare with those Biddy sends to me.

" First came wedges of mincemeat, three inches thick, in a pastry crust. Then fresh beans, shells, and all (delicious) with small gobbets of veal. Then a sort of little rissoles, each the size of a human mouth, and each wrapped in vine leaves ; then fried chicken ; then a mysterious dark vegetable made into balls with some other meat and tasting

like about fifty onions concentrated into one ; then sort of pastry puffs ; then oranges, the usual four kinds fresh in from the garden. . . .

"When we were out to-day I counted three old Cambridge Blues, judging by the colour of their dress, who had come down in the world, and were carrying home huge loads of green-stuff for the donkey or the goat. . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

"15 February.

"NEARING TAHITA, 24 MILES

S. OF ABUTIG.

" . . . On board we have Captain and crew, 9 ; two servants, two cooks, and a native policeman to fire off a gun if suspicious characters come near ; sixteen souls, not to mention three live lambs in a pen for us to eat gradually, and many fowls in a coop with the same destination. Our two respective servants, Mohammed Ali, my tall, smiling, thin Berberi in a long white robe with gold sash ; and Abdel-Hafed, M.'s man, who is active and obliging, harum-scarum, and when I speak Arabic to him looks just like some one did to whom I sent Biddy to ask if he'd done any Greek (she will show you the look) ; these two are delighted to come, as a sort of outing. . . .

"Of course M.'s plan about staying on is out of the question, as I have explained to him, that School papers have to be set as well as answered ; also when there *is* sun in England, I may as well be there ; also 'East or West, home is best,' and, barring the rhymes, the same is true of North and South. I have about an hour every other day of deadly homesickness ; perhaps if I were quite well I should not have it, and, as the boy said, 'It's better after breakfast.' . . . I don't like bothering you with details about health, when by the time you get them all may be quite gone ; but if I never go into the subject you'd think worse. I am never half as bad as in a bad bout at Oxford, let alone Bamburgh, but I have not shaken it all off, that's a fact. Somehow, though, I feel as if I were imbibing fresh health and strength in all other ways. . . . After all this expense and trouble that others have bestowed on me, I feel a sort of ingratitude if I don't come back ready for some more years of good work. This after all is all that I ask."

\* \* \* \* \*

" 8 March.

" JUST BELOW NAGI HAMDEH.

" . . . I have just discovered that about half the flies in Egypt, i.e. about a quarter of an average plague of flies, are encamped in my cabin, so I have told off the Servant of the Merciful to swish them out with that article—a fly-brush—which every one carries here as one does an umbrella in London. . . ."

• • • • •

" NILE.

" 45 MILES S. OF ABUTIG.

" 12 March.

" . . . The last day on the *dahabeeah* is over. At sunset, 6.10, I walked the deck and thought how queer it all has been. In the extreme bows the Cook and his Nubian boy were plucking pigeons, the last occupants of the coops; a little further on one of the crew was cooking their supper at an open pan of fire; with their backs to him, six of the crew were rowing hard, walking up their inclined planes to get the beginning, and then lying flat back at the finish with the usual songs and yells (not much difference).

" At the top of the mast a man was furling the sail, using his bare feet almost as much as his two hands. At the forward end of the high deck, the Pasha and Omar Bey were going through the ablutions and bowings on their faces and the chanting of long passages of the Koran, as they knelt side by side on their prayer-carpet. M. was spread out on one of the deck sofas, reading Political Science and smoking cigarettes; the Cambridge Blue has got the helm, and looked fine in the sunset light with his white turban and bare bronzed legs."

• • • • •

" I suppose if I were here solely on pleasure I should have no temptation to count the days before we meet again. As it is, I find myself rather leaning that way. And, as I said, the idea of meeting at Venice helps me tremendously to wait. . . . If I do come back well, and with a fresh spell of health, how providentially well everything will have fitted in, almost too good to be true, and with no expense almost. I have never spent a penny since I left the ship, I think; only owing 15s. for helmet.

" The crew are now squatting on the deck outside our

saloon open door, round a sort of pan fire, and central dish, a picturesque group, dipping each in turn his hands into the dish. You are all now at your usual Sunday tea, with 'the snow in the street and the wind on the door.' Shall I say that I wish I was there? Either that, or that you, or at least some of you, were here."

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

These extracts will be specially treasured because they are so spontaneous; it is quite obvious to the reader that at the time A. L. must have felt often very homesick, and also that he could not stand an inactive life, however pleasant the surroundings; it is also well known, I believe, that continual sunshine has a depressing effect. At any rate, when our two elder girls, escorted by our friend J. A. Smith (then Fellow of Balliol and a devoted colleague of A. L.'s) met him in Venice on his return journey, and brought him home to England, he was to all appearance a complete wreck, almost too tired to speak. It was a great shock to me; but at last I managed to get him back to health, by means of the wicker "sun-trap" in the garden, and (still more important) a carefully disguised and concentrated "stuffing" diet. The fear of the pain returning, however, haunted him for months, even years afterwards.

## CHAPTER XII

### PUPILS

LIONEL was now in College, which gave an added interest to his Father and brought us into closer relations with his contemporaries. Many of them had "the freedom of the nursery," and I never knew whom I should find up there having tea with the babies, or romping in the garden. The special favourite was Maurice Bonham-Carter,<sup>1</sup> "Bongy" as the children called him. He was their devoted slave, and I am afraid I also presumed on his good nature sometimes; once in particular when, on our return from the North, we found our stock of twelve guinea-pigs had increased to twenty-seven, a solid mass of squeaking things, all manner of "prohibited degrees." "Bongy" undertook the ungrateful task of "putting them out of their misery" with my help. In nursery plays and charades he and Arthur Darbishire excelled, especially the latter, whose last performance at Bamburgh—*Miss Le Neve Being Arrested On The Liner*—is a vivid memory still.

Raymond Asquith was at Balliol then, senior to Lionel by one year, but the two were friends from the first, though we ourselves saw little of him. I have a wonderful letter from him, six or seven sheets long, written from Porto Fino three years afterwards, at a time when A. L. and I were anxious about Lionel's future, instinct with knowledge and sympathy, extraordinary from so young a man. Their paths diverged afterwards; life is often a greater separator than death, but such friendships remain a possession for ever.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter.

The younger Asquith brothers, and the Warres, Bron Herbert, and a host of other names come to my mind. Those were good days, and A. L. was never happier than with a group of the rowing men or even with the cricketers at their annual Past v. Present Match, or with the hockey-players at their annual game, in which for years he took an active, too active, a part himself. My own share in all this was that of a nervous spectator, when I could bring myself to look on at all. I had not been brought up to play games, having had no brothers, and the word "sticks" brought terror to my heart (it was a very frequent word in those days). And the aptitude of the family at games was to me more of a worry than a source of pride. I felt like a hen who has hatched a brood of lively ducklings, but, of course, A. L. delighted in their prowess, and would spend odd moments coaching them.

By this time we could count up with some pride as our own particular products the number of men who had actually lived under our roof at one time or another. I have mentioned the Howards and Russells (of whom we had four at different times), and *how* difficult I found it to get Claude and Gilbert to talk at meals! I used to insist on one remark at least, but "Pass the salt" was not to count. There was Basil Blackwood, kind and gentle and full of fun, absolutely unchanged from those early days when I saw him on his last leave; no more delightful pupil could be imagined. Archie Gordon, though he never lived with us, was a constant visitor, radiating life and happiness; Bron Herbert<sup>1</sup> was one of our "inmates" and at first rather difficult to know. He would have been more "forthcoming," I think, if he had been sent to Eton and not to Bedford. He found his level better in College and developed there into the man he became after. His rather pathetic brown eyes always looked to me as if he had some sorrow behind them.

His old father, Mr. Auberon Herbert, sometimes came to

<sup>1</sup> Lord Lucas and Dingwall.



discuss his son's progress; a fragile old creature he looked and I always wanted to give him a good meal, but he was some kind of a vegetarian, not a good diet for one so thin and chilly. During tea-time he used to divest himself of three or four Shetland jerseys, which he wore one above another, perhaps to counteract the diet. His idea in sending Bron to Bedford was, of course, to make him more democratic, but, needless to say, the result was altogether different; one cannot force those things.

But the shadow of the Great War falls on those times. "Some of these friendly spirits," writes "R. R.," one of their number, "formed a dining club, which they christened 'The Smuggins' Club'" ("Smuggins" being one of A. L.'s nicknames, I suppose; not that I ever heard him called anything but "A. L.,"). "It was founded about thirty years ago, and had for its motto '*Nil infabre*' (nothing 'un-Smithlike')." They used to invite A. L. to dinner, and the writer adds: "There was much after-dinner oratory, but I shall never forget the humorous pungency of our beloved guest's wit as he thumb-nailed off, to the life, the characters and idiosyncrasies of his delighted hosts."

With the passing of the period of pain and ill-health A. L. seemed to take a new lease of life. He had reconciled himself to the cutting off of a certain amount of exercise, and to another more serious deprivation—the loss of the sight of his left eye, due to a blow from a tennis ball carelessly thrown up by a child. This misfortune involved the use of spectacles, and really meant that he could see better than before, as his short-sightedness had always been a trouble.

Being checked in one direction he threw himself with ever-increasing vigour into the problems of Working-Class Education, and in the course of 1904, through the enthusiasm and fore-sightedness of his old friend, T. A. Brassey, an immense impulse and encouragement was given to the beloved College and its staff. Balliol, with all its wonderful prestige and success in the Schools, could not pay its Fellows and Tutors nearly as well as several other Colleges (its

endowments are not large), and in the opinion of T. A. B. the pay of any College Tutor seemed miserably inadequate. What could be done about it?

I can see him now, in the garden at the King's Mound, his whole frame quivering with energy, his eyes dancing with the zest and excitement of the glorious schemes which were seething in his brain. "Something must be done," he said. "This kind of thing cannot go on. Why, in America——" We were standing, he and I, in the little recess beside the study window; I remember the moment vividly. I said to him, "Why don't you begin with your own College?"

He looked at me. He did begin, as the archives of Balliol will show to future generations, and not only Balliol was the gainer, but the whole wonderful Oxford University Endowment Fund took its rise from that moment, T. A. B. being the real originator, although the Chairmanship was afterwards vested in Lord Curzon. Balliol has indeed reason to be proud of her sons, and I love to recall the tiny beginning, like the almost invisible source of a great river, soon forgotten unless put on record as I am doing now.

Two or three years later another Balliol man, whom A. L. knew in his undergraduate days as Jim Hozier, now Lord Newlands, with the same splendid impulse that actuated T. A. B. and realizing the same need, endowed in perpetuity two Fellowships, to be called the Jowett Fellowships, of £500 a year each, and with the gift made the condition that the then Master (J. L. Strachan-Davidson) and A. L. should be appointed for their lifetime. It can easily be imagined what this meant to us, the immense relief from anxiety, the release from many irksome tasks, undertaken because they "paid well," the leisure to influence a wider world in which A. L. was in constant demand; but above all, the wonderfully kind and considerate manner of the giving, "twice blessed" indeed it has been both to Lord Newlands and to ourselves.

Of A. L.'s powers and influence as a teacher I must let others speak. Their testimony is too personal and sincere to be buried in the files of a newspaper or magazine, so I am permitted to quote freely. At the time of which I am writing he must have been at the height of his power as a teacher; he knew every inch of the ground.

"He had a Maitlandian grip of the Middle Ages. If he were explaining Domesday Book you realized that he had put his hands between King William's. If it was the Crusade, he had ridden with Richard south from Acre and had been uneasy about his left flank."

"Set him to tear the meaning out of some crabbed 'Select Plea in a Memorial Court,' and you had him at his best."

"His teaching of History was more than an excitement," writes another. "It was a revelation to those who came under him fresh from School for the first time. . . . He could, with full respect, be called an incomparable showman of History, because of the extraordinary gift he had for seeing history through the eyes of those who made it. Stubbs' Charters were changed from a valley of bones into a host of jolly, bustling humanity."

(I have some clever water-colour drawings done surreptitiously in the course of a Lecture by a (presumably) inattentive undergraduate,<sup>1</sup> illustrating one Galfridus assaulting the Maid of the Mill, and the hue-and-cry starting off in pursuit. "*Galfridus decenarius de Bristwalton*" . . . etc.)

"He was quick to praise good, very quick to expose bad work: 'I asked you for an essay; I didn't ask you to re-write Gibbon's "*Decline and Fall*."'"

From another pen:

"Age cannot weary, nor custom stale the things he said about the Anglo-Saxons. . . . Like all good tutors he

<sup>1</sup> Walter James (Lord Northbourne).

suggested far more than he told you . . . but his greatest gift was an intuitive sympathy, almost feminine. What made him a great man was the incongruous blend of keen, critical sense, great physical and mental energy, and a delicate and at the same time enthusiastic responsiveness."

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With his women pupils A. L. was perhaps not quite so much at home. It took some years for the women students to get accustomed to the delightful novelty of being instructed by a College Tutor, and occasionally I could not help being amused at their attitude, as when a new pupil, not quite young either, entered the room and literally fell on her knees ejaculating: "Master of my Master!" True she was a pupil of Professor Mackay of Liverpool,—such things do not happen now. One of the most distinguished of his women pupils writes:

"It would be rank ingratitude if nothing were said of his work for the Women's Colleges in Oxford, and for generations of women students of Modern History. He was a member of the Lady Margaret Hall Council for well over twenty years, and until his death; a wise and reconciling force in his later years." (And the times were not without occasional hectic controversies.) "An expert adviser on boats and tennis courts at an earlier stage in the College history.

"On the general question of women's degrees he was sometimes counted a heretic, but he was always the heretic who loves the substance more than the form; he never gave the form and denied the substance, but he was emphatically a believer in growth rather than in conscious creation.

"He always maintained that the one secret of good teaching was sympathy, always more sympathy. It was a very impersonal sympathy he gave, but none the worse for that. He never left a pupil thinking herself a fool; he left her knowing that there are good essays and bad, right judgment and wrong, and feeling convinced that, in some queer way, he meant to make her choose the good and reject the evil. He would gently and maliciously promise on his own doorstep: 'Next time you come we will discuss the origin

of evil,' but he never gave the impression that it was not worth discussing. There was something big and kindly and essentially sympathetic about even his severest criticism, so that it left no sting.

"He was particularly optimistic about the work of University Extension Students, or of the Tutorial Classes, but his habit was always to measure capacity, not achievement; intellect, not cleverness. Therefore even his most rose-coloured estimates were probably right—under Heaven if not under the Examiner's rostrum.

"One of his Summer School pupils ought to tell the story of what he meant to them, of what he did for them as he went among them 'whistling to keep his courage up,' as he said one summer when his own future looked black.

"Just one memory must suffice here. A crowded evening meeting discussed the troubles and difficulties of the Tutorial Class Students, and shot question after question at the Master in the chair. Once upon a famous Centre had declined to twelve students only; what was to be done? Like a flash the Master turned upon the questioner with his own inimitable inflection of voice. 'How many Apostles were there?' That scene lives in the memory as perhaps his truest message to his generation—'How many Apostles were there?'"

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I have said that A. L. was at his prime as a teacher in those years, but I recall the intense interest he aroused in the very last of all his pupils at Balliol,—an American named John Crocker, who came for special individual teaching at any hour of the day or night, and to whom I know those moments spent in lighting his lamp at that flickering flame will always be a precious memory. They were precious to the teacher, too.

There are, of course, those who regret that amid all the distractions of a busy college life, and, later on, the calls to take part in industrial problems and the ever-increasing work of the W.E.A., it was impossible for him to find time for concentrated literary work, and year after year our old friend Mr. G. H. Putnam, in his visits to Oxford, lamented

the fruitless quest for the long-promised *Life of Frederick the Second*. It is true that many fine chapters were in course of time completed, but nothing coherent, nothing publishable.

A dear and outspoken friend writes :

"As for regretting that A. L. didn't write books himself, of course one regrets that his knowledge and rich appreciation of the Middle Ages was not given to the world, but others may come who have equal knowledge, whereas *his* business was with men. . . . No one ever knew more perfectly the inside of an undergraduate; no one ever sympathized more with the less perfect specimens of the species; no one helped on the flyer, or lifted the lame dog as he did.

"I suppose no one ever evoked more admiration from his pupils. They cursed him when he was late (as he often was) for their lesson, but I have heard the veriest boobies say, 'Ten minutes of A. L. is worth an hour of anyone else.'

. . . "In other respects he was not exactly a 'bookish man,' and it seems to me rather wonderful that his two surviving sketches ('Maitland' and 'Church and State in the Middle Ages') are almost perfect, not only in matter but as literary performances. One reason may be that he was such an acute *critic* of literature, his opinion of a new book was quite priceless and sure to be right. . . .

"He would have been invaluable as a Delegate of the Press, though no doubt he would have kept us waiting a good deal, and perhaps after some months would have lost the MSS. that had been given him to read and estimate. In doing the 'Maitland' he must have felt and did feel a close kinship with the subject, for their humour was of the same order."

The same writer goes on to say :

"In '94-5-6 I examined, as Junior, in the History School for the first time, and when A. L. came in as Senior later I was rather alarmed, for I feared he would be (1) very *exigeant* to the Juniors; (2) too much distracted by the enormous load of other college business to give his whole mind to the papers. I was utterly wrong. He was by far



the best examiner with whom I was ever associated, painstaking to the last degree, scrupulously fair, and very suspensory of judgment. And he wrote to me (and I have no doubt to our other colleagues also) a most charming letter of thanks for help, just the sort of letter to buck up a beginner enormously."

Of his work on the Board of Faculty of Modern History and in the History School itself, it is hardly necessary to write. He helped to form the Association of Tutors in Modern History, and he, with two others—Richard Lodge and A. H. Johnson—became known as "the Gang," as opposed to the more reactionary members of that body. All this meant work, combined with a sort of "peaceful picketing," in which I had my share.

It must be left to more capable critics to decide whether A. L. was equally inspiring and successful in his later public speaking. In the years I am now recording he had only now and then undertaken outside lecturing and speaking, except for the after-dinner speeches in College, which he made in a very special way his real opportunity. Others might imitate but not equal him on those occasions.

The difference, if there be any difference, seems to lie in this—that in his History and Political Science Lectures he is on firm ground, knowing his subject absolutely; whereas in his addresses at the time of the War and after, he is often in doubt, struggling after an optimism which he did not always feel, trying to give to others what he did not always possess himself, shaken at times, as he was, to the foundations of his being by the tragedies and losses, the waste and pity of it all.

## CHAPTER XIII

### OUR SILVER WEDDING

ON June 25th, 1904, we celebrated our Silver Wedding. A. L.'s fiftieth birthday, in 1900, had been marked by the presentation to him of the portraits of myself and all our nine children, framed all together; not perhaps a great success in portraiture, as it entailed catching each member of the family in turn and getting them to "look pleasant" at the photographer's. The younger children, however, do look as if they rather enjoyed it, and, as a whole, it forms an interesting record.

But the Silver Wedding was an event of more general interest. It was a lovely day, and flowers and presents of all sorts came showering in, to the great delight of the children; in the afternoon a garden-party in the College gardens, which can look so beautiful in June, although, in those days, they were not so flowery and gay as they are now. Crowds of friends came, and the Punch-and-Judy Show (which I had provided in order to "break the ice") had a wonderfully appreciative audience, venerable Dons, who had perhaps never seen such a thing for years, if ever, looking half scandalized, but being obliged to laugh with the children. Toby indeed so far forgot himself and the dignity of his surroundings as to escape and run round the Quad, paper collar and all, to the horror of—just the one person he ought not to have been seen by—Mr. W. H. Forbes.

However, the situation saved itself, and in the evening the Master and the Fellows entertained us at a solemn dinner in the New Common Room, and presented us with

a lovely silver rose-bowl, inscribed with some lines from Horace and our names, my own second name being given as "Forster," whereas it is "Florence," after the Lady of the Lamp, a name which, like Alma, inevitably "dates" the recipient. Speeches followed, of course. It was all very embarrassing but delightful, a day to remember. A. L.'s present to me was a little diamond pendant. I scolded him, and he explained that "diamonds were an investment." I had not the heart to argue that no one would go in for an investment which paid no interest,—there are times when common-sense views must be suppressed.

Another event of some importance was the visit of the Sultan of Perak, on the occasion of King Edward's Coronation. His son, Alang, by this time was thoroughly at home in our family and a great favourite, companionable and intelligent, but still slow at acquiring the English language, even amidst the chatter which went on in our house. The preparations for the Sultan's visit engrossed us a good deal; we had never wrestled with a similar problem before. But friends kindly came to the rescue, and I think Mrs. Symonds' carriage-and-pair met our distinguished guest at the station, with A. L. properly garbed for the occasion. (This was not always easy to manage, as when, at a garden-party at home, he appeared clothed in a suit I had carefully put aside for a Jumble Sale, or golf at Bamburgh.) On the other hand, it is true that Mrs. A. V. Dicey once wrote to consult me as to—a tailor for Professor Dicey! (Comment is needless.)

The Sultan arrived and we all did proper obeisance. Luncheon in the College Hall was awaiting him, but our guest was still mysteriously closeted in our spare room with an attendant on guard at the door. I inquired of Sir Hugh Clifford the reason of this delay, and it was explained by one of the suite that H.H. was engaged in praying for us! When he did appear, with a complete change of garment and a huge diamond glittering in his headgear, it was

suddenly discovered that our collie dog must be got out of the house before the Sultan could appear. There is something unholy about a wet dog, apparently (and I agree), so a scrimmage ensued, in which one of our greatest pets, a lovely little jerboa, escaped and got away, never more to reappear, to our great regret.

The luncheon in College was quite a grand affair. We had invited Sir William and Lady Markby and any other friends who were more particularly interested in the East, or who had been kind to our young charge. The afternoon was spent in our garden, watching the girls at tennis, and, later, listening to some of their *Gaudeamus* songs, all of which H.H. seemed to enjoy. But as I looked at him I rather trembled for Alang's future; he seemed even then divided by centuries from the standards of his father, so mysteriously had the atmosphere of an English home affected him. And to know that the five years spent with us must, in the nature of things, end in a return to life in his father's Court under such entirely different conditions—how would he stand it? Well, he *has* stood it, and when he came to visit me, as Sultan of Perak in his turn, in the early summer of 1924, it was with the greatest thankfulness that I recognized this wonderful fact. He was pathetically grieved to be "too late." I took him into Holywell Cemetery, but the memorial stone was not there yet, with its reminder to so many who, like himself, had come under that wonderful influence.

The Coronation Day itself was a day of distress for Alang. He ought to have ridden in the great Procession, but he had unwisely allowed his (London) tailor to have carte blanche about a suitable "get-up," and the gorgeous uniform of white cloth embroidered with gold tigers across the front, was considered by the Sultan and his suite "much too smart," so that Alang's place had to be taken by his cousin. (After that I took a very firm line about London tailors' emissaries.) His time with us was drawing to a close, and it was with real grief that we saw him carried off to the

station one summer day, very sadly and reluctantly, like a small boy going off to his second term at School when all the novelty is worn off and he knows the worst.

About this time the increasing pressure of work made it more and more difficult for A. L. to attend to resident pupils, and it was indeed high time that he should be set free from that drudgery ; so that I was glad when from time to time we, or rather I, was entrusted with the care of boys or young men who, for one reason or another, needed "mothering" and a cheerful home life, who were therefore not exactly *pupils* but "charges."

One of these, the late Duke of Leinster, had an extraordinarily lovable character, and sometimes I have thought that if he could always have lived in just such homely, quiet surroundings, with no excitement, no social calls on him, no politics, no worry about his own position in life, the tragedy of his life might have been averted. For week-end parties and all that sort of thing he was absolutely unfit—a strawberry-feast in the garden, a quiet talk over some reminiscences of his mother, or some favourite poem or Psalm ; those were the things he really liked. In the end he came under the care of Dr. Donald Pollock, our friend in Edinburgh.

There were others, too, sad and complicated cases. It was altogether different from the old "Smuggins' Club" days, but it was something I could do, and A. L. quite approved. I think he always had an exaggerated opinion of whatever medical knowledge I had picked up in the course of years ; it was wholly empirical, he knew, but none the less he believed in it, and I had often great difficulty in inducing him to call in the legitimate practitioner.

In November, 1904, another event has to be recorded—the success of our son Lionel in the All Souls' Fellowship Examination, cementing more strongly than ever the bond between Balliol and All Souls, a bond which not even the terrible losses of the War have been able to weaken. It is not necessary for me to lay stress on what this success meant

to A. L.; his intense satisfaction was manifest to all, and I think the kind friends who brought us the tidings, Mr. Grant Robertson<sup>1</sup> and C. R. L. Fletcher,<sup>2</sup> will not easily forget their reception that afternoon. A. L. was never too busy or too tired to take an interest in any success in work or play won by the children; he would watch their tennis or hockey matches or read the younger children's funny literary efforts and cherish their odd sayings with delight. "*Un vrai papa nourricier*," Lady Carlisle called him, but it was a side of his character not revealed except to intimates.

During the next year, 1905, A. L. was preparing the important lectures to be given by him, as Ford Lecturer, on "Church and State in the Middle Ages." I have said very little about his actual writings so far, but for many years he had been contributing to the *Dictionary of Political Economy*, the *Dictionary of English History*, *Social England*, etc., so the writing for publication presented no difficulties to him. He had, it is true, to snatch odd moments for writing, but at night, when once he had got well into his stride, the hours seemed to fly and often it would be two o'clock in the morning before he finally put down his pen, and emerged from his beloved fur-bag. The surprising thing to me is not that he published so little but that he managed to write and publish so much, while at the same time keeping in touch with every form of College and University activities; often, indeed, he was found in the forefront of a movement. Unmethodical and untidy, "his order rooted in disorder stood," and woe betide any rash person who attempted to "tidy up" his study table!

With examination work, however, he was meticulously accurate, no faults could be found with his mark-sheets or reports, and every candidate received close attention. I used to suspect him occasionally of over-elaboration in his examination work. One year I remember he evolved a

<sup>1</sup> Then Bursar of All Souls, now Principal of University of Birmingham.

<sup>2</sup> Fellow of All Souls.



system of charts with curves which brought terror and confusion to the daughters who were assisting him; they struck, and the curves disappeared.

The Summer Terms for many years suffered from the cruel dispensation which imprisons so many of the youth of England behind desks, to scribble wearily over reams of foolscap, while their elders' eyes still more wearily peruse the results of these efforts. Being the mother of nine examinees at one time or another, and the wife of an Examiner, I can speak from sad experience. The girls, however, we noticed, seemed to enjoy the ordeal more than the boys, judging by the screeds they managed to write, off the point or on it.

I have sometimes wondered if examinations in the ancient civilization of China were once conducted as they are now in England, and if the wisdom of the East had at last evolved the simpler plan—which prevailed in that country till lately, perhaps prevails still—of immuring the candidates separately for several days in cells without food or drink, and at the end of the time removing those who had succumbed to the ordeal, presumably the "ploughed." I used to think of this when August brought a respite from their labours, or at least a change of scene and work, as A. L. for many years acted as Awarder in the Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board Examination. This took him sometimes to Cambridge, when he always enjoyed the complete change which Cambridge, more than any other place in England, offers to the Oxford man,—so like and yet so unlike as it is in every respect,—one almost expects the inhabitants to speak a different language.

Then after Awarding came the happy flight northwards to Bambergh, where every summer we had our little house full, besides a number of what the villagers called "sleepers" coming in for every meal. A. L.'s hospitality was only kept in check by an occasional protest on my part, when truckle beds filled the passages and landing, or my staff showed signs of going on strike. "Speeding the parting guest"

was not always easy, and, needless to say, the duty always fell to my share. "I have ordered the 'conveyance' for you for to-morrow morning," would be an extreme form for this "speeding." This was rather a hard fate for one guest, a Rhodes scholar, who was invited for a week and showed no signs of leaving at the end of three weeks! Poor man, I did not know at the time that the Scholarship did not cover the Long Vacation, *hinc illae lacrimae*, but I believe things are made easier for the Rhodes Scholars nowadays.

Time would fail me to tell of all who spent happy days with us there; they *had* to be intimate friends because we realized that only intimate friends could stand our rough-and-tumble life at St. Aidan's. G. C. Henderson, lately Professor of History at Adelaide, and one of our first Australians, was one of the first so privileged. He must have spent the happiest time of his life there with us, beloved by us all, a most home-loving man and a delightful companion, one of those "brethren 'neath the Western sky" to whom one's thoughts turn with sorrow and regret.

Then John O'Regan,<sup>1</sup> whom Marlburians will remember with affection, and amusement too; in his case the two are inseparable. One special visit of his is in my mind: Barnburgh was shrouded in a "sea-fret," the Castle gun going off at regular intervals, as usual. And along the wall by the road from Sea Houses came the familiar figure, with its bounding step, knapsack on back, disreputable coat and cap, a truly welcome guest, though he would give no end of trouble with his new diet fad—no meat, no coffee, no drink, but nuts and perhaps some highly odorous Norwegian cheese, of which he was very proud; until, after a day or two, lumbago began and I came to the rescue with Elliman and calomel.

He stuffed the children with sweets, used up all the hot bath-water, singing loudly all the time, came in late for every meal and then didn't eat, was always ready to discuss

<sup>1</sup> History Master at Marlborough College.

anything and everything, to walk about endlessly, and then finish the day with our usual sing-song, which he enjoyed more than anybody. At Bamburgh, too, he came to tell me the story of his romance,—and what that meant to him the Marlburians of later days know without any words of mine. Life did not separate and Death does not separate his friends from such as John O'Regan.

Charles Fisher<sup>1</sup> is another who often came up there, sometimes in mid-winter to join a reading-party got up by Lionel, a few friends braving the short, dark days for the sake of the wonderful beauty of the sea in winter, and the great quiet and peace. (I used to lend them a good cook, so that their material comfort was not neglected, and a devoted Christ Church servant helped to make it a success.) But C. D. F.'s summer visits to us were the greatest joy to all the family, the small children a little overawed by his size, it is true. They used to gaze at his huge shoes much as the little Italian boys did on his walk-tours with Lionel, and his shouts of laughter, *such* laughter, sometimes rather alarmed them. It must have been in 1916 that we heard that laugh for the last time, in the porch of the King's Mound, when he came to say good-bye to us. There is still one other person whose laughter, though not at all like C. D. F.'s, is unique and soul-stirring; but he is a Bishop now, and cannot have much time or cause to laugh,—William Temple, now Bishop of Manchester, who shared Lionel's "den" at Rugby.

Many sad memories there must be when one looks back over so many years. The wide spaces and long summer days gave one opportunities for talks such as ordinary life in a place like Oxford seldom affords. There is something about the level sands and the beat of the waves on the shore, the sunsets behind the Kyloes, which makes for intimacy and confidences, and I think many of his friends found A. L. at his best there.

<sup>1</sup> Senior Student of Christ Church. Went down in the "Invincible" in Battle of Jutland.

Even after golf was no longer possible to him, his cramped fingers being unable to grasp the clubs, he was happy roaming over the beautiful course, with or without a companion. "A-always wa-alking," to the surprise of the villagers, whose walks were apt to be limited to going to Church or to "the shop." He would place himself at the mercy of any conversational exploiter, male or female ;—at one time Miss Violet Hunt, who was staying at the Castle, used to seek him out (she and I had met as children in the old days). I suspected her of writing about the Castle at the time, but I think A. L. could not have been responsible for what I afterwards read, her description of a scene in the moonlight : "White foxes playing about on the sands under the Castle," surely a misreading, or a mis-seeing, of "white horses in the waves." At any rate my hunting friends up there have so far disclaimed white foxes !

Of course at times we suffered from "misfit" guests, youths for whom our rough-and-tumble life must have been rather trying, the sort of man who used scented hairwash and liked to dress up, and did not like chaff ; some of these were sent to us by worried parents in order that A. L. "might knock some sense into them," always a difficult task, and one in which the parent seldom really helps. Several were Roman Catholics, and these always gave me the most trouble, both in Oxford and at Bamburgh. I found it so difficult to keep them up to their religious obligations ; there was always some excuse forthcoming. Sometimes it was a valid one, e.g. Bamburgh is seven miles from a R.C. Church ; another time a very "evasive" youth told me that England was a "missionary" or a "Mission" country and the ordinary rule was therefore not binding. Other experiences of ours were with Jewish pupils who required "Kosher" meat, Mohammedans who could not "eat pig," and finally several poor boys who were liable to "throw fits," as the Scotch say. I remember well how greatly amused Dr. Evelyn Abbott<sup>1</sup> was when I told him

<sup>1</sup> Late Fellow of Balliol.

of my first venture of this kind, and how he threw back his head and laughed till his chair shook under him. It will be realized that the charge of these abnormal youths largely, if not entirely, fell to my share, but I liked to feel I could do something, and at that time I had not discovered any outside work which needed me.

In the spring of 1906 A. L., as Ford Lecturer, gave the results of his many months of hard work in the shape of the six lectures on "Church and State in the Middle Ages," a few years later annotated and published with the help of our daughter Rosalind.<sup>1</sup> I have written elsewhere on the impression these lectures made upon the audience, which was a very mixed one—A. L.'s colleagues in the History Faculty, some of the perhaps merely curious (to be found in most public lectures in Oxford), Roman Catholic students, and undergraduates, men and women. Although I think the actual delivery of the lectures suffered from the fact that they were *read* from the MSS., thereby lacking the vitality of A. L.'s ordinary College lectures, the weighty arguments and seriousness of the subject necessitated this method, as A. L. explained to me. It is possible that he did not himself realize at the time the deep impression he was making, not only on his hearers, but on himself. The lectures seemed to mark a distinct and important advance in his own search for truth, and doubtless, as not infrequently happens, his own conclusions, his own words, must have often recurred to his memory and helped him, in his later years, when time for thought was crowded out by the problems of the World War and Industrial Unrest.

In the same year, 1906, took place the first of the long series of marriages in our family, appropriately an "in-College" event,—Gertrude's wedding to Harold Hartley,<sup>2</sup> then and still Science Tutor at Balliol. This, the eldest of our seven daughters, had been the favourite niece of my sister Emily and her husband, the late Sir Edward Cook.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Murray Wrong.

<sup>2</sup> Brig.-Gen. Sir Harold Hartley.

Their pretty country home, "Rose Cottage," at South Stoke on the river, was a happy holiday resort for our children, and later on, through the kindness of their Uncle, the scene of no fewer than four honeymoons. A somewhat silent and reserved man, E. T. Cook was at his best, and a wonderful "best," too, with our children and grandchildren. The picturesque cottage and lovely gardens have changed hands several times since those happy days ; the graves of husband and wife are side by side in the little churchyard, but from the windows of the train we can see the head-stones as we pass, and "greet the Unseen with a cheer."

To return to the weddings, several of these exciting events took place in the summer. "I suppose you will go, as usual, across the Master's Field?" was the inquiry of King, the College Groundman, when I was making the arrangements on a subsequent occasion for the procession to the little Church of St. Cross, where six of our children were married. Weather always seems to have favoured us, and I can recall each separate procession ;—Gertrude's little bridesmaids like butterflies in their flowered muslins, and the rest of the gay company, and the service in Church, read by her Godfather, Dr. Robertson, A. L.'s colleague in his Trinity College days, afterwards Bishop of Exeter ; A. L. doing his part in Church with the old-fashioned formality he could show on such occasions.

This first wedding was the model of all the subsequent ones. A. L. had the usual man's dislike of departing from custom ; for instance, in the matter of offering champagne to our guests. We had rather a prolonged argument, but I won the day. Having, of course, realized that the arguments based on grounds of economy were of no avail, I successfully tried other tactics, and I don't think either then, or in the winter wedding of later years, there was any consequent lack of gaiety or friendliness. But then Oxford is a very friendly place and we have always been greatly blessed in our friends, in spite of my having the worst possible record in the matter of "calls." I remember



being, as I thought, very virtuous one day when—perhaps having been severely admonished by A. L.—I paid six calls, with the result that one old friend, Mrs. Vernon Harcourt, came hastily the next day to inquire whether anything was wrong!

Another event of 1906 was the nomination of A. L. to a Jowett Fellowship founded by Lord Newlands, to which I have already referred, and the relief from financial strain which this wonderful benefaction brought to us. A. L. was becoming more and more involved in University politics, and College duties were becoming more onerous and responsible owing to the gradually failing powers of the Master (Caird).

At length in 1907, Dr. Caird's resignation becoming imperative, the election of Mr. Strachan-Davidson followed as a matter of course, acclaimed by Balliol as a whole no less than by the general public. Throughout his Mastership, and indeed from the beginning of their association with the College, A. L. and the new Master, while differing in almost every point of view, worked harmoniously together and helped each other with wonderful loyalty, each of them assisted largely, I think, by his own special kind of sense of humour, which time after time saved situations which might otherwise have proved tense. Both had "polish," the one more of the *external* kind, very useful; but both of an *internal* kind, if I may use such a phrase, or criticize two such great men as these two were.

It was inevitable that on the appointment of J. L. Strachan-Davidson to the Mastership, a man of such attractive personality and endowed with so many social gifts, a new era would set in for the College,—the men had revered and admired Caird, but his silence overawed many and his Scottish diction puzzled some. To the Public School boy J. L. S.-D. was *persona grata*, it need hardly be said, and the rowdy Etonian's pranks often found more mercy than justice dealt out to them. With A. L. as Senior Dean this *faiblesse* of the new Master led inevitably

to discussions if not disagreements, but I used to think A. L.'s protestations were urged more as a matter of principle than anything else. His tender-heartedness towards the culprit nearly always ended in a mild rebuke, and I felt this leniency was often ill rewarded, and discipline no doubt suffered.

Looking back over those years, I am thankful to realize how smoothly on the whole the machinery of the College worked, with these two men, so different in character, at the head of affairs. To both of them, however, the social life of the College was of the highest importance, the week-end dinner-parties of Jowett's time were resumed, the Lodgings once more opened to visitors, parents, and others, carefully planned out weeks beforehand by the Master. He used to come round to the King's Mound, notebook in hand. "Can you dine with me four weeks hence to meet the So-and-so's and bring a daughter?" (These last words used to cause some annoyance to my ungrateful family; it was suspected, probably with some truth, that the Master was vague about the names and order of the said daughters.) The parties themselves were rather ordeals to a girl, the mere aspect of the big drawing-room with its knobby, carved Indian furniture, and usual "tail" of young detached Dons or shy scholars. And to girls of that age the actual food was no attraction of course, though the dinners were exceptionally good, beginning with what I used to call a "miraculous draught of fishes"—an enormous helping of whitebait, a meal in themselves. I afterwards found that the Master's cook had instructions to send up "enough; that is, the dish must look as full when it goes down as when it comes in." Housekeeping on the grand scale indeed! Professor Mackail's little Memoir of J. L. S.-D. gives only a sketch, it is true, of this beloved Master,—stories about him were not many; they always tend to collect round a Master of Balliol, apparently, but the older stories seem to attach themselves more easily to A. L. than to his predecessor, judging from specimens I have seen. I can add one story to the few Professor Mackail gives, and

no doubt there are still those living who can corroborate it!—though I give no names.

*Scene*: The Master's study at 10 p.m. J. L. S.-D. sitting at his table reading the weekly essays of two or three scholars seated by the fire, and occasionally making a note on the College List, which he always kept at hand to assist his memory.

*Enter*: A visitor. Inevitable interruption.

"Excuse me a minute, gentlemen."

In the Master's absence one of the essayists jumps up.

"I wonder what he's written against *my* name!"

The words, in red ink, are unmistakable: "A most unpleasant fellow——!"

My happiest memories of J. L. S.-D. seem to connect him with the two weddings in our family which followed each other in quick succession in 1908: In June came Molly's to Fred Barrington-Ward,<sup>1</sup> who had been elected at All Souls at the same time as Lionel, and who was also the eldest of nine children, so that we made a goodly company trooping across the Master's Field, our special friend of old days, Canon Scott Holland, taking the service. He was Molly's godfather and gave us a wonderful address, a deluge of words and beautiful, intangible thoughts.

We had already, earlier in the year, welcomed our first grandchild, Gertrude's little girl, christened in Balliol Chapel and named Diana (if she had been a boy *Dan* would have been appropriate had we known it, "a troop cometh"! ). J. L. S.-D. took a great interest in these events; but I am not sure that he did not regard our string of daughters as a Balliol preserve; he rather resented their marrying people from other Colleges. As it was, five of them married Balliol men, which would have pleased him.

The wedding of Dorothy with R. H. Hodgkin<sup>2</sup> followed quickly after, in the dull days of December, it is true, so that no procession across the Field was possible, but the service

<sup>1</sup> K.C. Recorder of Chichester.

<sup>2</sup> Fellow of Queen's College.

in Church will always be a specially happy memory, the many friends of the bridegroom—"Friends" in both senses—seemed to bring with them an atmosphere of peace and prayerfulness (our kind Vicar was, however, quite unaware of this, and he might have considered it an intrusion of the heretical !).

I must be forgiven if I seem to spend too much time over these weddings, but I realize that each will have a special interest for a circle ever widening into future years beyond my ken ; to such the details will seem all too scanty. But then I have never been at all good at noticing or describing dresses, etc., nor at organizing elaborate social functions ; we made those days happy days, and the little Church of St. Cross seemed to afford just the right setting for these homely family gatherings. In the twenty years of our sojourn in the Parish so many memories have clustered round it, some sad, some happy ; it is for us, as for many others, a Mecca to which our pilgrim thoughts will always turn.

The little Cemetery adjoining is lovely in springtime. (I wish we had some nice English word for places such as this. "Cemetery" has no meaning to many people ; the German *Gottes Acker* (God's Field) is much better.) I used to wander there and chat with the sexton, whose cottage nestles among the yew trees ; an odd character he was, very jealous of any incursion into his domain. One day I found him reluctantly helping to dig a grave for a Don who had died at Boar's Hill. "Now what I can't understand is 'is wanting to be buried down 'ere, when they've got all that nice 'ealthy, airy place up there. Well" (meditatively), "all I can say, they'll 'ave to 'urry if they wants to be buried down 'ere, we shall be full up soon." I suppose gravediggers do tend to become very matter-of-fact people, but I often wish I had tried to get a little into his deeper thoughts, like Hamlet.

## CHAPTER XIV

### VISIT TO AMERICA: 1910

THE spring of 1910 saw the materialization of a scheme which had long been hoped for and planned by our many American friends. Many difficulties had to be surmounted and much persuasion used, for A. L. after his visit to Egypt and the home-sickness from which he seemed to suffer then, shrank more than ever from leaving home. But at last the efforts of our friend, Mr. George Plimpton of New York, were rewarded by A. L.'s promising to deliver a course of lectures in Columbia University early in 1910. This would, of course, entail his being away from Oxford for the whole of Hilary Term, but A. L. had never had what is called a "Sabbatical Year" off, and the College raised no objection.

I ought perhaps to have decided at once to accompany him, but I felt I might be a drag on his wheels, "queer his pitch" a little, as the sporting phrase goes, and that a selection of daughters would meet the case better. Besides this, I was expecting and hoping for my first grandson in April (a hope in which I was not disappointed). Another reason which decided me was that A. L. would be able to show two of her granddaughters to his mother, then still living in Chicago, a wonderfully alert old lady, though in her ninetieth year. It will be remembered that A. L. and she had not met since his undergraduate days forty years previously, and I could see he was a little anxious about the prospective meeting, after so many years; but the possibility of it was, one of his reasons for accepting Mr. Plimpton's offer.

Accordingly, A. L., Miriam (Bidby), and Margaret left for New York by the Atlantic Transport Line at the end of February, the girls a good deal overawed by the responsibility of taking charge for the first time of their Father, not a very easy person to pack for or to manage on a journey, and always apt to leave everything till the last moment. However, the three months' stay in America seems to have been a great success; the Columbia lectures went off well and A. L. was asked to lecture or speak at many other cities and Universities; the "schedule" of his arrangements would take too long to go through here, but I believe he was able to respond to all the calls on his time, though to do so meant hectic days for every one.

It is not surprising, therefore, that I only received one letter from him in those months, written from Madison, Wisconsin, April 13th. "You will guess how overwhelming things are in this land where all is space but no time,"—the rest is just a recital of journeys, with an allusion to his Mother, with whom he and the girls had spent a happy but too brief week at Chicago. "She is wonderful, and her enjoyment will make it very hard to leave her." Then, at the end, he writes: "The girls are a colossal success" (1).

The said girls' letters are very enthusiastic on what they called "this strange reunion" (of mother and son).

"We travelled all night from Toronto and it was very hot, and every time I pulled my curtain to get a breath of air, my darkie attendant buttoned it up again. . . . About eight we got into Chicago, hot and dirty and sleepy and hungry, met by Aunt A. . . . They dragged Father upstairs. . . . They were alone for a few minutes; very soon, however, they came down, Grandma on Father's arm, wiping her eyes a little but very plucky and placid. . . . she had been very agitated for a few days beforehand, but after she got our wire she was much calmer. She's a darling and wears fascinating clothes, all grey and white with chiffon and lace, like a person in a miniature, and she has such bright, quick eyes, and looks so happy and vivacious,





A. E. WITH HIS BROTHER AND SISTER - 1910



AT THE SUMMER FIGHTS

and has a sort of gay, funny way of saying things that makes it impossible to believe she is really in her ninetieth year.

"Toronto was ripping for the day and a half we were there, it was like meeting a part of Oxford, so many Past and Future members of that place were congregated there, the Bells and E. J. Kylie, and we stayed with the Professor of History and his family (Prof. Wrong), all struggling to come to Oxford, so we could tell them lots of things. They were very Canadian, but it was jolly to get back to British soil and hear something more like our pure native tongue spoken.

"Canada fascinates me, I felt my heart warm towards it. The country is so lovely and looks somehow like the Land of Canaan (not that I have ever seen it!), full of promise, and then it's so splendidly patriotic, *much* more so than England is, English and insular to the backbone, only somehow what is insular and absurd and rather petty with us strikes one as rather magnificent in a colony and *such* a colony as this is. The people look jollier and their manners everywhere are much better than the Americans'.

"Who said Chicago was a horrible place? Of course everyone in New York,—but still— Here we are on the outskirts, it is true. As to the town itself, when we went yesterday and had lunch at the great Store Marshall Field (where you can buy anything you want, a huge place like a doll's-house on an enormous scale), we did think it worse than N.Y. as far as noise, stupefying din, dirt, and dust, and objectionable hustling crowds. But *here* every house has its little garden, and the Park, oh! We walked six miles yesterday morning with Aunt A., cutting Church (who knows, it might have been a Christian Science one!).

"After Toronto it was like being plunged from February into June; everything exquisitely green and flowery and grassy, and Sunday crowds playing baseball and disporting themselves over the grass in the jolliest way. M. and I were ecstatically happy at being able to walk on green grass again and under green trees for the first time since last summer in England. I guess things are further on here than with you at this time; this reminds me of Eights Week rather, only things are fresher. To-day is piping hot again, 80 degrees in the shade."

The other sister writes from Chicago :

" Every one looks very guilty when we have to confess that we have to be at Washington on April 16th, and Grandma sniffs (though she is not a lachrymose person in the least), and we hastily change the subject. I rather dread the moment of parting—to think that Father and she will never meet again in this life ; but Father says she's a Swedenborgian and doesn't really believe in death, so perhaps her religion will be her comforter. They are so kind and jolly to us that even if we never succeed in really believing that they are relations, they are very good friends and that's better. Father says, ' Why I did you think I was like Methuselah ? ' (she means Melchisedek !). I suppose I fancied him a sort of Phoenix sprung from no one but himself !

" *Park Avenue, New York.* St. Patrick's Day was fun. There was tremendous enthusiasm there over it, not surprising when one is told that there are almost more Irish here than in Ireland. . . . We think we dined at the wrong house one night, because they did not seem to know anything about us, nor we about them, but it has served its purpose and a basis for one of Father's funny stories ever since.

" On our way back in the subway we had an adventure with a slightly excited and very amorous (!) Irish gentleman, who buttonholed Father and made him say he was half Irish (we were wearing our green cloaks !). We thought at first he was an old College friend, until he directed us to go bang in the wrong direction, and Father began dismissing him rather curtly. Father really is an amusing talker, he has a way of being humorous to porters, shop-people, etc., and I suppose they think him rather an ' eccentric old buffer ' even for a Britisher."

\* \* \* \* \*

*From Cambridge, Mass.* " It rained the whole day we were at Washington, steadily, and the atmosphere of Bishops and Deans (among whom Father's Deanship " [he was " Dean " of Balliol at the time] " was looked upon as a fraud, I think) was a bit too holy for us. Every one kept on asking if we knew Archdeacon So-and-So, and the Very Rev. Someone else, and all the walls were covered with photos of Bishops and old religious pictures, and people

went to Church all day long and said graces about a mile long before and after meals. . . . However, Father is undoubtedly a '*succès fou*.' How all the great men of every place hang on his words, and how they sit at his feet ! It's the one drop of bitterness in our festive cup that you aren't here to see it and share in our pride."

\* \* \* \* \*

The unbounded hospitality shown to the children and their Father can only be gratefully and inadequately recorded here. Our special friends in New York, Mr. G. H. Putnam and Mr. George Plimpton, took endless trouble to smooth over difficulties for these inexperienced travellers, so that the girls' anxieties were limited to occasional hunts for an errant stud, or a mislaid pipe, and I believe that on no single occasion did the party fail to be in time for the train. This must have meant wear and tear of tissue for some one.

A very peaceful and interesting time was spent at Concord, Mass., where the girls renewed their acquaintance with the two clever children with whom they had romped in the hay in our Oxford garden, Constance and Fritz Binney, nieces of our friend Basil Miles, wonderful, agile little things even in those days and now known all over the world as Film Stars, but from all accounts quite unspoilt by success. It was at Concord, I think, that A. L. received the cable from Oxford announcing the birth of a son, Thomas Lionel, to Dorothy and Robin Hodgkin, our first grandson.

The following is from a friend of many years' standing, to whom I had written to thank her for her kindness to the travellers :

"Your note is very kind and most undeserved by me. It has been the greatest pleasure from first to last, and I now miss them, so I am quite lost. . . . As to your husband, you can imagine what it has been to us to have him with us again. He has the most wonderful power of friendship, and it is always there, even after fourteen years. Mr. Plimpton said, 'It is a benediction to have you and your daughters in my house,' and so we all feel. I am so proud

to have such a friend. The trouble is no one is as interesting as he, and we are always getting disappointments because we keep on hoping to find one! Thank you a thousand times for sending them to us, the memory of it will last us for ever."

"(L. C.)"

\* \* \* \*

And so the wonderful three months came to an end. There had been so much to do in the time, lectures prepared and unprepared to deliver, sometimes at very short notice; all sorts of audiences to face, endless introductions and interviews, the rapidly-made friendships which men like A. L. always seem to make so easily, the long train journeys. It is not surprising that the rush of new sensations and experiences, to say nothing of the really hard brainwork which the constant speaking involved, seemed almost to crowd out the memory of that pathetic little interlude, the brief meeting of mother and son, and the final inevitable parting. To a mother it might almost seem better never to have met again than to meet in such a way, and then part for ever; but I think neither mother nor son took it in that way. It was a real joy to both, and when, a few years after, I had to break to A. L., early one morning, the tidings of his Mother's death, the fact that he had been able to travel all those miles to see her was a great comfort to him. In the few days together the years of separation ceased to count for anything. Intellectually they had much in common, the dogged industry which had wrestled successfully with all the difficulties of A. L.'s youth, and which his tutors at Balliol had noticed, must have been inherited from this dauntless little woman, who, after the hardest of lives and more than her share of sorrows, hampered still further by a broken hip, set herself at ninety-two years of age to learn Hebrew, so that she might be able to read the Psalms in the original, also (as a convinced Swedenborgian) "because it was the language of the Angels."

## CHAPTER XV

### VARIED INTERESTS

THE homeward voyage from America seems to have been a happy time. They sailed on the *Arabic*, whose cheerful and friendly Captain Finch made great friends with them. (He was afterwards torpedoed, but escaped drowning, and I hope is still alive.) A. L. seems to have been rather monopolized by a lady of inquiring mind, with whom he paced the decks without stopping (according to his daughters) from New York to Liverpool! He came home in excellent health and spirits, having enjoyed every moment and also appreciated, more than I had thought possible, the society and help of his daughters.

I have not given any record of the lectures themselves. They were mostly on abstruse subjects, such as the old writers on Economics and Political Science, Locke, Hamilton, etc., not on the lines familiar to A. L.'s old Oxford audiences, but dealing with abstract rather than concrete questions, and with the philosophical views of those writers. But A. L.'s work in those fields of thought is out of my province altogether, and I must content myself with giving as true a picture as I can of the man, as he was at home and among his intimates.

Gleaning in the fields of memory, I am struck by many things which at the time I seem to have taken for granted, in especial I recall time after time his sympathy and interest in whatever dreams or plans I consulted him about. He never threw cold water, never discouraged me, and sometimes my ideas must have seemed to him quixotic or foolish.



(but then he had a strong vein of quixotism himself, as all will allow!).

It was no doubt this sort of simplicity which endeared him to such friends as his old College contemporary, Lord Newlands, the benefactor of whom I have already written. I was struck with this when I saw them together on the occasion when we paid a few days' visit to Mauldslee Castle in September, 1909. It cost us somewhat of an effort to leave our large party at Flamborough, and it proved to be almost the only visit we managed to pay together in twenty years, but it was well worth doing. The gentle kindness of host and hostess, the comfort of the Scottish home, the amusement of watching a "house-party" in the restrictions of a Scottish Sunday. Those were the days of Jig-Saw Puzzles, and a large five-hundred-piece one was in process of completion, a very complicated affair of Highland soldiers in battle, all legs and arms and kilts and flags. Alas! on Sunday morning, this enticing thing was covered with a sheet, not to be touched till Monday! But a wet Sunday afternoon and the pleadings of some unregenerates managed to get the embargo relaxed, and peace reigned, dear Lord Newlands not quite approving but too kind to be severe.

I remember, though, that he stood out firmly against playing cards for money the next day, so that he could be firm when he thought it necessary. I am very glad that it has never been my fate to have to run a house-party; somehow one cannot ensure the "salad" having all the right ingredients, and there is, besides, the risk of the "bad mixer" spoiling everything. Not that this was the case at Mauldslee. The *only* drawback there was that Scottish fare is so excellent, and Scottish hosts in their wonderful hospitality are so hurt if one declines a dish; the only solution I found was to skip one meal altogether, and pretend I had a headache! And this brought me the sympathy and pet remedies of all the company. I found aspirin, Carter's pills, and other more drastic remedies all arrayed

on my dressing-table. I survived and wrestled successfully with dinner.

It was like going back into another world to return to Bamburgh and fresh herrings and mushrooms, and the daily scramble for the hot bath ; but our little trip was good for both of us. It stands out still as a wonderful and unique experience, for it was, of course, becoming more and more difficult for me to leave home. Our elder daughters being now married, there was no one responsible to leave in charge ; and, besides, for some time past I had been anxious about my old Aunt, Miss Jane Baird, my Father's only surviving sister, now over eighty years old, a woman of great physical vigour and most determined character (what they call in the North an old "standard"). She had been failing mentally for some years, and had landed herself in serious financial tangles, while all the time continuing to work in the Parish of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, to which Church she had been devoted for years. She was also an Associate of the Clewer Sisterhood.

So there were many knots to untie when, with the concurrence of her lawyer, I finally descended on her, literally kidnapped her, and brought her to Oxford, where for a time she lived in the care of a nurse ; but this plan proving a failure there seemed no other alternative but that she should spend her last years with us at the King's Mound.

I thought I would not tell A. L. of this move at first, but if it in any way inconvenienced him my Aunt should go elsewhere. Ten days passed, and things had settled down comfortably when one morning A. L. asked, "Who is it in the schoolroom saying the Te Deum so loudly ?" I explained, and of course he fell in with my plan at once, and was glad that we were able to offer a shelter to one who had been all our lives a most devoted aunt, and had helped to nurse us in illness ever since I could remember. Her small income would prevent her being an additional financial burden, and as she was now in a condition of happy "childishness" she was no trouble to A. L. Two kind

nurses shared the care of the patient, so I had little to do for her.

Towards the end (she only lived two years after I brought her from London) it seemed as if all the religion she had learnt and practised so devoutly was a thing of the past; nothing remained, or so I thought. But about a week before she died we noticed that she seemed to be trying to say something, and her eyes looked anxious and eager. She was too weak to speak, and I could not think what words she wanted, when suddenly I had an inspiration: I began the "Comfortable Words" out of the Liturgy. I said them through twice, and she folded her hands as if in prayer, and said distinctly: "Thank God." Those were the words she wanted, and over and over again I said them to her. She never spoke, but always they brought her relief and peace.

I write this because it shows how even when the *mind* to all appearances is gone, the *memory*, stored with words familiar through constant hearing and use, may bring us help in time of need. The phrase "learnt by heart" has always since then borne a new meaning for me. Others, in a like condition, may be helped by this story; this is my only reason for telling it. It does not bear on A. L.'s life, except that whatever helped me helped him.

He loved, too, to feel our house was of use to other people; it satisfied his strong sense of hospitality, so that even when on one occasion I added to our troop of nine children another family of three small boys, our Threlfall nephews, while their parents were absent on a three months' trip to Australia, A. L. really seemed to enjoy the extra noise and chatter. Whooping cough descended on the whole party, and one of the boys was in great danger, but I seem only to remember happy games in the garden, hockey and cricket on a baby scale, but a great delight to A. L., who was never so happy as when he was instructing beginners.

The crowded years with which I am now dealing would need many pages in which to do justice to them, and there

are many aspects of A. L.'s work on which I am unfitted to write, even though he invariably discussed with me any problem which arose, accepting sometimes advice which I felt some hesitation in giving. One very embarrassing way he had: perhaps some applicant for an important post would turn up, and, after an interview with A. L., I would be called out into the corridor. "I want you to take Mr. So-and-so for a little, talk to him, see what you make of him and let me know." (I hope the visitor did not realize what was happening; as for myself, I shrank from such responsibility, but in the end had to deliver a judgment—a judgment which as often as not was not acted on; but the lapse of years has shown me that quite often I was right!)

Various writers have dealt with A. L.'s activities in Oxford and outside, but many of these records are buried in the files of newspapers, so that I may be justified in alluding to some of the more important work which came to him in those years.

The election to a Curatorship of the Bodleian Library was a special pleasure to him, and he worked hard at trying to solve the perpetual problem of housing-space for the yearly deluge of new books. I remember him spending hours over the plans for the subterranean storerooms, and the even keener interest he took in covering the otherwise unsightly pavements with mould and grass, turning it in time into quite a respectable lawn, in spite of the pessimistic prophecies of his colleagues. To his efforts and sympathy, and the gift of saying the right word at the right time, was due, no doubt, the splendid benefaction to the Library given by the late Lord Brassey (our old friend "Tab," one of the most loyal of Balliol's loyal sons).

In all A. L.'s Bodleian work his great stand-by and friend was the Reg. Prof. of Medicine, the late Sir William Osler, and it was always a delight when he could be persuaded to come in for a cup of tea after one of their fatiguing Committees. The only thing that sometimes spoilt our

pleasure in this was the feeling that we were keeping "the Beloved Physician" away from some one else who needed him! But his very presence was a tonic and stimulant to us all.

Another Committee which A. L. attended most faithfully was the Council of Lady Margaret Hall. He had, of course, always taken a great interest in women's education, more especially in Oxford, and up till about 1914 had found time to coach a few women pupils. I believe there was keen competition among the students for this honour! This Committee seems to have been of a kind very common in Oxford; no problems seemed ever to come up except on one or two occasions when some legal or religious point arose; the latter worried A. L. a good deal, and he preferred discussions over sub-lunar topics such as the games-fields. I used to wonder sometimes how he got on that Committee, or how, being on it, he managed to remain on it; but his fair-mindedness and his real desire to share in the religious as well as the educational life of the University made him no doubt a valuable member of that body.

We had not thought it wise for our own daughters to try for Scholarships at Oxford, partly that they would better learn independence away from home, partly that Girton, at any rate, is at some distance from the University, and seemed, so to speak, more apart from it. Three of our girls, in course of time, did gain Scholarships at Girton and gratified their Father by many First Classes, in History. I think of one of these being very kindly coached at home for a short time by a (now) very distinguished Professor of History. I came in, and the two, on opposite sides of the table, were looking at each other rather acrimoniously. As I went out I heard: "But Father says——" I don't know which won the day!

The position of resident Trustee of the University Endowment Fund involved A. L. in much extra work, long discussions with Heads of Houses and other University officials, and at stated intervals a meeting at the House of

Lords, which entailed a certain anxiety on my part, lest his well-known indifference to sartorial correctness should bring discredit on his College. I don't think I was always successful, but by this time the Committee knew his ways, and his hat, which was always a trouble to me, could be left outside the Room. These trips to London, and the other more frequent trips to the North and to the Potteries, to address A. L.'s W.E.A. friends, came almost as a rest to him from the daily rush of teaching and frequent interruptions; not less, I think, a rest from the arduous exercise he indulged in as long as sight and stiffened muscles allowed; but he always had in mind Sir William Jenner's advice to him in 1878, and trusted that in carrying it out he was saving himself from further kidney trouble.

The work with the W.E.A. and Extension Classes, and later, the organization of the Tutorial Classes, went on increasingly, and as always A. L. was in the forefront of all these movements, inspiring the leaders, making friends with students, men and women, never sparing himself, always ready to help anybody, Don or undergraduate; the only difficulty was to find hours enough in the day. My own work seems to have been just "keeping him going," getting appointments kept as punctually as might be (not a very easy task), getting rid of some caller who often, to do him justice, was not the real offender. A. L.'s active brain never allowed that a subject could be finished and done with, and the "last words" often took him out at the gate and along the road, or kept him pacing up and down the lawn (a very favourite plan), while the "next man" chafed impatiently in the study and tried not to be bored by my efforts at consolation.

The coming of the Rhodes Scholars to Oxford brought a delightful fresh interest into A. L.'s life, the more so because of his long friendship with Sir George Parkin. It may easily be imagined what a thrilling experience a conversation between these two enthusiasts meant for myself and other privileged hearers. I remember especially one evening



when I was allowed to be of the company in the study, and five or six of our undergraduates sat spellbound, closely together, like sparrows on a bough, with eyes and beaks wide open, I thought, while the two talked "imperially" for nearly two hours. Visionaries they both were, but it is comforting to know that some at least of their visions have materialized.

The applications from the earlier candidates from American States were often rather amusing. Needless to say those who came to Balliol found a ready friend in A. L.; they were perhaps easier of approach than the English Public Schoolboy. We made dear friends among them, and welcomed one of the best eventually as a son-in-law. But I am anticipating.

All these engrossing interests and the duty of shepherding A. L. so that he could fulfil all his engagements, made life at times rather arduous for me. I could never get him to decline any invitation to lecture or speak or help, even though at times it was quite obvious that he was taking too much out of himself. On one occasion an attack of bronchitis kept him in bed, but he only submitted after I had rashly offered to go and read his lecture for him, the place being Bolton and the subject "Education."

The promoter of the Lecture was so pathetically keen about having A. L. there, that my pity was roused on his behalf, but I now marvel at my courage, for it meant spending the night with strangers. A kind local magnate took me in, and the address had to be given in a crowded hall. My feelings may be imagined, but I took comfort from the fact that, so I hoped, no one knew me. I read quite distinctly and made the proper "points," though I could not, of course, introduce any of the little funny bits which came into A. L.'s mind and enlivened all his lectures.

When it came to being heckled, however, I am afraid I could only say: "I can't help it, that is what the paper says." People were kind, but my dismay can be imagined when there arose in the body of the Hall a somewhat familiar

figure—our old friend Mr. Costley White, now Head Master of Westminster. However, he too greeted me kindly and did not criticize; that was the only *contretemps*, if it can be called one, and A. L. was greatly pleased to hear my adventures, but fortunately it was an experiment I was not called upon to repeat.

It will be seen that these were anxious days, and looking back I realize that I should never have got through it if it had not been for the opportunity of outside work which opened for me at about that period. It is easier to carry two heavy buckets than one, as everybody knows, and to have some definite and absorbing work outside the home brings great refreshment of spirit, "the labour one delights in physicks pain." Apart from that, I had often a guilty and uncomfortable feeling that I was doing nothing at all for the many poor in this city of contrasts. The experiences of A. L.'s time as a Poor Law Guardian still remained to trouble me. The difficulty was to find some organization not already crowded with helpers, and, when found, the still greater difficulty of overcoming one's own inadequacy. I had, as I have already explained, rather a haphazard education, and had not made up the deficiency by studying, as some of my friends did, after being married. True, I did read German with one friend, but the experiment was not a success. I always wanted to skip impossible words and "carry on" with the plot, and chafed against my progress being impeded by a hunt in the dictionary.

The work which eventually came my way meant at first a very great effort. I was asked to speak at Mothers' Meetings (for no apparent reason but that I was a mother), and also for the Mothers' Union. I had never attempted such a thing, but A. L. gave me much encouragement,—groundless encouragement really, as nothing would have induced me to speak in his presence to any audience. I suppose one is always more shy of one's own family.

At first I used to try to "write a paper," in the orthodox way, but I soon found this impossible, thoughts would not

seem to flow from my pen. It reminded me of old days in the schoolroom at Teddington, when, after an hour of agonized effort, there was only a chewed pen to show for it. No; I found the only way was to be full of my subject, think it well over, and perhaps scribble a few notes (generally impossible to decipher when the time came), and in this way I made a beginning, and found it much easier than I expected. The difficulty at first was to know how to stop, to end up properly, I mean. Sometimes I felt like a mouse drowning in a bucket, swimming round and round and finding no way out, but after a while I learnt to manage better. (This gives me a certain sympathy with the preachers of too long sermons.)

Some words of the American Revivalist, Dr. Torrey, helped me a good deal, especially when my subject was a purely religious one. "Empty yourself, be nothing but a channel, keep the channel clear, and words will come." I would not write down this rather intimate and personal experience, only that perhaps others, equally ignorant and ill-equipped, and yet with a burning desire to be of use, may take courage from what I have over and over again found to be true. In a strange way, too, I think the audience are affected by the mental attitude of the speaker. They differ, of course, but with some I have felt as if I were at the pedals of a wonderful organ, eliciting waves of harmony and emotion. It is an indescribable experience, and always I remember Dr. Torrey's words, and the more sacred promise, "It shall be given to you in that same hour what ye shall speak."

A. L. took great interest in these ventures of mine, and sometimes we used to discuss the various subjects. More and more as the years went on the religious side of life occupied his thoughts; we were able to help each other, and it was refreshing to come back to him after I had perhaps been addressing a rather "patronizing" M.U. meeting in the country (there *are* some, I fear). He would always see both sides of a question and try to insist on my doing

so. Sometimes in later life this led to his making vacillating decisions, and I used to beg him to let the other side look after itself, and concentrate on the one; and often I chafed at hearing the too familiar words, "*Audi alteram partem.*" It was this perhaps exaggerated sense of fairness and justice which prevented him from ever being a keen politician, and yet he never expected anything good to come of a Coalition Government,—these inconsistencies, no doubt, puzzled others as well as myself.

When the Reform of the Marriage Laws came up in Parliament, a subject on which the Mothers' Union took a very strong line, A. L. quite approved of my refusing to sign a paper sent round to all speakers, promising to speak against all new legislation. I felt and still feel that the question does not come into the lives of the great majority of M.U. members; those whose standard of life is high do not want to hear about it. Those on a lower level, however, can and do read about Divorce in their Sunday papers, and naturally think it a privilege of the well-to-do and quite beyond them. The "way-out" for matrimonial difficulties which I found satisfied the consciences of the authorities of the M.U.—*separation*—means in many cases the husband and wife "taking up" each of them with a fresh partner, with dire results to the family. So, after a good many years, my connection with the M.U. came to an end. It was often a considerable strain, involving railway journeys and long days away, but it was worth it, and even though my audiences and I were but "ships that pass in the night," I remember some still with great thankfulness.

There were plenty of other opportunities in Oxford, and even at Bamburgh later on, when the Children's Special Service Mission spent some weeks there,—a body of Cambridge undergraduates and a few ladies, led by Mr. Mowll (now Bishop of West China). These enthusiasts did not quite grasp the conditions at Bamburgh, a village which for sixty years and more had been considered an outpost of

High Anglicanism, and where no Chapel existed. They themselves were some of them Presbyterians and some Nonconformists, others Church people, but one and all tremendously keen and inspired with a real missionary spirit.

It was a strange experience for me to sit on the sands, in the sort of amphitheatre prepared every tide by the athletic workers, and see these youths, very young most of them, and attired in flannels and blazers, standing on a sand-heap, the children arranged around, each man ready with his "message," but often, I must admit, showing great unfamiliarity with the Bible narrative. They could not work long with Mr. Mowll, however, without learning; he was the most wonderful expounder of the Scriptures I have ever heard, a man without much sense of humour, but in spite of that a born leader; his staff beside him seemed mere schoolboys or the freshest of Freshmen. (They are all probably by now inspired teachers, as he was.)

Then there would be hymns and choruses, and here I came in, as the "organist" who worked the collapsible harmonium had to leave. I offered to try and play, not an easy thing, as the sand blew in and choked the bellows, and collapsing occurred spontaneously at awkward moments. I fear the members of my own family rather fought shy of the Mission, and in Church circles the whole thing was considered an intrusion; but "the common people heard them gladly," and I have always been thankful for what I learnt from them myself. At my Infant Welfare Centre I still play their hymns for the Mothers. Music is very soothing to babies, and toddlers come up shyly and put a finger on a note, with perhaps surprising results.

I did not intend to mention my Baby work, because everybody who knows me has connected me with babies all my life long; even so, it was with some misgivings that I consented to start a little Centre on my own lines in a "difficult" parish, i.e. where much poverty and ignorance, and, of course, much prejudice were expected to meet our

efforts at every turn. My "lines" were non-existent, and the experiment succeeded. It was only one of many Centres in this straggling city of Oxford, where one large Centre would be of little avail, but it would almost appear that such work can be carried out more efficiently on a small scale. Groups of from forty to sixty allow of a real intimacy between the helpers and the helped, problems are talked over, lifelong friendships formed, sunshine brought into the lives of the plucky, struggling mothers, and not less into other lives, which, like my own, lacked for many years just such a sphere of usefulness. Oxford, as is well known, in spite of its bad housing conditions, has one of the lowest Infant Mortality rates in England.

The garden at the King's Mound proved an ideal place for tea-parties, and later, when the numbers had increased, the College kindly lent the Cricket Pavilion for our annual summer festivity. Alas! those spacious days are over now, but the memories are still vivid.

A. L. used to look in at the tea hour, but could never be induced to "say a few words," and, indeed, the chattering, giggling rows of mothers, and still more the babies, induced in him a real fit of shyness, most unusual in him. If I did succeed in introducing him to any of them, what I think struck them was the courtesy, so instinctive in him, more marked perhaps just because he was less at home with the individual in the concrete than with the class whose problems and difficulties were always in his mind. I suppose it is difficult for the philosophic mind to descend to details and individuals, though to A. L. certainly each pupil seemed at the time to occupy all his mind and thoughts.

As I write of his old-fashioned courtesy, I am reminded of the amused look in the eyes of my friends when perhaps A. L. and I met on our various ways and he took his hat off, as always, to me. And yet he had not had the early training of most boys (from the elastic-under-chin days), for he came to Oxford from Christ's Hospital, where head-gear is unknown. So perhaps what must be a bore to other



boys was a pleasant novelty to him. I have not, however, noticed this trait in other "Old Blues."

To return to those happy afternoons on the Master's Field. It was one of the great pleasures of A. L.'s life to be able to share the beautiful green spaces with others, and no doubt his thoughts often went back to the time when he and the old Master, Jowett, used to walk together down the narrow passage known then as Love's Lane, which led to Holywell Church and skirted the rather ramshackle private gardens now covered by the Master's Field, and discuss their plans for the future development of the ground. Illusory dreams they must have seemed at the time to anybody other than the two enthusiasts, but perseverance carried the dreamers through, and I think even the long-dead owners of those little gardens would admit how greatly the present wide stretches of lovely green add to the amenities of Oxford.

In the summer of 1913 the Field was the scene of yet another wedding procession, that of our fifth daughter, Margaret, and John Gordon Jameson,<sup>1</sup> son of Lord Ardwall, and himself an old Balliol man. This time I *do* remember the dresses of the bridesmaids. They wore long blue diaphanous veils over green silk gowns, just the tints of the lovely delphinium spikes they carried. Afterwards, as the large party "as usual" crossed the Field, a wonderful sight in the brilliant July sunshine, I specially recall the friendly figure of the Master (J. L. S.-D.) enjoying himself among the bridesmaids. His tall, stooping form was a picturesque figure in any company, and his kind face was all smiles, though even by this time I doubt if he could really distinguish one of our daughters from another, and he was always vague about their names.

<sup>1</sup> Sheriff-Substitute of the Lothians and Peebles.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE GREAT WAR

**B**UT the years of tragedy were drawing near, and they cloud my memories of the following months, which, as usual, saw us at Bamburgh; even with our depleted family we managed to fill our elastic little house. A third generation was springing up and the grandchildren were beginning to learn the joys of the sands and rocks, the "baps" and "Berwick cockles" unknown to Southerners. It is indeed a children's Paradise which nothing can spoil, not even the crowds of trippers, nor the ever-increasing number of people to whom the little village is just a centre for tennis and golf tournaments. Fortunately, for them the sands and rocks have few attractions, apart from the morning bath, soon over, for it is not a sea to dawdle in, nor (its one drawback) a sea wherein to teach children to swim, but beautiful beyond compare in sunshine, with wonderful shades of blue and green, unlike the muddiness of the same sea further south.

Two curious experiences during that summer at Bamburgh have always remained in my memory, riveted there by the events of the following year. One was a haunting dream, in which I seemed to awake to the sound of men's loud voices in the house, an invasion of Germans, I felt sure, for I seemed to catch German words. I awoke in a terror which remained with me for days; I could not shake it off, it had the quality few dreams have and which I have only experienced once before in my life. A few days later I was out in the little garden, watching for the return of

the children from their walk, and gazing up into the almost cloudless sky. A slight southerly breeze was blowing, though the day was warm. As I gazed abstractedly upwards I noticed a tiny oblong cloud, a sort of fragment all by itself, and it dawned upon me with surprise that it was flying alone *against* the wind. It pursued its strange course, but, though at the time I wondered, I thought no more about it until two years after, when the solution came to me, and I have no doubt now that the little oddly-shaped cloud was a Zeppelin doing a trial trip, that particular trip which afterwards proved such a disastrous one for the enemy. In August, 1913, it must have been quite plain sailing.

So "coming events cast their shadows before," but I cannot remember that England was feeling any qualms or threatenings; a number of people had read the *Riddle of the Sands*, which had been published some years before, and had made a great impression on a few, but the mind of the country was at peace. "Seek peace and ensue it" might have been the national motto. A. L. himself never seemed in any doubt that the prevailing peace and prosperity would continue, but then he was an optimist in spite of all his historical knowledge; it was not a philosophical sort of optimism, but that which grows out of the faculty of always seeing the best in other people, and hoping and expecting the best from them.

The end of July, 1914, found us all once more preparing for our summer trek to the North, too busy to look for or to notice, if it were visible, the little cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" in the summer skies. And A. L.'s College and other business often left him scarcely time to read the papers; he was never good at skimming them and had to take his time. Or he may have had fears which he kept to himself. At any rate, it was only during the actual journey to Bamburgh, a journey I shall never forget, that he seemed to become aware of the inevitability of the World crisis, and the terrible possibilities or probabilities involved in the Serajevo outrage. He said little to us, but the cloud

was over him, never really to be lifted again ; his optimism and faith in humanity seemed to receive a shock from which it never entirely recovered.

The later days of that fateful week have too often been described and live still in too many memories ; the whole country held its breath and waited. " War with Germany ! it's unthinkable," exclaimed my brother-in-law, Richard Threlfall,<sup>1</sup> as we were discussing the situation in the little study at St. Aidan's. " *Unthinkable* "—why did that word strike a knell in my heart ? It seemed the echo of another word, heard once before, as I passed through the Oxford streets on a sunny April day, " Disaster to the *Titanic*, but *unsinkable*," and yet the impossible, the unthinkable did happen, and the blow fell. For once I think we all longed to be at home in Oxford, nearer the centre of things ; we felt cut off in distant Bamburgh, but not for long ; the little village buzzed with rumours, of the wildest description, sovereigns and half-sovereigns disappeared as if by magic (I suppose this happened all over England, but sometimes I have wondered if secret hoards of gold may not still be waiting in the potato patches till the day when Bradburys shall be no more). Northumbrians are " canny " like their neighbours. It seemed as if many found relief from the pressing fears of the moment by concentrating on matters of detail, or else it was the first stage of the curious anæsthesia which did so much to help us through the awful years of the War.

Then came the first " Casualty List "—five short lines I think it was, but what agony of mind they brought ! We little realized what would have to follow, nor what a long-drawn-out tragedy we were facing. A. L. and many others, I think the great majority even of those who were able to judge, spoke of three or four months seeing the end of the War, and of the adequacy of the Expeditionary Force to do all that was wanted. But this optimistic view only lasted a short time. I remember the sinking of heart while we up

<sup>1</sup> Sir Richard Threlfall, F.R.S.

there passed through the first period of agitated preparations, our fears fed by rumours of all sorts, telephone messages coming in daily mostly, as we afterwards found, from quite unreliable sources, but none the less disturbing : Germans landing at Tweedmouth—naval action in the North Sea and our Admiral's flagship sunk—fifty wounded landed at Berwick, the village schools must be cleaned up and got ready to receive them. (This meant a scrubbing by the local V.A.D.'s such as the building had never had before.) All the ladies set to making swabs, our house was inspected. "We want to know exactly how many wounded you can take in." And, of course, of the Russian myth we had definite and particular proofs every day. The attitude of the Coastguard, always rather mysterious, only served to increase the disquiet I was ashamed to own. I even longed to be away from the sea, with its awful possibilities. In vain one struggled to ignore the daily rumours, but it is never easy to sift truth from falsehood, especially when one's nerves are on edge, decisions to be taken, Lionel going off to join the Cyclists' Corps which R. A. Johnson was collecting, and which he hoped would get out to the Front in three months.

I remember standing with Lionel on the battlements of the Castle, on a lovely Sunday afternoon, the sea in a blue haze, not a breeze stirring, the sands simmering in the hot sun. I remember my arguments and his replies. How many others have been through that poignant experience ! But most were braver than I was, and of the sons—but I find no words for them. I think the hymn, so familiar now to us all, "O Valiant Hearts," is loved just because it finds its echo in thousands of mother-hearts now and ever since.

I have written "mother-hearts," but A. L. bore his share in that anxious time like other fathers. A certain pride of patriotism came to help him ; the real interest of the father is in the growing son : "Soon he will be able to play cricket, to ride or fish with me." But to the mother the son remains always her *baby*, and she shrinks from any-

thing which seems to part her from him,—and what partings this War has meant! I could never see the companies of Cadets marching through the streets without a pang of realization. But the Mothers of England made their effort, even though it meant the tearing asunder of soul and body.

It was a relief when the time came for us to return to Oxford, a sadly changed Oxford already, workmen preparing the Examination Schools to become, in an incredibly short time, the Third Southern General Hospital; in the streets already the grey capes edged with scarlet of the Army Nurses; the men in Hospital blue soon to become a familiar, too familiar, sight.

Writing of this period I sometimes wonder if it is only the result of advancing age, or whether to most people those years of the War live in their memories more as a sort of hectic dream than as a reality. Oxford is always a busy place, but in that fateful September of 1914, while the flower of our youth were flocking to the Colours, others burned with the desire to do something to dull the inevitable anguish of mind which lurked behind the pride of patriotism. For A. L., as the College, in common with the whole University, was speedily depleted, there came a trying time of waiting and wondering and disillusion; farewells against which even his persistent optimism was not proof, and yet he was always ready to put away fears; and who could do otherwise, when the khaki-clad Second-Lieutenants came with their beaming faces to report and have a parting word of cheer from him? "I have never in all my life felt so glad as when the Board passed me as fit," said one, and how could one do otherwise than respond to such enthusiasm, even if one's heart sank (as no doubt the Spartan mother's did!).

But more trying even than this, to men of A. L.'s age, was the enforced inactivity, their life's work crumbling to pieces, as it were, no possible chance of serving their country, as it seemed at first. Later A. L.'s chance came, the opportunity of addressing Officers in Training Camps, groups



of industrial workers, in centres all over the country ; and with all this the important task of keeping the College together, reduced by this time to a mere handful of undergraduates, but soon to be made the head-quarters of Cadet Companies, the staff scattered in all directions, some already commissioned, others in various forms of War work under Government ; the Master already terribly shaken by the losses of the first few months, and sadly facing the daily task of inscribing fresh names on the College Roll of Honour. A. L.'s task was therefore no light one. But it was not the time for light duties. Only hard and engrossing work could carry one through those days, and I was thankful that such work came to our share. The Master's Field re-echoed from the early morning onwards with the sharp words of command, Company after Company marching in for drill ; the most difficult thing to teach and acquire seemed to me to be the word of command itself ; the gentle sounds produced by the Cadet contrasting oddly with the harsh and truculent orders of the Sergeant, generally a Regular. I wondered whether some would ever acquire the right tone, but this did not prevent them from being, in their turn, leaders of their men, as the College War Memorial Book testifies.

Then came the arrival of the "Belgiums." I had begged the Committee to give me a refugee *mother* to look after, and one day one was handed over to my care, a young thing who had just landed after a three days' voyage, in charge of her wounded officer husband. She arrived with a small hand-basket,—her first baby due in a week, so that I had my wish to the full, and of course A. L., too, was glad that our house should be put to a good use. The baby daughter was born a week later. The husband managed to get leave from the Hospital in the small hours of the morning, and it was a very happy little family party in my bedroom that day. I was sorry for the poor man, a "Flamand" of the peasant type, rather inarticulate, and apparently condemned to wear in all waking hours (and

perhaps at night) a flat celluloid contraption over all the lower parts of his face in order to keep his long waxed *favoris* in place and thereby give him a fierce and belligerent appearance, but on his flat Flemish face it was only rather comic and pathetic.

After the first few weeks I fear I must confess that my experiences with "Belgiums" were not very happy. Nothing was good enough for our little Madame B. Our house "*pas du tout chic*," the special Mass arranged for Belgians "*pas gai*," she must go to the later Mass, and "*voir le monde*" (thereby cutting me off from Church altogether, as I must mind Baby while she was out). "*Mais pour vous*," said Madame, "*ce n'est pas obligatoire*." But we put good work into her and her baby, a dear little thing who thrived under my care, and was fitted out by kind friends with all sorts of pretty garments. It was not our fault that she left us rather suddenly when Baby was seven months old, to join her brother, she said, in Paris, since when no word of her has reached us, though we have made frequent inquiries. She was, I hope, rather an exception.

Another mother whom I helped later, at her baby's birth at the "Cardinal's Hat," was touchingly grateful. To what strange uses those dusty College rooms were put in those days, and what risks the mothers and babies ran, with Doctors in their khaki flannel shirts straight from the Hospital wards, and the dust of ages all over floor and furniture; still, the babies did well, and the mothers, and some must have a grateful corner in their hearts for Oxford still.

In the first excitement of the War it was natural that some would-be helpers rather lost their heads; the presence of three Germans in the Hospital wards stirred emotions in one indiscreet lady, who brought them cake and sweets every day, until it ended by arousing the jealousy of a "Belge" in the same ward. A spiteful attack by him led to the Germans, one a pleasant Bavarian boy, being placed in a ward apart. The visiting of the wounded, a "corporal work of mercy," inevitably led to undesirables finding

their way into Hospital, in spite of all the vigilance of the authorities ; one poor man, I remember, complained bitterly that he was " never left alone." Things were better later, when the first rush of perhaps the merely curious or morbid had worn itself out, and the kind teachers of handicrafts and embroidery had organized and started their valuable work.

As for myself, having my hands pretty full at home I had to be content with having the men occasionally out to tea, which they enjoyed very much ; the garden, the chickens, the children, appealed to them, and sometimes I discovered a North-Countryman, and we could have a chat about the Border country. A poor man from Newcastle came one afternoon ; his face had been half shot away, and he could only drink tea through a tube, but his wonderful cheerfulness and pluck is a thing to remember. His mother, poor soul, came all the way from the North to see him—his face mercifully shrouded in a mask and bandages, and I was told that he did not let her suspect the extent of his injuries *then* ; but he was to live, and the knowledge has had to come by this time. Such mutilation has always seemed to me harder for a mother to see and bear than death itself, for one she loves,—the victim himself seems to be so often endowed with a superhuman power to forget it, but the mother has to have it always before her eyes.

The summer of 1915 found Oxford accustomed to her changed streets, by now full of men in Hospital blue, the constant passing to and fro of the Army Nurses on the way to the various Annexes, every now and then a company of recruits, in their varied civilian clothes, being marched to quarters, or some unit of a regiment going gaily along to the music of their band or their own voices raised in " Tipperary " or " The Long, Long Trail." Or there came, at a slower pace, a mournful procession, a soldier's funeral, hushing the crowded street into silent sympathy. Men bared their heads as it went by. There was something profoundly moving in a military funeral, with the thrilling notes of the Dead March. I think the solemnity

and reverence with which these are conducted were not without their effect on the people of Oxford, and indeed elsewhere. Whereas twenty years ago a passing funeral evoked few signs of respect, now heads are bared and passers-by stand still for a space, and even the irrepressible young men on bicycles will sometimes stop and dismount,—a change for the better in public sentiment.

Bamburgh was impossible for us that first summer of the War, and indeed for the whole four years we never left Oxford except for a brief period in 1917. We were in truth too fully occupied to wish to banish ourselves beside the mysterious sea, moreover at no time since our first year at the King's Mound had we felt it such a real *home*, and the garden such a retreat and refreshment. The unique position of the house, so close to the heart of the city and yet set in the midst of green fields: the garden full of bloom, hedges of sweet-peas, blossoming shrubs, all the lovely things we had planted, the chicks and children running about, grandchildren keeping up the nursery traditions of the house. Our children were now all grown up and dispersed, one daughter at work in a Settlement, one at Girton, the eldest son impatiently waiting for marching orders, now in one Training Camp now in another, with occasional visits home; the youngest still at school but enrolled in the unique and heterogeneous Company known as Godley's Army, wherein schoolboys and Professors, old and young alike, drilled and marched or worked at mysterious loading and unloading at Didcot together.

But the presence of children, not only the grandchildren, but those less fortunate ones collected at the Baby Welfare, was an abiding source of comfort and interest, and, to add to this, came yet another little grandson, Andrew Jameson, born at the King's Mound in April, and baptized at St. Columba's (Scottish) Church, Oxford.

The Scottish Baptismal Service, which we then saw for the first time, impressed us greatly; the presentation of

the child to the minister by the father brings an added solemnity and dignity to the ceremony. I was surprised, too, to find that there were two alternative Orders of Service printed, both of which were very beautiful.

A. L. took great delight in the little ones, and I think he must often have looked back with regret to the days when his favourite recreation was to collect all the family for a Sunday walk, the younger ones trailing behind, the elders deep in some interesting story or reminiscence of his, but they shall tell of those days in their own words.

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(1)

A vivid mental picture of my Father in one of his most characteristic occupations seems to me almost typical of his whole life :

A sunny, rather untidy tennis-lawn about two o'clock on an afternoon in early summer. A pail of hot and dirty soapy water, about a dozen filthy tennis-balls, a crowd of useless children of all ages, with a few dogs and cats thrown in, and, in the centre of it all, my Father armed with a nail-brush, sleeves rolled back, teeth set and hair flying, scrubbing at each ball as if his life itself depended on it. Each ball had to be clean and dry and (what was not so easy !) able to bounce before play could be started.

This might have been almost any summer afternoon during twenty years. It is a picture of my Father at his most natural and his most characteristic. Boundless enthusiasm and energy, a determination to make full use of everybody and everything, and, in this respect, a wonderful capacity for enlisting others to the particular cause of the moment, from turning old tennis-balls into new to saving a pupil from disaster and directing his feet to new paths of encouragement.

His enthusiasm was directed into so many different channels during the years that I remember him as a real factor in my life—from about 1890 until my marriage in

1908—that it bewildered his family and sometimes led to his accusing them of indifference. He loved animals: dogs were always there in plenty, and all dogs loved him and seemed to feel his love for them. In cats he took an interest later in his life as being somewhat more peaceful companions for the days, so frequent during his years of illness, when he loved to bask in the sun with them. He even took a mild interest in the rabbits, guinea-pigs, tree-frogs, jerboas, mongooses, and chameleons with which our house from time to time became infested. But here I think it was chiefly a scientific interest, which made him chuckle with delight at any new prank.

For games and all sorts of athletics he had what we used to consider an almost morbid taste! no new game came to Oxford without being sampled and generally initiated in our garden, and many were the long hours spent in mastering the intricacies of bicycle-polo, net-ball, tether-ball, and fug-soccer (a terrible substitute for football on a wet day). These were all a delight to him; but with it all he remained true to his old loves of rowing, skating, hockey, and tennis. His was the "first boat that ever navigated the Cherwell," he used to say with pride, by name *Atalanta*, and when I remember it a terrible old tub. Many a weary hour have I spent crammed sideways into the bows, or perched perilously between the steering ropes, while he rowed for endless miles on a Sunday afternoon. But one call would always stop him: "Father, stop! Cowslips and fritillaries." For that he always relented. He had a great love for all wild flowers.

At skating he was wonderfully graceful and persevering and excelled at the old type of figure-skating. But as children we hated and dreaded a frost. Good at games himself he had little patience with the duffer or even the zealous beginner, and had no sympathy with the natural fears of those less skilled than himself. I am afraid we used to hide when we saw him coming and feign fatigue or a tight boot if he caught us. But if he was adamant,



woe betide the performer who could not follow him in the "perfectly simple movements" of the figures which would now be voted old-fashioned, I suppose.

He was the first man to appear on a safety-bicycle in Oxford, I believe, and was one of its keenest advocates when bicycling became a popular craze. I can picture him now running, hair flying, along the road which was luckily a very secluded one, gripping the back of a saddle on which a nervous female was sitting, reiterating with great patience, "Wobble the front wheel, wobble it!" He taught us all, I think, and later on joined in the excitements of bicycle-polo, though the absence of any rule in the game must have disturbed his orderly mind. Golf was at first altogether suspect. I remember the first time he came to watch us play on the beautiful links at Bamburg; he was mildly interested, as he was in any game, but also mildly scornful. "Is that all? By Jove! I believe I could do that if *that's* all," but later he became devoted to the game. I think the quiet walking over the springy turf appealed to him quite as much as trying to hit the ball, and he has even been known to err a little in accuracy over the score!

I should not have called him a good temperament for games. He was far too anxious to win, hated losing, and treated all games far too seriously. Our long games of hockey on the sands at Bamburg were only ended by darkness or the tide,—there was no time-limit otherwise,—and when washed off the beach he would join us in a fierce game of Sandhills, an elaborate form of Hide-and-Seek. He even took an interest in dancing at intervals, being attracted by melody and rhythm in tune and in song, and he would dance the old-fashioned waltz as well as anyone. His last appearance in that line was in a set of Lancers, at the end of which he somewhat pathetically remarked that "it was a bit difficult to set to corners in Phillips' rubber-soled shoes" on a parquet floor!

Even when the game was an inactive one, the sport and competition in it made its appeal to him. He had a ghastly

favourite which consisted in marking one's friends for qualities in their character, and I shall always remember my Father insisting on the importance of an attribute which he called "clubosity." If by this virtue he meant love of one's fellow-creatures and an intense interest in all their doings, he certainly possessed it to the fullest degree. He was never happier than when surrounded by as many children and grandchildren as he could muster, in early days, in an uproarious "tickling-fight," which, alas! often ended in tears or minor injuries; in later years in singing in chorus the old favourite songs out of *Gaudeamus*, or the Nigger part-songs, and particularly any old folk-songs, a great favourite of his being "Barbara Allen" to a very beautiful setting picked up from a nursery maid. He had a real love of music, though I am sure he would have said himself that he was not in the least musical. We used to say the only tune he could whistle was a little melody of his own invention with which he would summon us to his study, and to which we were bound to give the correct reply in a whistle which was probably a very feeble imitation of his own.

This was generally the prelude to a request for exact information as to what each member of the family was doing, where you yourself were going, and a wish to go with you. I think he must have always hated being alone, and even when he was working his study door was always open, and I often wonder what his pupils must have made of his classes with a large and unruly family in and out most of the time.

But from personal experience I know a little of what this coaching meant. I had the benefit of it in Greek and in History, and very often with tiresome little bits of Latin and medieval Dutch-French. I know he made the verse of *Prometheus Vincit* live for me in a way I could never imagine Greek could live for one who was only aspiring to pass Little-Go. In his last illness his mind was obviously trying to recall snatches out of *Prometheus*: we could

identify some of the phrases but never the exact passage. Curiously enough, it was to the Classics and to Roger Bacon that his mind seemed to be turning in those weeks. He had always been a great lover of scientific research and took a delight in keeping in touch with all the latest scientific discoveries. The telephone he mistrusted, though admitting it to be "ingenious"; but the imaginative wonders of such books as H. G. Wells' *Time Machine* and *War of the Worlds* never failed to thrill him. He had a way of suddenly coming out with the most amazing piece of scientific information at unexpected moments.

In History also I had some opportunity of taking help and encouragement from him, and of both there was always plenty and to spare. It was a misguided friend who said to him on one occasion: "I don't like history because I can never bring myself to believe it really happened." One can imagine the sarcastic explosion so caused. He was able to endow even the dry facts of Stubbs' *Select Charters* with vital energy and almost with attractions of their own, and he never tired of trying to convince his pupils that there was romance even in the early history of Villeinage.

His fund of information on all topics, which was supplemented by an extraordinary vivid imagination which sometimes ran away with fact, made his companionship very instructive and amusing, if a bit tiring, to the young. I think perhaps his grandchildren were able to appreciate it better than his own children. In later years he became so much quieter and less restlessly active, less impatient with young people and far more appreciative of any little attention. To the grandchildren also appeared much of his humour, and his amazing, almost impossible generosity. This ignored the details of mere finance and soared to such heights that his family were forced to be an unusually strict court of exchequer. "Your Mother always sends me away on a journey with just less than the third-class return fare home," he complained once, and his first request when away from home was always for a blank cheque.

Grandchildren remember the bright new half-crown which he always had ready (he had a wonderful fairy-story about an enchanted island where half-crowns grew on trees). What did it matter that on occasions the half-crown had to be hastily borrowed from the child's mother to meet the demand? The idea was there, and I should imagine that no one ever applied to him for help in vain. He had little idea of the value of money, but was absolutely Spartan in his own needs, and it used to be a great difficulty to know what to give him by way of a present at Christmas or on his birthday. It so often ended in a box of Elvas plums which we would then be called on to consume. He was a great home-lover and an affectionate almost whimsical observer of the most trivial details. Each daughter's hair as it was put up caused him great distress. "Must it really be?" he would ask; and one of his first questions on their return visits to Oxford was, "Good! how long are you staying?"

His natural impatience of disposition, which was greatly physical, made him a real terror to his family if he was aroused, as he could be so witheringly sarcastic, and did not hesitate to condemn sometimes hastily. On this account I should say he was not very wise with his own children in the years of which I write, and possibly frightened other young people, too. But the harder metal of the young men with whom he had to deal must have benefited by his wit and sarcasm, and many is the career which was shaped and decided on those everlasting "short walks" round the Master's Field.

He would accuse us of an over-strong critical faculty, but in that respect he was certainly the arch-offender, though it was tempered always by an overflowing natural generosity, and a power of inspiration which must have been of the greatest value to his pupils and friends. Most valuable of all was his deep and loyal affection: he had a great faculty for friendship and an almost childish love of appreciation. In our own youth we were afraid of him

in the way in which one so often fears reticence and shyness, through failure to understand. But in his later years this love of loving and of being loved became far more outspoken, and as we grew older and had children of our own we grew to understand the depth of feeling that lay behind his reserve. Warm-hearted, quick to observe and to criticize, keenly appreciative of effort in others, and never sparing himself, eternally young in spirit, and sympathetic with youth and its anxieties and problems, though always a little impatient of its weaknesses, he was a wise counsellor, and an intensely practical one. He was no idealist, but his breadth of vision and love of his fellow-creatures made him bring to all the problems of life a great charity and tolerance to which I often look back for guidance.

M. A. B.-W.

(2)

Never can a life have been filled fuller than his was. He used to lament, half humorously, in the last year or two, that he had no hobby. "I asked X—— to suggest some hobby for me to take up," he said the year before he died, "and he suggested collecting blue and white china." One imagines that this piece of advice cannot have been given any more seriously than it was received. But, indeed, his days held no free spaces for even the least exacting hobby.

In the years when he was still able to take "violent exercise" (this was a regular expression of his—"I must have some violent exercise" was his answer, if it was suggested that a walk might take the place of the usual game for once), every afternoon that was not occupied by a meeting or other official business held its strenuous game of hockey or tennis, or a long row on the Cher. Indeed, I imagine that the hour of the hockey-matches or "squashes" was very often put later to make it possible for him and for other like enthusiasts (but were there other enthusiasts to compare with him?) to rush on to their game after

the meeting. For there are vivid memories of my Father returning from fierce games of hockey at about a quarter to five, with bleeding knuckles and bruised shins, and of any children who might be in the house rushing to help him to be ready to cope with a pupil or a class due to arrive at five o'clock. "Just time," my Father would pant (this to anyone who might be likely to suggest that his beloved game had made him late), and while one daughter fetched the bottle of Hazeline for his wounds, and another brought a scratch tea on a tray to his dressing-room, a third would be commandeered to read to him, while he changed, the essay on which he was to deliver judgment at five o'clock. There might be ten or twelve closely written pages of manuscript, but he always prided himself on being able to get the gist of an essay or examination paper by "smelling" it, and would never listen to more than a fraction. One would read him perhaps the first page, then begin the second. "Hobbes . . ."

"Skip! skip!" my Father would roar from the depths of the shirt which he was struggling to get on. "Skip two pages." Then one would read for another minute or two. "Oh, yes, I know all that; read the last couple of pages. . . . Now give it to me." He would run his eye over the whole thing in about half a minute, even so finding time to make marks, expressing approval or disagreement, with his red pencil. Then he would say, "Now write this, imitating my writing as much as possible . . .," and then would follow some pithy comment, which I have no doubt did perfect justice to the essay. He thoroughly enjoyed discovering new ways of commenting on merits or shortcomings. "Fluff" was a common but expressive summing-up; "stepping-stones over a vacuum" was one that he specially prided himself on.

This order to "imitate my handwriting" was not given with intent to deceive so much as because it was one of his maxims that none of his family could write a legible hand, because they failed to make loops to their "tall



letters." This was always a bone of contention, and I remember how on one occasion a game rather on the lines of "Consequences" was completely held up because my Father, instead of writing his contribution, was found busily adding loops to the "tall letters" of the previous contributors.

But it was only in such little matters that he could criticize his children. Though never commending them to their faces, he was never tired of singing their praises to anyone else who would listen; and I believe it is a fact that he congratulated each of his seven sons-in-law in turn in having "got the prize," and that my Father truly believed this every time. He longed for us all to win every possible distinction, athletic or scholastic; and if failure came, he was up in arms on behalf of his child, and ready to condemn selectors or examiners as a "pack of fools." This tendency in him to idealize those whom he loved (and this I know applies to a far larger world than just that of his family) was perhaps not fully realized till after he had died; and then it was seen that the person who had thought and expected the best of us, and made us at our best, had been taken away.

This wonderful appreciation of the tiniest spark of the divine fire in others increased rather than diminished as he grew older, and was very pronounced in his relations with his grandchildren. Before the silence of the last days of his final illness had come upon him, and when already mortal weakness had so wonderfully relieved him of the weight of business and work, in some of his times of quiet talk he told his nurses of the clever sayings and doings of the little grandson of two who was living at Balliol at the time.

And it was scarcely at all as a senior and not at all as a superior being that he came into relationship with this second generation, but most truly as one ready to "become as a little child," and to learn from these children as much as he taught them. He would ask with touching humility, "Would So-and-so like to come for a walk?"—asking it

as a favour from an equal. Then would come for the child an afternoon of thrilling talk, perhaps stories of his old Christ's Hospital days, or statistics about the stars, or the atom, or discoveries about prehistoric man. And the two would come in very late for tea, both quite worn out, the child probably with his brain reeling from the breadth and depth of their conversation.

I somehow think that this generation of his grandchildren understood him better than did his own children at the same age. They were less shy of his rare endearments which might have been less rare if they had received more encouragement—the cool hand laid on the forehead of the child with a headache, with a quietly spoken, "Does that feel nice?"; or the rubbing of his cheek against one's own in thanks for some errand done. They realized better, too, I think, his sensitiveness; and it is remembered how, during the last year of the War, when sweets were an unheard-of luxury, he would summon any children who came to the Lodgings into his study, and there present them each solemnly with a preserved date; and how some of the grandchildren who could not bear dates refrained from spitting out theirs till they reached the very end of Broad Street, for fear that he might see and be hurt.

I think he always dreaded and hated loneliness, and the mere presence of people that he cared for, in as large numbers as possible, seemed essential to his happiness. In the little house at Bamburgh, always filled to overflowing in the summer holidays, some quiet room or, better still, some corner in the sunshine out-of-doors, would be specially set aside for him and his papers—for his so-called "holidays" always seemed to contain a good deal of examining; but, after a few minutes of this retirement, he would quietly wander into the room containing all the rest of the family and its friends, and insist that he could work much better there. It must have been this hatred of loneliness which induced him at the King's Mound invariably to work

with his study door propped open with a book—open straight on to the corridor which was the main thoroughfare of the household of nine children and three or four pupils. It was notorious that if he started out on a walk alone he always ended it in company; and when he met a congenial companion he never failed to convince either himself or his friend that their roads lay together, even though their destinations were widely apart.

In later years, he would constantly choose as an object for a walk the house of some one of the three married daughters who were living in Oxford. I think it helped him to be able to tell them of the many problems—his own and those of others—which troubled him. Perhaps he would stay talking for half an hour or so, and then one would suggest tea. "Awfully sorry," would come the answer, "I can't possibly stay. So-and-so walked here with me and he's waiting for me outside, and he's in a tremendous hurry." His friends must have got used to being left outside as if they were umbrellas.

Though he seemed utterly without the power to economize, he had no personal extravagances at all. The only things he ever seemed to buy were books; I suppose he sometimes bought a pipe, but I never remember seeing a new one, though he had a wonderful collection of very venerable ones. As he refused ever to go to a tailor to be tried on, his clothes were ordered by my Mother on the principle of "Another one" (or half-dozen) "of the same kind as before." But to give presents, subscriptions, and tips as he would have liked would have needed a bottomless purse. My Mother's birthday as it came round each year was an occasion for the exercise of great tact by all the family. Two or three days before he would begin to discuss the question of a present with us, generally with the words, "I should like to give your Mother some diamonds this year." Having already been told by her of something useful and cheap that she really did need, we had the greatest difficulty in persuading my Father to give

this instead. He consented in the end, but I am sure always regretted the diamonds.

D. F. H.

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These intimate and personal impressions of his children may be fittingly supplemented by other equally intimate stories told of A. L. by some of his spiritual children, the pupils to whom he gave, and of whom he expected, so much.

The scene is a lecture-room: A. L., having arrived at the note-taking stage, notices one man writing his notes in a history book. "I would not write *in ink* in a book," says A. L., "it spoils books." "It's not my book," replies the culprit; "it belongs to a St. John's man." "Even they are God's creatures," says A. L., and the class, revived by laughter, resumes its note-taking.

"The procedure in the classes," writes one old pupil, "was for two of the five or six of us to have prepared essays; the reading, criticism and amplification of these essays were expected to fill the hour. One essay, read by the able and conscientious but shy and modest X, received as its only comment: 'Do you know, X, why your essay always reminds me of a poodle dog?' None of us could see. 'Well, it seems pretty obvious. It always comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb!' Of course X always tried after this to plan the tail of his essay first.

"The treatment of Y's failings culminated, after the reading of a very gentle survey, in 'You know, Y, you remind me of the blithe young curate who got up very early one morning to be sure of catching a train at a station five miles away. He had so much time and it was such a lovely morning that as he sauntered along he bowed to a flower on this side, pirouetted to a flower on that side, nodded and smiled here and there,—and just missed the train. You know, Y, you must always catch your train!'

"Or Z, who was trying at great length and with a sheaf of notes in his hand, to prove that Stubbs' conclusions

were wrong, is stopped in his reading by A. L., 'Are those extracts in your essay?' 'No,' says Z, 'they are too long.' 'Well, either they are in your essay or they are not. If they *are*, read them. If they are *not*, we don't want them. The fact is,' he goes on to say, 'you've rummaged in all the minor sources and ignored those that matter. Now get down Vol. So-and-so. There is Stubbs' evidence.'

"Next time A. L. struck another blow at Z's long-windedness and lack of historical values. Leaning back against the mantel and waiting till we were all seated, he said reflectively, 'Let me see, where were we? I have the impression of something that went on and on interminably. It wasn't Magna Charta, was it, Z?'

"Looking back on these and scores of similar episodes one realizes how deft the man was as a teacher, how quick to hit off, by a caustic or humorous analogy that stuck in the mind, any particular shortcoming of a pupil. It was by ways such as these that he made men seek essentials and try to write about them tersely, forcibly and logically. All of us who studied under him owe him more than we can express, or perhaps even realize, for this training.

"Sometimes he would question me about other men, who, as I knew, were in needy circumstances, about B—for instance, a clever lad, son of an artisan, trying to struggle along on his scholarship. 'I'm sure he doesn't get enough to eat, and that he'll crock.' The sequel came a few days later when B—rushed into my room to tell me that the College had decided to make a handsome addition to his scholarship. And there were many other similar cases.

"He made me feel, as I still feel, and as I know many other men feel, that he was thinking of and planning my well-being, that I could always rely on the best that was in his power. That, I take it, is the supreme achievement\* of the teacher,—to leave with his pupils the sense that he is always present with them, always guiding them, always part of them.

" His influence as a teacher was due not only to his immense knowledge of the original documents, but it was his almost uncanny power of visualizing the personalities and the guiding motives of people that made his classes so stimulating, and enabled him, as it were, to get inside the minds of his pupils, to think as they thought, to realize what their difficulties were, where and why they had missed important factors in a career or movement."

H. A.

The final words of Beethoven's Will seem to come in with a singular appositeness here, so do great minds think alike :

" Farewell, and do not quite forget me after I am dead. O men, I have deserved that you should think of me, for in my lifetime I have often thought of you to make you happy."





## CHAPTER XVII

### THE MASTERSHIP: 1916

IN the winter of 1915 another wedding came to bring a gleam of sunshine through the gloomy war clouds: Rosalind's marriage to E. Murray Wrong,<sup>1</sup> another of A. L.'s pupils, and, even before that, known to us because of his parents' kindness in welcoming our party at their home in Toronto, in 1910.

To A. L. this link with the Dominions had a special appeal, apart from the bond which had already been created by Professor Wrong's historical interests (he occupied the chair of History at the University of Toronto). Added to this was the satisfaction in the marriage of these two keen students of history, all the greater because the bridegroom's Fellowship at Magdalen would probably keep him in England. A. L. loved to have his family in constant touch with home; not that he ever kept up a correspondence with any of them, for his letters to them were few and far between, but he fully appreciated the family gift of letter-writing, especially now, with children and grandchildren away, and their husbands on military duty in one place or another.

Our happy home seemed now very empty; the shadow of the War pressing daily more heavily on the College. Again, as during the Boer War, I would endeavour to keep *The Times* hidden until A. L. had breakfasted, but without much success, although I could manage to suppress the telephone messages of the early morning for a time. Ill

<sup>1</sup> Late Fellow of Magdalen. Died Feb. 15, 1928.

news travels apace, and it was inevitable that shocks should come—such was the sudden death of our beloved College Porter, Ezra Hancock, the kindly “watcher on the threshold” of the College gate, with a friendly greeting for all, never forgetting a face or a name, often in his kindness of heart coming to the relief of the impecunious (but I hope he never lost thereby). He had been appointed Porter by Jowett, who took a great interest in him and his wife, and, I am told, felt a little anxious lest Mrs. Hancock, a plain and sensible body, should not be dressy enough for the position! (Her predecessor, Mrs. Taylor, used to walk about in trailing silks.) So Mrs. T. H. Green was called in consultation and undertook to advise the new Porter’s wife as to her toilette.

Hancock could never be forgotten by any who knew him, but two memorials of him may be mentioned: one the excellent portrait painted by Mrs. Campbell Dodgson from photographs and memories, which hangs on the wall of the Porter’s Lodge; the other the verses by Ronald Knox, published in the *Oxford Magazine*. It is not too much to say that Hancock created a tradition in Balliol. The good is not always, thank Heaven!, “interred with our bones,” but lives after, an example for others to follow, as long as his smiling face looks down on them from the walls.

The Master, of course, felt deeply the loss of this devoted friend and servant, but by now his back was more and more bowed down, as sorrows multiplied; he was suffering, too, in health, but, as he had never been a robust man, this fact caused little anxiety among the few colleagues who were left to him. “The Brethren,” as he used to call them, were now reduced to two or three, and from August, 1914, onwards the College was full of soldiers; first, some of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry; then, later on, batches of officers in training, and cadet battalions of all sorts. Of undergraduates only about forty or fifty remained, and these mostly in training.

With this new element in the University (for all

Colleges alike shared in the national work), many new interests arose to fill the minds and energies of men like A. L., whose age debarred them from military service. He was full of schemes, apart from lectures which he was giving at some of the Public Schools, and which required much preparation, as he felt a little doubtful as to his powers of holding the attention of boys. He was anxious to do something for the Cadets and others quartered in College, and it was largely, if not entirely, due to his efforts that the four months spent at Balliol by one Company after another, were, as some of them afterwards said: "A jolly good time to remember." The usual monotony of drill and fatigues was broken by games on the Master's Field, races on the river, concerts and entertainments in Hall, though these last were perhaps not of the type to which Balliol Sunday evening audiences are accustomed. Community singing had not then been started, or it would have been a splendid outlet for youthful spirits.

In all these varied activities A. L. took a tireless interest, and there must be many who look back on the strange experiences of those days, a barrack life in college walls, with grateful thoughts of his friendliness. Ten years after, during his last illness, I was met outside our house by a police-constable, who saluted me and asked after the patient with great sympathy. "I was a Cadet at Balliol," he explained, "in the second year of the War."

With all these calls upon his time it seems wonderful that A. L. should have found it possible to give the concentrated attention which his work in Lord Selborne's Committee on Church and State demanded of him, and yet, I suppose, most people would agree that the final Report of that Committee, largely if not entirely his work, constitutes perhaps the most important of all his writings. Those well able to judge have spoken of the clearness of his mind, his lucidity and fairness, the wide historical knowledge he brought to bear on all the problems, his unfailing patience and understanding, and this at a time when men's hearts



AT WILLYSON'S, WASHINGTON, D.C. 1905  
 THOMAS, ABOUT 1905



W. P. R.      L. H. J.      L. H. J.      L. H. J.

TEA ON CHURCHILL, 1905

were "failing them for fear and for looking for those things which were coming on the earth."

But the hard study involved in this work doubtless brought its own relief; it was, indeed, the best and almost the last piece of concentrated writing that he was able to produce, before the complete upheaval of his life which followed quickly in the summer of 1916. I use the word "upheaval" because to him it was so,—he was without ambition, happy in his home and work, loyal to the Master and to his beloved College, doing his utmost in the national crisis, living, as we all were, from day to day in hope and fear. And then the day came, when the fateful sound of the telephone brought me downstairs, and the sad tidings came—the Master had passed away. For the last time he had faced the task of inscribing yet another name on the long roll of the Fallen; then, after a quiet night's rest, he had roused only to fall into the peaceful sleep which knows no earthly waking.

"*Le Roi est mort. Vive le Roi!*" How often those words came to my mind in the days which followed when the old members of the College gathered together for the funeral, and they spoke out their thoughts to me, while they shrank from intruding on the reserve and silence with which A. L. met the inevitable situation. We did not discuss probabilities, he and I between ourselves; about some things our "hermit spirits ranged apart" (as Keble says somewhere), but when the time came, and the wishes of the Fellows could be clearly expressed, it needed all the encouragement I was able to give, to persuade A. L. that it was his plain duty to accede to the general wish. A single word from me of regret at leaving our delightful house and garden, and A. L. would have put the matter aside, as it was his first instinct to do. "You would hate it," he said. I could not explain to him, nor to myself, that at that time nothing seemed to matter, the War occupied our thoughts to the exclusion of all else. It was, as I have said, as if the nation were, for the time being, anæsthetized. I could leave the

garden without a pang ; I could inspect and arrange the somewhat gloomy house which was to be our official residence. Badly planned and uncomfortable as it was we somehow managed to give it a cheerful and "occupied" look, though alterations and improvements had to be strictly limited owing to War-time conditions.

But to A. L. the loss of the garden and sunny rooms of the King's Mound was from the first a great deprivation. He missed his beloved "sun-trap" in which he used to work, and hide from callers ; in fact, it needed all my courage to work him up to any appreciation of his position as Master of Balliol. "I was quite content as I was," he used to say. But as the children and I watched him coming into Chapel the first Sunday of the October Term, we all felt instinctively that now he was in his right place, a place to be proud of ; he looked a venerable figure in his new dignity.

It had been the late Master's custom to read the First Lesson at Evening Prayers from the reading-desk or eagle, but A. L.'s sight would not permit of this and he always read from his own stall in Chapel. The said Lesson was seldom the one appointed for the day, and Mr. Strachan-Davidson used to select his own favourite chapters. Sometimes these struck a pathetic note, as when Elijah laments his failing strength : sometimes he would choose some fine rolling words from the Apocrypha. And now A. L. would leave the selection to me, a pleasant task which I enjoyed, especially as his little red Bible contained the Apocrypha, from which one could select many beautiful and not too familiar passages. All are marked in this little Bible, including one which I thought very appropriate for the first Sunday after the formation of the Labour Government, but this A. L. refused to read ! (*Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 24-34.*)

There was something very impressive about the Chapel services ; the dim light of the candles, the special prayers, not only the Bidding Prayer with its resounding list of names, to which some readers seemed to be able to give a wonderful rhythmic cadence, the best of these being, I



think, the present Bishop of Bombay, during his Chaplaincy; then the very beautiful Prayer<sup>1</sup> composed, I believe, by Professor H. W. C. Davis, an exception to the statement frequently and justly made, that nobody in modern times can compose a good Collect. The attendance in Chapel is the weak point, ever since the rule of compulsory Chapel was rescinded, and to the end of his time this was a source of much trouble and disappointment to A. L., a condition of things for which he and his colleagues in vain sought for a remedy. It will be realized how greatly his own attitude towards religion had changed since his undergraduate days in the College which, as I have said, was considered, however unjustly, a hotbed of Free Thought. He had, it is true, from the beginning a good foundation to build on, a reverent mind, one might almost have said a Puritan strain in his nature, in marked contrast to the flippancy and irreverence of some even professing Church people of the present day, one would almost say familiarity breeding contempt.

From this foundation it is possible to trace the spiritual progress which, in the course of fifty years, brought A. L. to the secure faith in which he at the end stood fast. Intensely reserved as he was, as, indeed, are most Englishmen, it was only by a sort of process of "soundings" that I could read his mind. Great teacher as he was, he was also a great learner,—life had taught him much; the rough-and-tumble of school, the constant study of men, as companions first, then as pupils; his historical research work, especially that involved in the preparation of the Ford Lectures, and, in the later years, the intercourse with working-class students, and the fresh outlook on life these gave him.

Another important factor in his spiritual development was the meeting with Mr. Mott, the American Evangelist, and founder of the Christian Student Movement, who visited Oxford in 1906 and addressed a crowded meeting in the Hall of Balliol College. I was myself somewhat doubtful of the

<sup>1</sup> See page 319.

sort of reception this speaker would get, but the Hall was hushed to silence. "You could have heard a pin drop," A. L. said. The outcome of that meeting was the foundation of the Balliol Boys' Club, managed from the first by undergraduates, with the help and sympathy of A. L., Mr. Cyril Bailey, and other Fellows of the College. There, in an uncomfortable and dilapidated building in Littlegate Street, the work began which has continued to this day. It received, indeed, a splendid start, such men as Ronald Poulton, Keith Rae, Stephen Reiss (all of whom fell in the War), W. T. Collier, H. A. Secretan, and Rev. J. McC. Campbell,<sup>1</sup> L. Montefiore, and others who survive and still give their interest. Some of these, and the survivors among the "Old Boys," met in November, 1921, at the opening of the new Club House, an excellently fitted and most adequate building provided by the generosity of Mr. Edward Rae, of Birkenhead, in memory of his son. There as the Bidding Prayer has it, "May true religion and sound learning for ever flourish and abound."

Some parents of undergraduates criticized this venture as likely to prove only another distraction from College work, but in the end these fears proved groundless. There is no greater mistake than for young people, or, indeed, people of any age, to be stirred up emotionally to no practical purpose; action must follow, and with A. L. action never failed to follow.

But, indeed, his extraordinary freshness of mind remained with him to the last, as also the power of grasping complicated problems even when they were connected with subjects of which he might be supposed to know little. I would find him studying with deep interest the last book on the Atomic theory, and he took in and read the magazine *Discovery*, devouring it eagerly at odd moments. Strange as it may seem, I am not sure that the great recent advances in scientific knowledge were not the chief factors in A. L.'s spiritual growth; as in the case of some of the most eminent

<sup>1</sup> Head Master of Kandy College, Ceylon.

men of science, the unfolding of Nature's marvels led him to Nature's God. It seemed to him, too, as to many others, that while mankind is advancing in knowledge on the material plane by leaps and bounds, it is reasonable to expect and look for a like advance in spiritual knowledge, so that our attitude towards such subjects as Psychic Science should not be that of the Church authorities early in the seventeenth century, who drove out of England an enthusiastic religious leader named Robinson for asserting that "the Lord has more truth yet to break out of His holy Word."<sup>1</sup>

We as a family had, indeed, had our own personal psychic experiences, unexpected and quite uninvited, in the form of many messages in automatic writing, evidential in the highest degree to the recipients, though not all would pass the severe tests of the Psychical Research Society. The first of these was given in about 1910, and at varying intervals other messages came, from relations, friends, those fallen in the War, all of extraordinary interest and all bearing, so to speak, identification marks, by which the communicating spirits could be recognized. Some, however, were from complete strangers, names were given, and in every case a careful inquiry not only confirmed the veracity of the communicator but often brought the greatest possible comfort to those of the bereaved whom we afterwards managed to reach. The messages themselves are too sacred and personal to be reproduced here, although to do so would explain to the sceptical the deep impression they made from the first on the receptive mind of A. L.

Many books purporting to contain similar messages have been given to the world, but none that I have seen compare with the simplicity, directness, and beauty of those which came to us. The Communion of Saints, the vital need of Prayer for them and for us, the continuity of this life and the next, the Love of God, are continually dwelt upon,

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by T. H. Green in Lecture I on "The English Commonwealths."

every detail of the Christian life is illuminated in these messages given to us, as the actual touch and sight of the wounds were given to doubting Thomas, in order that he might believe. It will be said that all this can be ours without any such proofs; *ten* of the disciples *did* believe without any material proofs, but Divine Mercy did not withhold material proof from the doubter. For A. L. these writings were of immense interest; he trusted their source of origin, and it was to him a matter of regret that after a time the messages ceased, the gift departed,—but the fact remained with us, and to this is due the quiet assurance which speaks in those letters of condolence which were A. L.'s sad task during all the years of the War, letters in which the same note always sounds, the "sure and certain hope" which was no mere aspiration to him.



## CHAPTER XVIII

### BALLIOL IN WAR TIME

**B**UT I am digressing too much from my subject, which now concerns our life in the Master's Lodgings at Balliol. I well remember our final trek from the King's Mound on September 27th, 1916, carrying with us our spoilt and majestic cat, after three or four busy and hectic days, so busy that one had hardly energy to mourn over our uprooting from the house which had been our home for twenty-two years. A. L. being less occupied with trivial details, felt it the most; his heart had failed him somewhat in the last few days, he doubted if we should be able to live up to our new position, and especially whether I could do my part in it. But Oxford in war-time was not the normal Oxford of dinner-parties and entertainments, and our life could go on nearly as simply as before; the standard of pre-War entertaining has, in fact, never returned, for obvious reasons, and in war-time, with the rationing system under which we all eventually lived, even the simplest hospitality was difficult.

The daily anxiety under which we all lived made the great change of little moment; we were soon accustomed to our new surroundings, even to the sleep-disturbing sounds of drill in the Garden Quad, just under our windows. The only rebel was our cat, who had an interview in the Quad one night with the still larger and more furry cat, the spoiled pet of the late Master, and, as the Porter said, disposed of him so effectually that "there was enough fur left to make another cat." After that an armed neutrality prevailed.

A. L.'s increased work now necessitated his having a part-time secretary, and for the next five years G. B. Whitaker filled that difficult office, a man of wonderful devotion and industry, but, largely owing to his own bad health, of over-anxious temperament, excellent in emergencies, but apt to allow himself to be overworked in the daily routine. As it was, A. L.'s multifarious duties, which made every day a rush from beginning to end, made it impossible for a secretary to pin him down to regular hours, and Whitaker suffered thereby, in spite of all my efforts to help him. He loved A. L. and his work, but I felt from the first that the plan was unsatisfactory, though it would have broken Whitaker's heart to have admitted it.

As it was, he struggled on, to me always considerate and kind, and even humorous at times, when he came in with some misdeed of his employer's to report. "Madam, may I ask how much money the Master took away with him?" (on some Lecture-trip). "I gave him £4," was my reply (for I was Burnar then, as always). "Well, Madam, I must ask you not to appear to know, but his note-case *blew away* at N. Station!" For frantic rushes to catch trains Whitaker was invaluable: never late, always on the alert, with the right hat brushed up; it was natural that A. L. should at last have grown to depend on him too much, yet never really used him properly as secretary. As the years went on poor Whitaker grew to look more gaunt and ill; he was sent away for a holiday but returned in a worse condition, which ended in his death in Hospital, in an unconsciousness which our gratitude could not penetrate, though I like to remember that, a few days before, he had seemed much cheered by my visit, and the knowledge that I was going to try and continue his work, for that, he felt, was not like a stranger stepping into his place.

We sadly missed this faithful friend and servant. Work was by that time more exacting and arduous than ever, the Commission sitting, A. L. on the Hebdomadal Council, more papers to be kept docketed and in order, more letters to be



written. My own outside work, about which I shall speak presently, was by this time reduced to Baby Welfare work, and I had the time to spare,—might I try to fill Whitaker's place?

A. L. had all sorts of objections, my bad writing, my lack of method, the fact that so much was confidential stuff; also, it would take too much time, etc., etc. However, the case went by default, i.e. no secretary was appointed, and I took the work over, and, thanks to some hints from my son as to military methods, I soon got the correspondence in order, every letter filed and recorded and, as a rule, answered the same day, generally by a typed letter signed by A. L. I deeply regretted and still regret that I was not brave enough to insist on this duty being left to me years before. I could do what no paid secretary could do, follow A. L. about at odd times, read his letters to him, and take instructions as to replies, and, by so doing, I found that the work could easily be done in two or three hours each day, and efficiently done, too. Apart from all this there was for me the great satisfaction of being at last able to help A. L. as no one else could, and in many ways to save him and his colleagues from unnecessary worry.

Again I am anticipating events, but it is easier to deal with some memories thus. And to write about those years of the War is only to relate experiences which were shared by the whole country,—indeed, we in Oxford suffered less hardship than people elsewhere; in spite of meat and other rationing we never seemed to "go short," or else while the War raged, other deprivations were not worth noticing. The only thing I seem to remember is that bread was scarce and not very nice, and that puddings, especially Christmas puddings, made with dates and other substituted ingredients, were very nasty.

When the Food Control Committees were started I was elected a member, "to represent the Poor," so I was informed. It was quite interesting work, and often amusing, too, as the Committee had been carefully chosen to include

every political party. We had, for instance, two rather violent Socialists on it, who made every meeting lively with talk about Labour and Capital, dragged in on every possible excuse, hammering the table with their fists, and sometimes succeeding in keeping the Provost of Oriel awake; he was apt to doze while the interminable problems of "accommodation milk" were being discussed. Tea and biscuits were provided, everybody dropping in their tablet of saccharine or wee bit of sugar. Sometimes transgressors were dealt with, such as the College which was discovered to be regaling its members with hot rolls for breakfast (not Oriel), but generally the proceedings were uneventful except for the by-play of our Socialist friend who has since left Oxford for more congenial fields.

The mention of saccharine reminds me of one of the tea-parties about this time to the mothers and babies of my own special Welfare Centre. On this occasion the Master's Field and Cricket Pavillion were placed at my disposal, and, as it was a lovely afternoon, about seventy mothers and any number of babies had a splendid "play" and feed, in spite of sugar restrictions, and in spite of sugar substitutes, as it afterwards transpired that, owing to my habit of carrying in my pocket for use in emergencies a tiny bottle of calomel tableoids, I had administered these to each mother in her cup of tea, instead of the saccharine. Peals of laughter greeted my confession, and I dare say it was very good for them.

I have purposely refrained from referring to diaries, because it is what one remembers that really matters. Certain events stand out, although from the first our life in College did not err on the side of monotony. We had always been busy people, but I realized that it would now mean unceasing effort if we were to fill our part at all adequately during the anxious years which were coming. And first, the somewhat cold and gloomy house had to be made into a home. However, just as the King's Mound was, as it were, consecrated as a home by the birth of children

(and by the death of our old "Auntie Jane"), so the dreary Lodgings were made joyful by the birth of our grandson Charles Wrong, on February 2nd, 1917, in the room known as the "Bishop's Room," the first of four similar happy events to be recorded during our life in College.

A. L. was keenly interested in the various companies of Cadets who were billeted in College; his intercourse with them and their officers was not marred by having to share any responsibility as to discipline, always a distasteful factor in a college tutor's life, and specially so to a man of A. L.'s peculiar temperament. I think it is fair to say that during all his college career, and even during his reign as Master, the power of enforcing discipline was his weakest point; that is one way of putting it; another, and perhaps a truer way, is to say that with him "mercy tempered justice." He could never bear to deprive a man of "just one more chance" of reform. I sometimes wonder if the offender for whom he pleaded with his colleagues ever realized the heart-searchings and the infinite trouble and thought A. L. gave to each one. It was a great grief to him, if in a sense a relief, if the punishment happened to be automatic, as it were. For such and such an offence a man is always sent down; tragedies of this sort have happened, tragedies which were brought home sadly to A. L. and to the equally kind and merciful Dean, F. F. Urquhart, by the darker tragedies of the War.

However, with the Cadets it was different. It was, of course, impossible to get to know many of them individually; by way of doing my share I used to have evening sing-songs and games for small contingents of them, and our Visitors' Book contains the signatures of many of these, for the most part "Anzacs," as I thought they would be the most lonely and appreciative. I wonder how many of those who signed their names are living? To A. L. also came the kind thought of having a Farewell Card prepared, with an engraving by Mr. New of the Garden Quad, a short and succinct history of the College, and a kind *envoi* addressed

to each by name and signed: "A. L. Smith, Master," by his own hand. They, in their turn, devised entertainments to which we were invited, and once or twice they produced an elaborate gift-book, got up at considerable expense and illustrated by groups of the various "Balliol" teams and crews. I suppose this kind of thing went on in every College at the time, although I cannot imagine all Heads coming down off their pedestals as A. L. did.

And all the time he was in constant demand for lectures all over the country, journeys which in those days were apt to be wearisome and chilly in spite of all precautions. The excitement and zest which he felt buoyed him up, and the appreciative audiences stirred him up to fresh efforts, but the years were beginning to tell, and frequent attacks of bronchitis, though never serious, gave me some anxiety. It was in one of these that I ventured to offer myself as his deputy, and give his lecture at Bolton, as previously described, but this was an exception; as a rule he would brook no restraint, his promise must be kept at all costs.

Committees seemed to increase (Oxford is a wonderful place for Committees, they are as the breath of the nostrils to some, I think), and later when A. L. was put on the Hebdomadal Council, a whole precious afternoon was filled up, and that meant no walk for him, a small matter, most people would say, but a real hardship to one who for thirty years or more had accustomed himself to two or three hours of hard exercise every day. With his slow circulation, a pulse only reaching 40 at most, the long sittings of the Council would have been a trial but for the kindness of those who gave him a seat near the fire, and to the same end I used to cram into the pocket of his overcoat a tiny hot-water bottle.

The workings of that mysterious body have had a light shed on them for me, though not till years after, when I found a beautiful tune in the "Oxford Hymnbook" to Newman's hymn, "Praise to the Holiest in the height," and called (of all things) "Hebdomadal." It is by Dr. Strong,

the late Dean of Christ Church, now Bishop of Oxford, and I like to think that the music came to him in one of these long sittings he shared with A. L., and no doubt tended to harmony of another kind.

The opportunity of meeting some of the most delightful people in Oxford, which this Council afforded, was greatly appreciated by A. L., whose crowded and busy life had left too little time for cultivating friendships, or rather making new friends, as he always clung to the old ones. This made it difficult to find companions for the walk which was now a daily necessity: it is no rest or recreation for a tired man to walk out with a colleague, as they will invariably begin to talk "shop"—two ardent reformers will argue and weary themselves, and to walk with a reactionary is still more trying to one of A. L.'s temperament. However, one or two kind friends came to the rescue, and I have happy and grateful memories of their kindness, especially that of Canon Maxwell Spooner and Mr. Boyce Allen, who to the last gave freely of their companionship.

But these first two years would have been very difficult indeed if I had been coping singlehanded with all the new problems which arose. Our remaining daughters were away from home, one working as Secretary to the Shore-ditch Branch of the Invalid Children's Aid Association; the youngest doing war work of various kinds, after taking her Tripos in History at Girton. Help came, however, and in a very delightful form, in the person of our daughter Gertrude's great friend Elizabeth Radcliffe, now Lady Gorell, who for months together was almost more than a daughter to me, and in spite of the difference in our ages a true friendship began between us, and will continue, I hope, to the end. We shared a common interest in Balliol and All Souls, through her brother Douglas, who fell near Hooze in 1915, and any number of lesser interests besides, in fact, her love and sympathy and her sunshiny visits will always illuminate the memory of those dark years. A. L.'s appreciation of her goodness was not less keen than mine,

he loved the walks with her, and valued her help in all sorts of little ways.

Her presence set me free to undertake, somewhat rashly, the work of superintending the three Communal Kitchens organized by our Food Control Committee. They had been well started, but I had had no experience. The Committee feeling desperate, I suppose, had no choice but to appoint me. This meant that from June, 1917, to May, 1919, when the Kitchens were closed, I was in constant attendance at one or other of the centres, keeping the accounts of all, paying and looking after the staff of cooks. It was hard work and I don't think I did it well; there was a deficit of about £80 at the end of the period, but I did it, in spite of Government supervision and Inspectors and Inspectresses. I say in spite of these because six months after a meeting at which we had been urged to offer ourselves as *voluntary* workers, the tactics of the Department underwent a complete change, and the next emissary gave us a severe drubbing because most of our work was done by volunteers. So we were puzzled, but went on, being "inspected" from time to time by ladies from London, and generally coming off with flying colours.

I only remember one criticism being made: "I hope you always wear gloves when you take the money"; but our impression was that these Inspectors were often ill-chosen and ill-equipped. I must say I enjoyed the work, as did my helpers, even if we did occasionally weary of making hundreds of fish-cakes—our most popular dish, and more appetizing than some. The children used to crowd to the rooms and sit down to a "square meal," varied with a "a'porth of scrumps" (the bits floating about after frying was over); the grown-ups would bring baskets for their day's meals. Sometimes pathetic "new poor" would come; two poor old ladies used to get three fish-cakes or rissoles every day, and one day they asked for only two. I asked: "Why only two to-day?" "Oh, the girl is out for the day." Poor things!



Later, when the terrible epidemic of influenza came, the Kitchens were invaluable as distributing centres for gruel and beef-tea. Of the latter, four gallons used to come daily from the All Souls' Kitchen. I knew that beef-tea was not *nourishing*, but in a wonderful way it stimulated the appetite and so helped recovery; in some cases it turned the corner for the patient, and it is immensely appreciated by the poor always.

I believe the experience of the Kitchens was the same all over England. For a time they seemed a necessity, and were very popular, but, as conditions returned to the normal, their trade gradually diminished, and all were eventually closed. English people prefer to do their bit of cooking at home, even if they can't cook, and have hardly anything to cook in; they are very critical of each other's efforts, and, needless to say, we had a good deal of criticism to put up with. One day quite a "superior" lady came in with an empty jug (she had previously taken it away full of hot soup). "See what I've found in my soup!" she exclaimed, and, looking in, I saw a "woolly bear" caterpillar rearing its head up at the bottom of the jug! Of course I laughed at her and explained that no caterpillar however woolly would survive boiling, and she had the grace to come back and apologize, and admit that she had been carrying a cabbage home also.

The Kitchens were not my only work. We had put in for an allotment on the Christ Church meadowland, which the authorities had allowed to be dug up and apportioned as far as it would go, and on our piece, with the aid of an enthusiastic gardener, we grew quantities of delicious vegetables; later I found that the chief difficulty with these was that they took so long to gather; still, we had the enjoyment of them and I was hoping that the privilege would be extended indefinitely, when, after a time, the College, in spite of our urgent appeals, cleared us all off and laid the ground to grass once more. I admit the allotments were not beautiful, but how good and useful they were and how

much happiness they afforded in an unhappy time! It was very exciting bringing our crops home on summer evenings. I rigged up a sort of little hand-barrow and, with the aid of a boy to push it, was conveying it along Cornmarket Street one evening when the whole thing was knocked over by a cyclist and my precious potatoes and carrots were scattered over the pavement, to the amusement of the passers-by.

The same adventurous gardener persuaded me to buy two piglets, which he carried to his cottage in a sack, keeping them in his garden with the idea of fattening them for me. Of course I supplied the food, and they seemed to require a great deal, and meal was scarce and dear like everything else. I cherished an idea that perhaps an occasional *maigre* day might be almost beneficial, and result in nice *streaky* bacon (fat and lean in layers). The great day arrived when I was told they were ready to kill, "not too big but just nice"; and we actually had them cut up and cured in the cellars at Balliol, and proved the truth of the gardener's words that we should "never have tasted such delicious bacon and ham." So good they were that they went far too fast, and I took the eight pettitoes and all the queer insidey bits and pipings down to the Kitchens, where they were made into pies and clamoured for. The little toes were fried and eaten separately, and I wished that pigs had been at least sesquipedalian.

All this took time, but it explains why the months of the War went quickly for us, and, indeed, without some such continual and engrossing interests, courage and hope and health would alike have flagged. It was not for me to help in the hospitals as so many did. I should have liked nothing better, but I had at home plenty of nursing at different times, as I had all my life long. To have done something for the wounded would have been an immense satisfaction to me; it would have taken my thoughts away from our own private anxieties, our elder son away in India, with the Hampshire Regiment,<sup>1</sup> chafing to be at the Front; one son-

<sup>1</sup> 9th Batt.

in-law in France, at one time badly mustard-gassed ; another in the Scottish Horse, but *hors de combat* through breaking his leg while in training ; others on coast defence ; one daughter working alone in Shoreditch all through the raids ; another at work on the land and later at Havre with the Y.M.C.A. canteen work ; the younger son just going into training with the Coldstream Guards after a year at Balliol. And yet, all in the end were spared to us.

Death had, indeed, come very near, in the early months of 1918, but not on the battlefield ; the serious illness of our little grandson Charles Wrong called me to Manchester for some weeks, but, though time after time his life was despaired of, he eventually recovered. Though only a baby of fourteen months one was struck by his extraordinary serenity and fortitude—I can use no other word. On my way back, having a long wait for the train at Leicester, I took up an Anti-Vivisection paper (I forget its name), and read a paragraph in which the treatment of thirty children by lumbar puncture at a hospital in America was severely denounced. Little Charles's life had been saved by that same operation, repeated five times, and how many other children's lives also ! As I sat by him and watched, it was like witnessing a miracle, so immediate was the relief to the child. And yet thousands will have read those silly and ignorant words, and I have no doubt they remained uncontradicted.

I came home to find A. L. ill in bed, unusually prostrated after one of his frequent bronchial attacks, sleeping badly, and with a certain amount of fever ; as usual, I felt I ought not to have left him, but the call had been an urgent one, the child so desperately ill, and his mother prematurely confined of a daughter who never breathed. I carried the tiny bud to Burch Churchyard, where Mr. Harold Anson most kindly received it and said a prayer over the wee grave. 'To some minds, even to some mothers, this might seem a small disappointment, " such a tiny baby who never lived ! " To find a man who understood and sympathized with our sorrow was a revelation to me.

To A. L. this was just one more cloud in the "valley of the shadow" through which we were all passing at the time. He was, I think, beginning to feel depressed about his own health, the recurring attacks of bronchitis, occasional sharp twinges of his old enemy rheumatism, the onset of certain symptoms which, to his mind, portended a deeper-seated source of danger, and, more than all these physical troubles, the daily toll of the War on the College, the ever-lengthening lists outside the Chapel. The mortal sickness of his old friend Canon Scott Holland weighed heavily on A. L., all the more perhaps because since the days when they were Proctors together they had met but seldom, though each in his own sphere of activity seemed really imbued with the same spirit. He died March 17th, 1918, and A. L. went to the funeral at Christ Church Cathedral. It was a most impressive service, marked by a curious and beautiful happening which, I think, must have passed unnoticed by any except A. L. himself: just before the end of the service a butterfly rose from the coffin and flew upwards. I thought of the months of depression which our friend had passed through, the "burden of the flesh" heavy on his soul, and this seemed a symbol of the "glorious liberty" which was now his, a memory to treasure.

## CHAPTER XIX

### A HOLIDAY IN WALES

THE strenuous work of the past winter was also beginning to tell on A. L. There were so many duties in which the devoted Whitaker's help was of little avail ; his various lectures on subjects connected with the War, and on the period of Reconstruction which would have to follow (though so far it has hardly seemed to do so), meant concentrated work to be written out with his own hand, and as time went on he found it daily more of an effort to sit down and concentrate. Letters he could and did dictate ; they were taken down in shorthand and transcribed. The same applies to the " Christmas Letter " which he had printed and addressed to absent members of the College, for several years in succession. These were intended both as a Christmas greeting and as a means of keeping up the " Balliol spirit " which had so large a share of A. L.'s heart ; they lose perhaps just because they were dictated, not written by his own hand.

But, as I have said, A. L. was no letter-writer. Perhaps his early efforts in that direction accounted for this ; to write intimately and fully to a near relative, who yet is practically a stranger, as his Mother was to him, tends to a certain artificiality of style, which he never completely lost. But at times his real self would come out, to some beloved correspondent ; such letters as these are few and far between. To the bereaved he would pour out his soul, breaking through his natural reserve to bring them whatever hope and comfort he had made his own.

But it needed all faith and hope to keep up a good heart

during that last summer of the War, and at last his doctor took me aside and urged what seemed to A. L. a very drastic remedy, a month's treatment at Llandrindod Wells, myself in charge, of course, and a married daughter coming to our rescue, and to the rescue of the War Kitchens, Babies, etc. We had not been away together for years, and never for so long a period. I knew my limitations as a walker, never having been active in that way even in youth, so I secured a kind cousin, Edith Brinton, to join us, knowing that she would make up for all my deficiencies. A. L. would never have agreed with that clever essayist Hugh Sidgwick,<sup>1</sup> who avers that talking spoils walking. He loved both, perhaps because he seldom noticed scenery or surroundings; he would have been equally happy in suburban roads or streets if he had an interested listener, or some one as keen as himself with whom he could discuss problems. Heated discussions he did not enjoy, he would come back wearied and disappointed. "So-and-so has grown such a violent reactionary, really it's no use trying to talk to him!" So that the walks, if they were to be pleasant, would need some diplomacy and arranging.

A. L. and I were quite excited about this adventure. To stay at an hotel, a thing we had never done since our Thames honeymoon, was like stepping out into a new world. It is true we were recommended a Private Hotel by a friend who thought he knew our simple tastes. I remember what pains I took that A. L. should look as smart as possible, being under the impression that Spas attract the fashionable world.

This Private Hotel was a queer experience. It is, perhaps, not fair to judge of any hotel working under War conditions, with the worry of food coupons, coal shortage, and the like, but we were terribly cold, and for A. L., always a chilly being, this meant real suffering. However, by dint of each cuddling a hot-water bottle constantly renewed, we attained a certain degree of comfort, and, fortified thus, it

<sup>1</sup> Killed at the Front, 1917.



was possible to escape to our rooms and indulge A. L. in the reading aloud which was always his evening treat. The public sitting-room was impossible because of the constant wrangling over bridge which a family of devotees to this game kept up night after night. I had always thought that card-games like whist and bridge required silence, but these people talked all the time and, as all seemed deaf, the result was distracting to the rest of the company.

Sunday came—no bridge that day, but some one suggested hymn-singing and asked me to play. I looked round at the company, a heterogeneous gathering, a Roman Catholic, a lady of pronounced Anglo-Catholic views, a Jewess, and the bridge-players, who turned out to be Nonconformists. All said they thought hymns would be nice, and I started with the most non-committal I could think of,—“Lead, Kindly Light,” which was much approved; then I thought of the Jewess—surely “Jerusalem the Golden” would do, only I had forgotten about the last verse! However, she quite liked it, and I relapsed into Moody and Sankey (for the bridge-players). Altogether it was a great success, although the *grande dame* of the hotel (“the wife of a K.C.,” our landlady told us, in tones of awe) looked a little haughty all the time. A. L. meanwhile just endured it all, unhappy rather because he could not have his beloved after-dinner pipe.

His day began very early. At seven o'clock a damsel brought round to the various patients a huge keg of very hot water from the springs, which had to be drunk immediately. The same process had to be repeated in the middle of the day, without, as far as I could see, any benefit accruing to the patient. What really did A. L. good for the time was the change of scene and the beautiful walks, up and down the hills, over the golf-course, or along the valleys, and, after we had exchanged the hotel for some comfortable, homely rooms with the kindest of landladies (to whom, as usual, I was pixy-led), we really began to enjoy ourselves.

Of course we found friends and A. L. new companions

for his walks. Among others was Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who was staying at one of the big hotels, and who kindly invited us to tea, promising to give us cream,—needless to say, we all accepted, but, alas ! the cream was "Ideal Milk." Edith and I came to the conclusion that the deprivations of War-time were making us very greedy ; however, the talk was excellent. I wonder if "T. P." recalls those days ; probably not, as he knows so many people (*vide* the *Sunday Times*).

We had our usual happy evenings in a pleasant room looking westward on to the hills, and I learnt the fascination of watching the changing lights and shades as the clouds drifted along. We had, indeed, too much cloud ; it rained every day of our month's stay, but rain seemed to matter little there, and I found that even *I* could walk, for the wonderful air and the interesting country combined made us forget our years and disabilities.

One day we went up to the tiny Parish Church, where I remember the rather pathetic graves of two Germans (waiters in an hotel, I think), and another grave with the odd name of "Looezer " Somebody, for which I suppose some bereaved spelling reformer was responsible. Mr. Renold, of Manchester, a man for whom A. L. had always a great liking, was a frequent companion in the longer walks, which were beyond our powers (my cousin being kept on a diet of which lettuce seemed to be the main ingredient). I had to watch her munching steadily through a pile of this at breakfast, like a patient rabbit.

Apart from the delightful rambles and beautiful scenery (we were there in August, but it must be wonderful in June, the flowery month), what gave me most pleasure at Llandrindod was the Church, crammed every Sunday and everybody singing, and singing well. I knew all Welsh people sang by nature, but here were strangers from all parts, like ourselves ; the fact is, there was no "performing " by the Choir, they just led the congregation, and the result was the very best kind of congregational singing. I do hope this has not been superseded by Martin Shaw and all the

"Modernists," or by the new sort (or is it the older sort?) of Plainsong, which is very puzzling to learn and does not seem to lend itself to English words, whatever may be the case with Latin. "Helmore" in the old days was a simple matter, and so is Merbecke, but some of the present-day music which is being urged on patient worshippers is more like what I have heard of Egyptian or Arab music, if music it can be called,—often no more melody than would come by putting notes into a sausage-machine and turning the handle.

It was with some regret that we left the hill-country and came home to Oxford, spending an hour or two at Shrewsbury on our way, and sitting on the roof of the Castle, to eat our sandwiches and enjoy the glorious view—over how many counties? The train was full of men in khaki going back to the Front after leave, farewells at every station, mothers and wives trying not to *think*, but somehow to get through the ordeal without emotion, and the tired men turning to their pipes, or books, or sweets, or anything, for comfort. In the end my cousin, rather to her dismay and our amusement, found herself with a Tommy's head reposing on each of her shoulders, fast asleep, poor things, and for a short time forgetful of all their troubles. She had not the heart to disturb them. In the darkness of a tunnel I slipped some bits of toffee into the hand of one boy; he had just said good-bye to his mother and looked like a child going to school for the first time, and I knew what that was.

The month's holiday had done wonders for A. L. mentally if not physically, and for myself it proved a good preparation for anxious days to come; the tension involved in those last few weeks of the War, and the terrible epidemic of influenza which descended on the whole country early in October. Our own household was spared, but the sufferings of the poor, and, indeed, of all classes, owing to the shortage of nurses, called for all available helpers and every kind of help. And here the War Kitchens came in useful; but for them the difficulty of feeding the sick would have been a cause of acute trouble. As it was we managed to

provide and distribute beef-tea and gruel, besides the usual cheap dishes.

The distribution, no small task, was mostly undertaken by kind neighbours, who never spared themselves and were ready to undertake nursing or any other form of help. Small differences and squabbles were forgotten and all worked cheerfully; it was, indeed, a time of great "brotherly kindness" in all classes. I heard of one lady who sat up several nights with a dying servant, whose mistress she hardly knew by sight; the urgent need called for and found an immediate response. Going down one night after dark to find some one to tend a mother and two babies, all ill with pneumonia, alone in her cottage, I groped my way through the pitch-dark streets and ran into a woman whose relations with me were decidedly strained, to say the least. I had forgiven her, but with some people to be put in the wrong leaves a feeling of resentment. However, I told her of my need,—would she go? Of course she went, and did her part well. This was only one of many cases in which the untrained but willing helpers came successfully to the rescue.

"Death was mighty all around," not only in the Military Hospitals but everywhere, and especially distressing and tragic was the mortality among young expectant and new-made mothers. This was, I think, the predominant feature of this special epidemic. One heard of tragedy after tragedy, mostly in the poorer districts, for which no treatment was apparently of any avail. We have had epidemics since, and always, though not to the same extent, a shortage of trained nurses, and it must have occurred to many to wonder what has become of all the enthusiasm shown by thousands of willing and educated girls who during the War served as V.A.D.'s, W.A.A.C.'s and the like. Few of them seem to have taken up nursing as a profession, there being still a shortage of probationers applying at hospitals, and yet there must be much knowledge, skill and experience going to waste, as it were, all over the country. True, every

now and then there are Field Days, a muster of V.A.D.'s and Red Cross workers, in uniform, much talk and flourishing of trumpets, but, so far, no general enrolment of these useful women and girls for the public service, although I believe in some places the experiment has been started with success, and in Oxford members of these groups do give valuable help at the hospitals.

The aimlessness of so many girls' lives in the present day strikes one continually. Something which I read lately in my daily paper seems to confirm this view. It is in "Society Gossip," and refers to some Society girl taking up work as a saleswoman in a smart shop. "They do it, primarily, to make money. *If one doesn't hunt, the winter is a dreary stretch of idleness.* When interested, the Society girl is an asset to a lively shop."

What a life!

True, there are many more ways of killing time than we grandmothers enjoyed in our youth, but how terrible that anybody, especially young and active and capable girls, should need to kill time; a precious thing one can hardly have too much of. It would be an immense boon to the community if in every town there could be a register of women and girls as home helpers in times of illness and emergency, not only among the poor, to help out the efforts of District Nurses and others, but also among those whom our friend W. P. Ker designated "the neglected rich." Perhaps some day a new St. Vincent de Paul may arise and organize women, as he did, into a Society pledged to some such labour of love; it would bring a new zest to life. The desire to be of use is still there, it is the organization that is lacking. It may be that a revival of community life is what is needed, Sisterhoods with modified rules, vows renewable from year to year, Orders of women who would devote their time and energies to the relief of the sick and needy of whatever class in life. The West End Mission Sisters, organized by the late H. Price Hughes, were a step in this direction, if only more of such experiments could be started,

## CHAPTER XX

### THE ARMISTICE AND AFTER: 1918

I MUST now go back to those anxious and expectant days of October, days of disturbing rumours, inexplicable delay,—would Peace ever come, would Germany ever give in? To A. L. and others who had followed the progress of the War from the beginning and who were not absorbed in the care of the sick and the provision for the daily needs of the community, these days were perhaps the most trying of all. For a time the lectures and talks which had taken up so much of A. L.'s time and energy had come to an end, the country held its breath and awaited the signing of the Armistice. My own hands were fuller than ever. Sundays and weekdays alike found the kitchens busy with the distribution of food to our many invalids. Coming out of the gate of All Souls' on November 11th with two big cans of the precious beef-tea, I was greeted by Cleery (after our own Hancock, surely the friendliest of College Porters) with the great news: Peace at last! The reception of the joyful tidings in the squalid street which was my objective that morning was an unforgettable experience. No fewer than seven homes in it mourned fathers, husbands, or sons. The women came round me. "Thank God!" they said. I tried to speak, but words failed, and I went home to find A. L., for whom I dreaded the inevitable reaction. However, he had made his plans, and that evening he was fortunately speaking at a meeting in Birmingham, but on the following night he arranged a special service in Chapel; about fifty attended and the Te Deum was sung, all very



simple but very impressive. In his way A. L. could appreciate ceremonial, and he certainly felt the need of personal, corporate, and public thanksgivings. He wished me to collect the ladies of the College at supper, and to accompany them afterwards into the gallery of the Hall, where the Grace Cup was handed round with the usual formalities, preceded by a few words from A. L., though, indeed, the occasion was one in which the "abundance of the heart" almost choked utterance. For us women, privileged witnesses of this and other similar College celebrations, it was a unique experience. The portraits of the Founders, John de Balliol and Devorguilla his wife, still look down on us at Balliol, both their names are heard in the Bidding Prayer, Devorguilla still has her place.

As I write of the year which followed the Armistice I realize more and more strongly how inevitably it was a time of depression, and though A. L. threw himself with all his available powers into the work of reconstruction as it visualized itself to his mind, though the College by slow degrees resumed its normal appearance, it was soon evident at what cost to his health and spirits the work of the four years of War had been carried on. The attacks of bronchitis to which he had been liable increased in severity and frequency, his nights were at best restless and disturbed, and, being a man who depended greatly on a large allowance of sleep, he often found himself unable to concentrate until quite late in the day, thereby involving himself in a vicious circle against which all my efforts were unavailing. That he should have been able to attend to the work of his numerous Committees, as he was still in the forefront of movements which had found in him their original inspiration, still ready to be keenly interested in the latest discovery or (which took up more of his precious time) the latest discoverer,—all this was a constant surprise to those who at home noticed his weariness and even listlessness and who could only minister to him in material ways. It was in these times that he seemed most to appreciate the

solace of the evening reading aloud. He would lie back in his chair with his pipe, sometimes asleep, I used to think, but he always explained elaborately and indignantly : " You can't smoke and sleep at the same time."

In common with the rest of the country he probably had a feeling of disappointment that the end of the War should, after all, not be the end of trouble, in spite of his historic sense and his power of studying the present in the light of the past, e.g. the long weary aftermath of the Napoleonic Wars. Then, too, the gradual reassembling of the University and its return to normal conditions only seemed to emphasize the severe losses sustained in Balliol. Of the 921 men who had answered their country's call 193 had fallen ; their names are engraved on the panels outside the Chapel. What avail that Sacrifice if England, united for that great struggle, should become disintegrated by Peace ?

And this thought it was which inspired A. L. to spend himself for the remaining years of his life in endeavouring to reconcile the opposing forces, as it seemed to him, of Capital and Labour. He took every opportunity of addressing workers and employers all over England, seizing this unique opportunity with the men who had fought side by side in the trenches. Could they not be brought to work side by side for the reconstruction of a new and better England ? This was, indeed, the dominant thought which occupied A. L.'s mind. Nominally a Liberal in politics, he was yet in no sense a party man, and this, no doubt, helped him in dealing with the audiences which he had now to meet in various parts of the country, and with the Conference Groups which were domiciled in College in the Vacations,—an arrangement by which the amenities of Oxford could be enjoyed, and still are being enjoyed, by hundreds of workers and students.

The Garden Quad, which had resounded with the word of command and the tramp of marching companies, now sheltered under its trees groups of men and women in earnest discussion, often with A. L. the centre of the circle ;



ON BAMBURGH SANDS, 1900



(Photo, Russell's, Fleet Street,  
AT A SUMMER MEETING IN THE PELLIAS' GARDEN

or in the evenings they were kept lively by the "sing-songs" carried on in the Junior Common Room, the endless choruses, "Mush Mush" and other ditties made popular in War-time and now fitted to new words, the beginnings of what is now catching on everywhere, Community singing.

I have said A. L. was not a party man, and no doubt this fact made it easier for him to adhere to the rule, observed so strictly by his predecessor; namely, never to take part in local political gatherings, either as Chairman or as supporter on the platform, even though such refusal might and did often mean disappointing a personal friend or group of friends.

I am afraid I often endeavoured to persuade him to relax this rule, but he stood firm. One special occasion lives in my memory when the young Liberals among the undergraduates, headed by some Balliol men, among others Mr. Beverley Nichols, had arranged a dinner and meeting at which Mr. H. H. Asquith was to be the guest and speaker. Mr. Nichols gives his own account of the proceedings in his book *Twenty-five*. The hostess could, however, give *her* own version—the problem which she had suddenly to face, fourteen ladies and one solitary man (Prince Bibesco) to dinner, the placing of the guests so that a "certain liveliness" might, if possible, result. The words "kitchen-range" or "kitchen-maid" from a certain quarter, striking on my ear with a gloomy sound long before the sweets were reached, resulted in a wail from Mrs. Asquith—"May I smoke?" And what could any hostess do but smilingly consent?

After dinner we had quite a pleasant, chatty time (my daughters to the rescue) until enter a procession of white waistcoated undergraduates led by Beverley Nichols bearing a bouquet (which fell to pieces as Mrs. Asquith received it). Then the inevitable "floater," which I had expected and dreaded: "You and the Master will be coming on to the Town Hall?" Of course the Master was not there to explain, and I fear my attempts at doing so fell rather flat.

I admit that I felt at the moment rather a martyr to A. L.'s principles, but the episode did not really change the friendly, if somewhat interrupted, relations between our guest and myself; we are united really by the affection and friendship we feel for each other's sons, a strange bond, but a very real one. I know, too, her kindness of heart, the "charity that never faileth."

The year 1919 is a difficult period to write about. The word "Reconstruction" was on men's lips, but the work of reconstruction bristled with problems from the first, and A. L.'s heart must often have failed him, though he was still able to greet cheerfully and hopefully the men who had been called up away from College in 1914 and who were now returning to try and finish their course, not an easy task after such a complete break. With these there were the younger generation coming up from the Public Schools, a somewhat heterogeneous flock to guide and control.

We ourselves were still in some anxiety about our elder son, who had been appointed Political Officer at Najef, an isolated city of Iraq, soon after the Armistice. Najef, as it happened, was quiet at that time, but later, when troubles set in, another Balliol man, much beloved by all who knew him, J. S. Mann, lost his life there, during the siege of the city.

Our younger son had just completed his training in the Coldstream Guards, and so was never sent to the Front. Our sons-in-law, scattered at various posts of duty, were being one by one demobilized, and we had, indeed, great cause for thankfulness,—a thankfulness which, I think, tends to deepen, if possible, the sorrow and sympathy called forth by the tragedies in other families. Motherhood is the bond—to share in the joy is also to be able to realize and share in the sorrow.

On March 28th of that year a short Memorial Service was held in Chapel, at which the Master read out the names of all who had fallen in the War, and later, on March 29th, a second Service gathered together the relatives of the Fallen.

It was a most impressive and beautiful but very moving service, and the tea in Hall, at which we all met, was too friendly to be the ordeal I had rather dreaded ; perhaps there was still much of the spirit of patriotism and pride with which fathers and mothers had seen their sons go, and the blank, the sense of emptiness and loss, was for the moment displaced by this pathetic elation ; or else, for the sake of one another, individual griefs were laid aside, and, after all, there is a " happy family " spirit at Balliol.

Days such as this stand out in my memory of that year. They seemed as oases in a desert of anxiety and depression ; young people, men and girls, found it hard to adapt themselves to normal life after the exciting experiences of the last four years ; the old were perhaps impatient and weary. My diary has too often the entry : " Very anxious about *all* my family." Later, in June, after months of doubt and delay, Lionel came back from Iraq, and those who know what the effects of burning Eastern sun and continued hard work can be, will realize the change wrought in him by those four years. For him, as for all who came back, Oxford was a city of ghosts, a place of memories. I felt with regard to him I must try and take a long view, and " think imperially." At the time A. L.'s mind was much taken up with affairs of the State, tangled problems which occupied him to the exclusion of family worries.

The early part of July, however, brought him the encouragement of an invitation to St. Andrews to receive from that University the honorary Degree of LL.D. This meant, of course, a long and tedious journey, but he greatly enjoyed the ceremony and the kindness of his Scottish hosts. I regret now that I did not waive the question of expense and share with him the honour and *éclat* of his distinction. I should have seen the wonderful old city under happier circumstances than when we visited it four years later.



## CHAPTER XXI

### BACK TO BAMBURGH: 1919

AND now after our busy summer our thoughts turned to Bamburgh again with a great longing for the sea which had seemed so fraught with threatenings and perils four years ago, and we discussed the possibility of a gathering of the clan, a reassembling of the families so scattered by the War. To A. L. the idea was very welcome; he needed the wide expanses and the freer air wherein to think out his plans, and to be with children and grandchildren, irresponsibly happy as he always was with them, was in itself the best of tonics. And so August found us again in our little house at Bamburgh, unchanged it seemed, welcoming us back as in the old days. But the War had left its mark, and of the small population eighteen or twenty had given their lives, boys whom we remembered in the village Choir, among them two brothers, ruddy-faced, burly fellows, who had fallen on the same day, almost side by side. I could hardly bear to touch on their loss, but the father and mother were ready to tell me as much as they knew, as we sat by the fire in their cosy room just inside the Castle gate. Presently the cat strolled in and they told me how, during the War, and in spite of the calls of many families of kittens, she had brought home two or three rabbits every week, a great help to the family menus in that time of scarcity. "Ah, and more than that she knows," they said, and they told how before every great battle this little creature retired into the sandhills for hours. Before the Battle of Jut-

land she had disappeared for three days. "I wonder what she was doing?" said I. "Saying her prayers, I'm thinking," was the reply. I was glad to think this pussy had been brought from Oxford as a kitten, and turned over to these old friends of ours after our summer holiday. Dogs are considered more intelligent and trustworthy, but a cat which *is* devoted seems endowed with almost uncanny powers of intuition, sympathy and understanding.

It seemed as we talked to the village people that the shock of the War, what I have called its "anesthesia," was still with them, certainly our holiday was clouded by it, and even the reassembling of our large family party, each group with its own individual experiences, brought with it certain difficulties. Added to which A. L. was beginning at times to feel the oncoming of that mysterious depression and irritability which troubled his remaining years. His hands, more and more crippled by rheumatism, could no longer manage golf-clubs, though he loved the course and would spend hours on it every day; even on Sundays he would wander off in search of missing balls, or some such excuse. The soft, springy turf made these rambles pleasant and easy, and he would forget meal-times and everything else, and resent the reminders of his companion.

Professor Wrong and his family were occupying part of the Castle, and with him A. L. found congenial company for walks; they had also a common subject of interest and sympathy in the brood of grandchildren growing up between us. We went to Church on some Sundays a regiment of eighteen—those days were proud and happy days for me. I used to wonder if it could be a wrong sort of pride, to count them with thankfulness,—was I like "David numbering the people? (Just one of those gloomy lessons inculcated in my extreme youth by our old Presbyterian Nurse.) A. L. used to take his little red Bible to Church with him, and could not be said to "attend,"

as the phrase went in my old Sunday School days. He used to bury himself in some Old Testament chapter, and suddenly awaken to the Sermon, which he always and quite without discrimination called "good." Probably in his School days he never listened, nor perhaps later as Proctor, when he underwent two long sermons every Sunday unless he could secure the services of an unwilling "Pro."

In College, in later years, he became a most attentive listener, when he could hear at all (but the Chapel at Balliol is a very bad place for sound, and when a loud-voiced preacher is speaking, it is almost impossible to hear; you "can't see the wood for the trees," and a good opportunity is thereby lost).

A. L. loved a simple discourse. I have seldom seen him so much impressed as he was on the last Sunday before his final illness. The aged Bishop Chavasse was the preacher, and regardless of Fellows and Scholars (whose presence might seem to act as a "quencher of the Spirit") he lifted up his voice and gave us a most inspiring message. "That's the stuff!" said one of the Dons as they came out. He succeeded where many abstruse theologians had failed,—perhaps they think that Balliol men must have something original and elaborate given them to think about, whereas they really require "milk for babes," and this the old Bishop gave them.

Another digression. I must get back to Bamburgh, where the weeks passed much as usual. Long mornings on the sands, basking in the sun, when it chose to shine, sing-songs and games in the evenings. The rumours of the approaching Strike did not worry us; we felt, I suppose, too secure in the idea that a country which had so lately "pulled all together" could not so soon pull apart.

I paid a short visit to our daughter in Edinburgh, and a week afterwards, on September 10th, came a telegram summoning me to return there at once; just time to catch the train and get to the hotel, where, in less than an hour,

I had the joy of welcoming another grandchild, the little daughter of Johnny and Margaret Jameson.

Soon after this episode a sad memory has to be recorded. My brother-in-law, Sir Edward Cook, had come to spend a few days at Seahouses, the little fishing port about three miles down the coast, with the Threlfalls who were staying there, and he came over one afternoon to see us all. He seemed depressed and ill, and I had been very anxious about him for some time. The "writer's cramp" from which he suffered made me fear more serious trouble. But under the shadow of the Castle rock, in delicious sunshine, he seemed for the moment happy, as we enjoyed what proved to be our last talk together. A few days later he returned south, but a change for the worse set in soon after; he worried over a trivial little contretemps in which he was entirely blameless, as we all assured him, and the state of his health, fever supervening with the pneumonia which was then developing, made it impossible for him to grasp our loving reassurances. We could none of us get to him, as the Railway Strike had begun, and, after a few days of growing anxiety fed by what reports our eldest daughter was able to send, the end came on September 30th. To our lasting sorrow, his dying eyes could not rest on those who had been his comfort and stay during all his widowed years, but

"Here dwells all fulness,  
Ye brave, to reward you."

To be stranded up there at such a time was a great trial; one of our visitors did, indeed, get herself conveyed to Newcastle on a trolley and, by special favour of our friend, Mr. Dalgleish, secured a passage on a ship going to London, but such adventures were not for us, and we waited till things returned to the normal again. We could not even get back for the funeral at South Stoke, where my brother-in-law and my sister's graves are side by side, a peaceful place, full of memories of them both

and of their kindnesses to all our young people, kindnesses which he continued after her death. He became, indeed, even more closely bound to our various families of both generations, but most of all, I think, to mine. The artistic gift, inherited from my Father, and descending to my sister Emily (Mrs. E. T. Cook), and later to our daughter Gertrude (Mrs. H. B. Hartley), was a special bond of sympathy and interest, and it was with the latter that he enjoyed the last of his trips abroad, visiting the favourite haunts of his and Emily's married life. The records of this holiday were published under the title of *Homes and Haunts of Ruskin*, and dedicated to "E. C. C. and G. M. H."

I feel I must not let too many shadows fall on the story of the remaining years of A. L.'s life. There were shadows, and this October Term of 1919 seems, on looking back, to be overclouded by them. It must be remembered, too, that the pressure not only of events but also of years was beginning to tell on both of us; hearts and minds do not seem to age, but the effort to impress them on others becomes more and more trying and difficult. Brighter times were still to come, but 1919 had more than its share of sorrow.

The death of this dearly-loved brother-in-law, Sir Edward Cook, was soon followed by that of another brother-in-law—Harry Irving, on October 17th. We had seen little of him for some years, to our lasting regret, but at one time we had been enough together for us all to be attracted by his winning personality. I especially remember one delightful time at Bamburgh, when we wandered over the rocks together, his delight in the children, whom he loved to play pranks with, and tease, and, most of all, his graciousness and sympathy.

"Hereafter in a better world than this,  
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you."

It was a disappointment when our son Lionel, who had returned to his work at Magdalen, a sphere which in many

ways seemed ideal, decided to accept a post in the Ministry of Education at Baghdad. The "Call of the East" on Englishmen is a strange thing to many of us at home, and the call was all the more urgent to him because, as to so many others, Oxford could never be the same as of old. So we did not oppose his decision; it is not fair to discourage those who have the spirit of adventure, his Father sympathized with him, and I, who have never had any such spirit, did my best to suppress my doubts and fears.

On November 13th A. L., and, indeed, our whole family, as well as the College of which he was such a loyal son, suffered a severe blow in the death of Lord Brassey, the T. A. B. of old days, the supporter of A. L. in all his dreams and schemes, a rich man whose riches meant before all things responsibility, a benefactor to A. L.'s beloved Bodleian Library; to me the kindest and most understanding of friends. It is to T. A. B. that we owe the formation not only of the Fund known as the Balliol 1904 Endowment Fund, but also the larger and more ambitious scheme affecting the whole University, which afterwards had Lord Curzon as Chairman, but which owed its origin to the active and fertile brain of T. A. B. I treasure a little note from him which will always remind me of the talk we had under the study window at the King's Mound, discussing together the College and its ways and means.

Here is the letter:

"PARK GATE,  
"BATTLE.  
"3.8.'06.

"MY DEAR MRS. SMITH,—

"It was very nice of you to write as you have done. A letter like yours makes one feel that one does occasionally do some good in the world—though, mind you, it was you who put the idea of helping the College into my head. It did not originate in my brain. . . .

"Yours very sincerely,  
"T. A. BRASSEY.



"The University project will be much more difficult than Balliol, but I do not despair."

A. L. was suffering at the time from severe bronchitis, but he insisted on getting up on the Sunday (November 15th) and giving a short address in Chapel; he felt that the men should know something more than the *name* about this distinguished old member of the College and hear how a "young man who had great possessions" made use of both his time and his money. The new generation do, indeed, need to be reminded often of these their predecessors. "Let us now praise great men," the first words in the Lesson so often read on these occasions, does not always, one hopes, fall on deaf or indifferent ears.

I have heard T. A. B. described as a person very difficult to work with, but nobody so full of energy and life is very easy to work with. It is hard for such men to be patient with the slow-going and cautious, who are apt to sleep while the enemy is awake sowing tares. T. A. B.'s mind seemed never to sleep, and he lived to see his great schemes carried out, and himself as an Honorary Fellow of his old College, now remembered in the long list of Benefactors read in the Bidding Prayer Sunday after Sunday.

The deaths of his friends (and so many of these passed away in these later years) affected A. L. deeply. He said little, but as one by one the links with the past were severed, his own hold on life seemed to weaken. On the last days of December the mortal illness of his great ally Sir William Osler, Regius Professor of Medicine, overshadowed our Christmas gathering, and before the New Year he, too, "was away," as the North Country people say. All Oxford sorrowed over the loss of this truly beloved Physician, who in spite of his own aching heart had a cheerful word for every one great and small. Only when one looked into his eyes one could see the shadow behind them, as I remember well when we exchanged greetings one day in the street; the return of "the boys" from the

Front had almost been too much for his courage. The story of his life, though fully given in the volumes by Dr. Harvey Cushing, does not really give any adequate idea of what Sir W. Osler meant to hundreds, perhaps thousands of Oxford people, the poor, whom he saw and cheered at the Radcliffe Infirmary, and the others who came to him for advice, and yet others, like A. L., to whom he meant refreshment of spirit. His many deeds of kindness are unrecorded except in the grateful memories of his many patients all over England. Like other eminent physicians he was perhaps not an easy patient, and there is a story that once when he was ill, and rather puzzled by his symptoms, Lady Osler took the case into her own hands and went down to study that huge tome *Osler on the Principles and Practice of Medicine*, put her finger on the page, diagnosed the case and returned upstairs to administer the right remedy.



## CHAPTER XXII

### SOME OF OUR FRIENDS

WHILE writing these later pages I seem to have dwelt perhaps too much upon the various movements and activities which absorbed A. L.'s time and interests, and not enough upon the *men* who represented these movements and who from time to time came in touch with him, to draw and receive inspiration. These times were, as it were, oases, not in a desert but in a vast field of work, and as I recall their names I realize more and more what each and all did for A. L., especially after he became Master, and we were inevitably involved in a wider social world.

The week-end parties of Jowett's days did not seem possible during the time of strain and reaction after the War, but we had no lack of casual and impromptu visitors, besides the hospitalities which, as a matter of course, the duties of the Mastership involved. One of our most frequent visitors was Colonel Lascelles, first from Brocton Camp, and later from London and India, full of schemes of education, which surely his boundless energy and enthusiasm will be able to carry out eventually. Needless to say he did not fail to find sympathy in Balliol, and his visits were a real tonic to A. L.

Another friend (and I can hardly believe that our friendship only dates from 1914) was H. E. Kemp, a Bradford man, of late working for the Church of England Men's Society. His too infrequent visits made for calmness and quiet refreshment of spirit; it was not good for A. L. (though he loved it) to be borne away on a blizzard, and

these times in a backwater of reasonableness and simple faith, such as he shared with Mr. Kemp, were invaluable to us both.

Or we had an evening of talk on Industrial problems, when Mr. Percy Gaunt, of Calverley, showed us among other things his ingenious charts, tracing in pictures the progress of the worker from the lowest to the highest position in his career. I have often wondered since how these same workers acted at the time of the great Strike; their employer, though a capitalist, was so obviously sincere and anxious for their welfare.

Again, we saw another side of Industry, when Sir Wilfred Stokes explained to us his terrible gun; it seemed so strange to me that he should be so wholly absorbed in its mechanical ingenuity, its lethal powers being apparently a matter of minor importance altogether to him.

I found that A. L. was rather apt to leave *clerical* guests to my special care, but, not being anything of a theologian, I found ample work in ministering to their creature comforts. Those invited to preach in Balliol Chapel were not, as a rule, of the Anglo-Catholic type, and I was glad of this as they are seldom very strong men; their rule of life, involving as it does long periods of fasting and abstinence, followed (because they are but human) by times of a more liberal diet, must be rather trying to the digestive apparatus. On one occasion we took in Father Neville Figgis, when he came to preach at St. Mary's. He arrived almost voiceless and really ill with a bronchial attack, and I watched him struggle through the sermon with great anxiety, shared obviously by the Vice-Chancellor and the rest of the congregation. Hardly a word was audible; however, he got through somehow, and at bedtime I suggested what I thought would strike him as an innocent remedy—white wine whey, nice and hot. He seemed pleased with the idea. I took it to him. He was sitting up in bed clad in a scarlet flannel jacket. I wondered if this cheerful garment could be the night "habit" of the "Mirfield

monks." Happily my prescription worked wonders and he was able to travel next day. But as that delightful and cheerful priest Father Maturin said to me once: "Poor Figgis, he can't even enjoy a good dinner"—(with great emphasis) "he is a pathological phenomenon!"

But the preachers were not much trouble to entertain; they were generally too tired to talk, and I felt that if they breakfasted with me on the Monday morning it would be quite as much as they wanted. The visit of the Dean of St. Paul's did rather alarm me, and I came down to breakfast hoping for some inspiration; it came, I think; I said, "Now, I don't think you like talking at breakfast, do you? Nor do I, and perhaps you would like *The Times*." After this all went well and we seemed at once to get on friendly terms. It is to many people a real trial to have to talk at that early hour, even if they don't wrap themselves protectively in the folds of a paper. I remember how I suffered one Christmas when we took in a young Frenchman who was stranded in Oxford. He was an ardent R.C. and used all his efforts at breakfast (when I was single-handed) to per- or convert me, and as French was his only language I found myself considerably handicapped. Of course those who knew A. L.'s ways would understand that he only came downstairs when the "stricken field" was empty of combatants.

One breakfast began and ended in laughter; our distinguished Honorary Fellow Lord Blanesburgh had dined in Hall one Saturday, and the subsequent talk in Common Room had lasted till the small hours. Coming back to the Lodgings he could see no light (though A. L. was still writing in the study), so he assumed that everybody had gone to bed and returned to the Common Room to sleep there and while away the time by reading the books. But the chairs were hard and the bookcases all locked up, and he turned up at 7 a.m. looking rather abject, to the immense surprise of the maids. This sort of experience is more amusing to look back upon than at the time.

A visitor who made a great impression on us was Sir Arnold Wilson. He seemed the very embodiment of power, and though he was kind and pleasant I felt he must be unbending—then suddenly in the evening he asked if he might sit down and write a letter—to his mother. "I write to her every week," and somehow all my awe of him vanished. He has certainly an "imperial manner," the sort of man one is proud to think represents this country to "lesser breeds without the law."

One breezy five minutes I remember, in the summer, was filled by the sudden invasion of Miss Gertrude Bell, then passing through Oxford. I think this must have been the same day on which she had called on the A. H. Johnsons, and delighted the dear old man by giving him a kiss on leaving. She and I had only the precious five minutes, but they were long enough for us to draw closer together the threads, or thread, which bound us in sympathy, her friendship with our son, Lionel.

It is difficult, nay impossible, to write about all our friends. Some were friends of years past, like Bishop Gore, who had been at Balliol and Trinity with A. L., and who, for one who lives so much on the spiritual plane (perhaps just because he does so live), has always shown such wonderful understanding and sympathy. If only he would make that his whole work and not allow himself to be dragged into semi-political, semi-ethical wrangles, and be simply what he is, a great spiritual leader.

With the late Baron von Hügel, who once stayed with us for a few days, we both had much interesting talk, handicapped in one way by his deafness, and I myself more especially by his phraseology. Theological problems have always been difficult to me, but in his case, though one had not to hunt for the past participle at the end of the sentence (as usual in German), his style was very much involved, and the thought always had to be hunted for and grasped. I think it is a little the same with his writings. But it was like having a Saint or one of the old Prophets in the house,



and I did wish very much that I could understand him, or enter into his enthusiasm about his daughter and her Convent life, the only domestic topic we lighted on. I remember, too, his pathetic anxiety about A. L.; he could not quite express it perhaps to me, but he said once, "Ah, but if I could but know he had it all"—(the faith, I suppose). He would have been reassured had he lived to know of A. L.'s end.

Our last clerical guest was the present Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Barnes, a very serious man, I thought, till I saw him with our little grandson; more a scholar perhaps than a pastor, a man who takes so wide a view that he is apt to ignore or despise the small but important details in the foreground which mean everything to so many people. I do not seem to remember that he touched any chord to which our undergraduates in Chapel might respond. But there is kindness in him,—unfortunately controversy does not tend to bring this out.

Some very interesting *women* stayed with us, too: Miss Clough, whom we all loved; I could hardly believe there could possibly be a hand of steel within her velvet glove, or that the gentle voice could be masterful. Mrs. Barnett, too, was with us for a little, and, to my great surprise, gathered my daughters round her and kept them thrilled by her talk; she liked them, too, I think, and I had been afraid she would think them modern and frivolous. I ought to have remembered her kindness in the old days to the overworked girl pupil-teachers, for whom she used to enlist the help of my sister Mrs. E. T. Cook. There were probably all sorts among them! As I have never had any special theories about the bringing up of daughters, we had no clashing of opinions to disturb our harmony. I seem to remember that A. L. was otherwise occupied on this occasion, or perhaps there might have been some clashing, for Mrs. Barnett likes her reforms to come speedily, and, like myself, does not want to *audi alteram partem*.

Certain queer undecipherable "Squiggles" in my Visi-

tors' Book are the signatures of various Oriental guests, among others Mr. Wellington Koo and his wife, who came one summer for two days. England was not doing her best in the way of weather, and our little Chinese lady, who looked lovely, even to English eyes, in her wonderful garments, refused to descend from the car which took her down to the "Rag Regatta," "much too cold," she said. We had never realized the dainty prettiness of a Chinese lady before, and she was very pleasant, too (but could also be cross, I noticed). We decided that even if women occupy rather a subservient position in China, this one at least would always have her own way. Mr. Koo himself seemed a very modest and sincere man, and he made a very good impression by his speech in Hall.

The "American invasion" meant to us every year the renewal of old friendships; it was one of the tragedies of the War that for those years these links could not be but sadly strained, and I shall never forget the sense of relief and thankfulness when America at last entered the lists with us. The arrival of Professor and Mrs. Merriman of Harvard year by year, when they could get away, meant great pleasure for all of us. They were, are, both of them, the special sort of friends with whom years of separation simply do not count; we take up the threads again exactly as we left them.

The same applies to Mr. G. H. Putnam, who, giving up his fruitless demand for the long delayed *Life of Frederick II*, forgives and comes to us as one of the many with whom "auld acquaintance is ne'er forgot." And Mr. Plimpton, whose hospitable home was always open to A. L. and the daughters during that memorable three months in the States. And last, not least, Mrs. Croswell, the widow of "Jim" Croswell, Head Master of the Brearley School in New York. I mention her specially because she, I think, of all A. L.'s women friends (I do not count pupils), understood and appreciated him the most. It is her letter that I quoted at the end of my account of A. L.'s American

tour. It is for her sake, and for others who had less opportunity than she had for intimate conversations and discussions, that I am writing this life "from the inside," as it were, and not attempting the ordinary Biography.

There are just a few more whose names occur to me, representatives of the class in whom A. L.'s interest and sympathy were, in his later years, most keenly aroused, the leaders of the Workers' Educational Association, and of the Tutorial Classes which developed from that movement; and, later still, the members of the Conferences of Employers and Employed which year after year were held in College. He had a special affection for Mr. Mactavish,—he might differ from him, or, indeed, agree (as some one said), that "you never could tell what Mactavish would do next," but the friendship held, and so with many others. In discussion sometimes a hasty or extreme statement would draw just the needed word of reproof or restraint from A. L., but nobody was hurt or offended.

A. L. took great interest in the Conferences specially organized in Balliol by Mr. Rowntree of York. The great ideals of real co-operation, a gospel of good-will towards men, even if at present unattainable, never seemed hopelessly Utopian when handled by A. L. "Hot air," the cynical might call it, but there always was plenty of cold, or even *iced* air, in Oxford. Some of those present at these and similar gatherings will no doubt remember the Sunday expeditions which came as a relief from the constant discussion. A. L. would collect a small group of special friends and convey them up to Cumnor Hurst, a lovely spot near Oxford. There the party would tramp about over the fields and A. L. would confide to them his dream, a plan perhaps suggested by the action of our friend A. H. Johnson of All Souls, who set free in perpetuity a beautiful bit of Shotover (now known as "Johnson's Piece").

A. L.'s original project was perhaps too ambitious, but the beauty spot is there, and can never be built over. Of course he took endless trouble about this, but his own

unaided efforts would certainly have been doomed to failure but for the generous support of the Warden of All Souls (Dr. Pember) and Professor Adams. The original idea, however, was the outcome of A. L.'s fertile imagination.

As I have said, he took little notice of scenery—this was largely a question of deficient eyesight, but Cumnor had a special attraction for him, and from the top of that hill he seemed to see visions which he longed to share with others. These walks and the hours spent in the Garden Quad at Balliol, pacing up and down as was his wont when discussing or talking things over, must be vivid memories with many even of the present-day students. The secret of his popularity with men of such different classes and habits of life lay in his intense interest in the individual. He never gave, as so many do, a listless half-attention to his interlocutor; he was ready to grapple with any problem, however complicated and tiresome, with never-failing keenness and sympathy. Sometimes, it is true, the difficulty would prove insoluble, and then I would find him depressed and troubled, but the outside world knew little of these moods.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### CLOUD AND SUNSHINE

AND now I come to the most difficult part of my task, the recording of those last few years, over which hung a darker shadow than most of us realized at the time, the inevitable shadows of advancing years, which some seem to accept quite gaily. A. L. had felt acutely the increasing inability to take exercise and the substitution of walks for the games he enjoyed of old; added to this his deafness, though not much marked, was beginning to annoy him, and he was also haunted by the fear of blindness; one eye had lost its sight some years before, and now he feared, quite unnecessarily, lest he should lose the other. Knowing only too well how sensitive he was about this, I was careful in our evening reading to avoid any book which had any mention of blindness, and I must also confess to another "pious fraud" which readers of the modern novel will condone: people are represented therein often as being senile (or, as the elegant expression is, "ga-ga") at sixty, so that I always added ten or, better still, twenty years to the victim of youth, and usually found that he or she fitted the part much better.

To these reasonable causes of depression was, however, added depression of another type, a symptom which puzzled me, until I realized it meant some deep-seated physical trouble. But, even so, he was able to shake off the clouds from time to time. I tried, indeed, to stimulate him by suggesting that he should resume the Lecture Courses which had been stopped by the War. Those on Political

Science, the most popular of all, would, however, have required thorough revision to bring them up to date, but for this task he felt himself quite unequal. He could perhaps have resumed the Lectures on Aristotle's Politics, but even these would have lacked the verve and humour which gripped his pre-War audiences.

But his lecturing days were over, and one can but be thankful that they ended when A. L. was at his best,—at his best, that is to say, in that particular field,—for he continued to take the keenest interest in current events, scientific discoveries, University and College affairs, not less than in social and family happenings.

He was especially pleased with the engagement of our youngest daughter Barbara to Hugh Cairns,<sup>1</sup> a Rhodes Scholar from Adelaide, who had been through the War and was taking a year at Balliol in the course of his studies in surgery, the first step in what has been so far a distinguished career. A. L.'s interest in medicine and surgery was not only that of a rather *difficile* and argumentative patient, they attracted him as did other branches of science; moreover, I was able to share his interest, having what a brother-in-law chaffingly described as "a medical mind." We had both of us, too, a certain hereditary bent in that direction. A. L.'s Uncle Charles Strutt, the "Solitary Relative," as we called him, who miraculously turned up from Australia on the very day of our wedding in 1879, was a physician, my own Grandfather was a keen surgeon, and a brother of my Mother's, the Dr. Brinton who, as our family flippantly put it, "invented digestion." So we were both pleased, and not less so because once more we were to be united with the Colonies.

On the 4th of December, 1920, A. L.'s seventieth birthday was celebrated by a dinner given to him in College, to which a group of those who had been his contemporaries in Balliol were invited, a group of whom sadly few now survive; but those who then gathered round the table

<sup>1</sup> F.R.C.S., London Hospital.



seemed struck anew by their guest's vivacity and cheerfulness. His busy life had left him only too little time for his friends, and it is so true that "as iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." He seemed cheered for days by this pleasant interlude, and the reminiscences of Balliol in the palmy days when "they went Head" (of the river).

Another link was in process of being forged that winter, this time with the Near East and with our son in Baghdad, who sent his friend Major R. W. Bullard<sup>1</sup> to see us, a welcome guest and helper through what was for me a very difficult time. Our invaluable secretary, Whitaker, was failing in health; the first acute onset of the disease which carried him off in May, 1921, became apparent after the bustle and excitement of the Royal visit to Oxford in March.

All Souls being under repair, Lord Curzon, under whose auspices all arrangements were made, was obliged to entertain the Royal guests, Her Majesty and Princess Mary, in Balliol, "which is *also* my College," as he proudly explained. Our household, indeed all the College, had been all excitement on the previous day; Whitaker rushing about with orders and messages, mostly emanating from Queen's College, whose Pro-Provost Mr. Walker, being a Court Chaplain, was supposed to "know the ropes."

"Frock-coats are to be worn by all the Fellows," was the first order, bringing dismay to all hearers. Nobody possessed such a garment,—at least A. L. had one, made for our wedding, but—the moth had got into it. A general lament went up, as also at Queen's, and the order was modified: black coats must be worn, as also by the undergraduates. This meant more heart-searching! Black coats were few, and, as every one realized, would not add gaiety to the scene.

So no more orders came, Balliol just tidied itself, without any more sumptuary laws, the sun shone, and we in the Master's Lodgings prepared somewhat nervously for our Guests. We were to give them coffee before the proceed-

<sup>1</sup> C.I.E., now H.B.M. Consul at Athens.

ings in the Sheldonian, at which Her Majesty was to receive the degree of D.C.L. (the real object of her visit).

I like to dwell on this episode because the abiding impression on all our minds is of the gracious kindness shown. After the first few seconds, nervousness gave place to the happy recognition that here was some one really kind and interested, a Mother who could feel for and understand another mother. As she walked round the room and looked at the pictures she recognized the sketches of Bamburgh, indeed had something to say about each, and, noticing some dainty water-colour portraits painted a hundred years ago, she said, "Now do write the names on these, it is so important,"—advice which I soon followed. Then some of the grandchildren were brought in, and then the coffee; but here a breach of etiquette occurred. This service should have been performed by the Royal footman, instead of which my parlourmaid came in with the tray, to our great and quite unnecessary embarrassment.

The scene in the Sheldonian was wonderful, crowds of students, men and women, the Queen most stately and beautiful in her mortar-board with gold tassel (she declined to wear the crumple regulation cap designed for women students), the enthusiastic cheering, and, best of all, the singing by that vast assembly of Blake's "Jerusalem." It could not have moved me more if all the singers had really meant it; I suppose they did at the time.

Then the luncheon in Common Room, a small party, by special request of the Queen, and pleasantly informal, indeed rather too informal, as Birley, the old Common Room servant, kept on bringing out for Her Majesty's admiration, and dumping them down in front of her, pieces of College plate, each with its story, throughout all the meal, thereby disturbing conversation somewhat; but A. L. explained. Birley is now dead, but it is just one of the happy things to remember, and I am glad no one checked him then, nor afterwards when he brought in a menu card for the Royal signatures.

Meanwhile Princess Mary chatted rather shyly with us, and confided to me that she was feeling nervous about having to address Girl Guides that afternoon ("I do not know enough about it, and would so like three months' training").

After luncheon the usual photograph was taken, a very good one, and it is a pity Hills and Saunders lost the negative when they removed into other premises. Then a general move into the garden, where the Queen and Princess Mary planted a mulberry tree, as a permanent memorial of their visit. So successfully was this done that I discovered *one* mulberry on it the summer which saw the birth of Princess Mary's son; it has survived the pranks of larking undergraduates, thanks to much safeguarding and watering, and some day may vie with its splendid colleagues in the Fellows' garden.

Then through lines of cheering undergraduates the Royal party passed to Barnett House, the first of a series of more serious functions. As they left, the Queen asked me if I could arrange for her "dresser" to see something of Oxford buildings, as she was much interested in such things; it ended in her having tea with us and being shown as much as possible in the short time available. After that I felt that the informality of all our proceedings was quite justified, and it was just one more instance of Royal thoughtfulness. Four years later, the same kind thought and the Royal memory for faces, led Her Majesty to recognize me among the crowds gathered in Christ Church Gardens, and to greet me with words of sympathy: "And how are the children?" she asked. "We came to your College that last time we met."

Although I was accustomed to seeing A. L. in all sorts of surroundings and with all sorts of people, I remember being struck afresh that day of the Queen's visit with the simplicity and quiet bearing which with him made social differences a thing of little moment; he was always himself. It is not easy to combine dignity with deference,

but I think he did so. Needless to say this helped more than anything else to make the day a success, courtly formalities could be safely left to others, like Lord Curzon, but even he was apt to drop them when once inside his old College.

It is one of the blessed things in life that memory clings to the happy times,—days of depression and heart-searchings seem to be forgotten, and only recalled when one, perhaps unwisely, resorts to the study of old letters and diaries, in order to refresh one's memory. But it is no real refreshment, and I shall therefore try and record just those events which came to brighten the inevitable gloom of A. L.'s last years. I use this phrase because his physical condition was bound to show itself in depression and irritability, struggle against them as he might.

Meanwhile other things were happening: the engagement of our daughter Miriam (Biddy) to Lionel's friend R. W. Bullard, then on leave before returning to the Consular Service. This time the prospective son-in-law was a Cambridge man for a change, and it would mean eventually life in some distant spot, far from the home-nest. But we had been fortunate so far in that respect, and this particular daughter had been away for some years working for the Invalid Children's Aid Association in Shoreditch, which made it easier to contemplate such a future for her. This was to be a very short engagement, and meant a wedding at Bamburgh, a new experience for us.

We planned it all to be very quiet and homely, just ourselves and the few village friends, in the beautiful Church, whose grey aisles had seen so many generations of the family. August 18th was the day fixed, and all went happily, the threatened "sea-fret" lifted just in time but it disclosed quite an army of photographers, who had come all the way from Newcastle, I suppose, to record the quaint ceremony, peculiar I think to that district, making the bride and attendants jump over the "petting stool" placed for the occasion at the gate of the Churchyard. But

nothing could spoil the setting of a wedding in Bamburgh Church, and it was a very happy day. By this time A. L. was well accustomed to his rôle on these occasions, perhaps too well trained to it, as he brought the bride into Church fully ten minutes before the time appointed, thereby establishing a record. It was not usual for him to be too early!

After the wedding came reaction and renewed anxiety. Certain symptoms of which A. L. had complained seemed to point to some drastic action being necessary, and as Hugh Cairns was staying with us I consulted him as well as our local doctor. They agreed in their diagnosis, but A. L. was to be kept in ignorance until our return to Oxford, when Dr. Collier saw him and later Mr. Frank Kidd, and an operation was decided on, serious in itself, but promising greatly improved health if successful.

A. L. took the verdict with great calmness. He passed the preliminary examination, heart, blood-pressure, etc., with flying colours. I took a sunny room for him at the Nursing Home (5 Dorset Square); the sunny ones were all the most expensive, but I felt sunshine was of vital importance for him. On October 7th, 1921, the operation was successfully performed, a serious state of things disclosing itself, among others a great number of calculi which had been forming for many years but mercifully without giving him pain or trouble.

After the first few days of pain and weariness he was very happy in the Home, visited by many friends, his room all flowers and fruit, his nurses devoted and kind, and I myself close by and able to go and read to him, always a great solace, but it was not easy to hit upon just the right book, and I unfortunately began *Vera* by the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. A. L. would have none of it, and I agreed (what a pity, when you have such a gift as she has to write such a book).

Our elder son was invalided home from Baghdad just at this time, so that I had his help, and indeed I needed

it, for, after a short time spent in convalescing at Brighton, we had to prepare for yet another wedding, that of our youngest daughter Barbara. It had been her Father's one request that, in any case, this should not be postponed, so we tried to use the time at Brighton to the best advantage, but we were both a good deal disappointed, I must admit, in the much vaunted "Dr. Brighton"; the noise and the crowds of rich pleasure-seekers, the huge white houses, the muddy sea, rather depressed us.

I could not leave him much, but I did make a pilgrimage to the Hove end of the town, looking for a house which had once been the School kept by some French ladies, at which my sister Gertrude had been a pupil in 1876. A wild-goose chase indeed it proved to be; I remembered the name of the house, Albany Villas, and thought I would ask the chemist at the corner of the road if he knew anything of the past tenants. He asked, "*When* did you say they lived there?" "In '76," I replied, and he was much amused, probably thought I was not quite sane, and I realized what a Rip van Winkle I must have appeared to him. All the same, I find digging in the past a very fascinating employment, either when it takes the form of seeing again friends I have not met for years, or revisiting old scenes, it is a species of archaeology, only human, which appeals to me, I suppose.

In 1876 Hove, or Cliftonville, as it was then called, seems to have consisted largely of Schools, and I could picture the "crocodile" processions along the sea-front, lingering at the shops, or watching the ships, and my sister in her happy year there, the last year of her short life. "Where is our poet?" the Literature Master, of whom she was the favourite, asked the girls, one day after she had left, and the silence told him. She had a real gift for writing and drawing, and had made her mark on her companions. I wonder if any of them are living now? Perhaps some of the little ones she used to collect round her on Sunday afternoons for a talk; shy as she was, her pity for these



little homesick things surmounted any such weakness, and they loved her for it.

We managed to get back to Oxford only a few days before the wedding, fixed for November 24th, and this meant some days of bustle and confusion, A. L. to be spared all unnecessary fatigue, but quite ready to do his part as usual. The Church of St. Cross, Holywell, the scene of so many such functions, was more than half full of—mothers and babies (the latter very quiet, considering), and, outside, the array of prams suggested Buckingham Palace on a Drawing-Room Day. Barbara had specially wanted the mothers who attended the Infant Welfare Centre at which she and I worked, and at one time it looked as if the other guests would hardly find room, as one indignant old friend protested. But it was all the more delightful, and as the newly married couple came out of the Church, the bells peeling merrily, they passed under arches of oars, held up by the bridegroom's rowing friends (he had got his Blue, rowing against Cambridge in 1920).

Coming, as it did, after such an anxious time this wedding brought us real joy—clouds were indeed to form again, and it proved to be a very troubled winter for us both. More and more all vital decisions rested on me. But I must not forget to record here, with all the gratitude which the flight of years only deepens, how one great cause of worry—the great expense of the operation and Nursing Home—was most generously defrayed by a small group of old pupils. I may not give their names. It will easily be imagined what a relief this was to us both. I can never forget the emotion with which A. L. read the letter conveying the news,—at first he could hardly bring himself to accept it, his instinct was always to give rather than to receive. He did not realize that others, more richly endowed with this world's goods, might also find pleasure in giving, though indeed he had seen this in T. A. B., Lord Newlands, and others.

In spite of the hopes of "a new lease of life" as a result

of the operation, and though A. L. was no doubt better in some ways, I could not feel happy about him ; he missed the coming and going of the children, he felt acutely the diminished circle round the table ; grandchildren, however charming, do not quite make up for children, though he loved to see them and always kept dates and sweets to regale them hidden in his desk. We were anxious, too, about our elder son. It seemed doubtful if he could safely go back to Iraq, as he wished, and though he took work at Harrow School for some time he seemed unable to settle there—"the East a-calling" again, we realized. It was a difficult winter, but in the late spring came the joy of another grandson, Charles Matthew Bullard, born in the Master's Lodgings, a great refreshment of spirit to me, and also to the grandfather ; although he was shy of babies he liked to have them about. He loved our children to use home as much as they liked. "Need you *really* go ?" he would ask appealingly of the daughter just saying good-bye after a flying visit. And the Christmas gatherings, even after he became so sensitive to noise, remained always a delight to him.

The various activities of this period will have to be dealt with separately. A. L.'s life seems to fall into two distinct divisions, his home life and his outside life of College and University, indeed of World, work. It will be more satisfactory to treat of this latter division separately. I seem to look back down a vista of constant interruptions, interviews, Committees, official visits of preachers, people with "axes to grind," correspondence, now no longer a worry it is true, but still requiring immediate attention. And with all this the unavailing attempts to "sit down and write something."

The College was then preparing a Memorial volume of portraits and brief memoirs of all those of its members who had fallen in the War. The writing of some of these fell naturally to A. L.'s share, being memories of his more special intimates ; he wrote several, but they were patheti-

cally incoherent and had mostly to be re-written by other hands. The power of expressing his thoughts on paper seemed to have left him ; perhaps his mind was too much distracted by stress of work, or the effort of writing these may have stirred up the long and bitter regrets of the War. The work, however, was not completed in A. L.'s lifetime, so that he could not be hurt by these very necessary corrections. The same applies to another piece of work which he struggled to do, the Memoir of F. S. Kelly,<sup>1</sup> for whom A. L. had the greatest admiration ; that also has passed into other hands for completion.

Apart from this loss or failing of power, I do not think the men and women who attended the various Conferences in College in those years even noticed any flagging of A. L.'s interest in them, or in his faculty of keeping their attention. The personal element always appealed to him, he would seize points, correct misstatements, see both sides, as of old, in an argument and, as of old, greatly to the vexation of the ordinary human being who is content to see only one side.

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated oarsman and musician. Killed in France, 1916.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### GENERAL SURVEY

AT this stage in my difficult task I begin to feel that some space must be given to a full and consecutive chronicle of A. L.'s work in the University during his fifty years of active life. This will entail perhaps a certain amount of repetition, as, from time to time, in my somewhat gossiping record, I have had to touch upon his work, but for those who want a more complete picture I need not apologize for this chapter. Only thereby can one form any true estimate of all that A. L. did for his beloved College and for the country at large. It is true that many may be found who have managed to get through even more work, and perhaps to combine it with a considerable literary output, but to those on terms of intimacy with A. L. it must have been a matter of constant surprise to find how, even amid the stress of work and engagements, he never seemed too busy to give his mind and help wherever it was needed ; he was never so absorbed in the present as to forget the past or the unspoken claims of those pioneers upon whose labours others might be building. In such wise the traditions of a College like Balliol are built up. This was not a maxim of A. L.'s, it was his life carried on to the end.

In the earlier part of this record I have traced A. L.'s career as a schoolboy and then as an undergraduate exhibitioner of Balliol, as Fellow of Trinity and student of Lincoln's Inn, and then finally in 1879, as Tutor and Lecturer in Modern History in his old College, where, two years later, he was elected Fellow. From that time onwards,

for more than twenty years, the College, its work and interests, the training of a host of pupils both in College and in our own house, occupied all his time, except for the few hours daily which he gave to games and exercise, many of these hours, too, devoted to teaching "the young idea how to shoot," coaching on the river, tubbing the often reluctant "slacker" on the Cherwell, etc. These times had too often to be made up for by much burning of the midnight oil in order to "catch up"; those were indeed days of high pressure.

I can count about sixty men who came to us as schoolboys two or three at a time, during the thirty years from 1879 to 1910 or later, to live in our house and be prepared for the College Matriculation Examination. It is a list full of interest, many of the names are household words all over the world, some engraved not only on our hearts but on War Memorial tablets in the College Chapel and elsewhere; others whose names are "writ in water," through no fault of the teacher, but even of these many have "made good."

Added to the constant weight of responsibility involved in the charge of these often irresponsible youths, a responsibility which I did my best to share though my hands and time were constantly kept busy with my babies, A. L. was from the first in demand as an Examiner, in schools all over England, later on in the Universities of Wales, Glasgow, Liverpool, Bristol, then at Cambridge in the Modern History Tripos, and for several years in the Modern History School at Oxford. All this had to be got in during the intervals of his ordinary College work.

The many articles in *Social England* (Traill), in the Dictionaries of Political Economy, and of English History, the Cambridge Modern History, beside his minute and careful *Notes on Stubbs' Charters*<sup>1</sup> and other printed syllabuses, which from time to time he produced as guides for his pupils,—all these were the work of those busy years. As to the last-named, I have used the word "guides"

<sup>1</sup> Revised and reprinted in 1925 (Blackwell).

because to "cram" was never A. L.'s method; any symptoms of this or any essays showing up undigested material would always arouse his wrath.

To this tireless but often tired worker the change (in 1893) to the beautiful surroundings of the King's Mound brought a sense of renewed vigour, but, being what he was, it also meant wider opportunities for doing. "We must use this house and garden for others," he used to say. And when later he was the inspiring force and guiding spirit of the Workers' Educational Association our lovely garden was the scene of many succeeding summer gatherings. Conferences such as in later years have been housed in Colleges in vacation time (Balliol being the first to open its doors), had not then been started,—we were but at the beginnings then of this vast movement, of which the practical difficulties threatened to daunt all but those who, like A. L., had not only the gift of vision but a sound grip of detail, and, above all, a faith which nothing could discourage.

That a man should try to combine work of this sort with the already arduous duties of a College Tutor may have been the cause of wonder and perhaps misgiving to some of A. L.'s colleagues; he had indeed from thirty to forty pupils in College for whose History-teaching he was responsible, but the History Class Lists and the History Fellowships gained by his pupils at All Souls' College for many successive years constitute in themselves an extraordinary tribute. Nearly all the teachers of History in Oxford, down to 1916, had been his pupils at one time or another, and it will be of interest if I may quote from the words of one who, though not actually a pupil, yet had unusual opportunities of estimating A. L.'s methods as his colleague in later years.<sup>1</sup>

"I was sitting for the Balliol History Scholarships," he writes, "and my History Master had warned me that I should find 'some one who was like no one else,' a vaguely

<sup>1</sup> H. W. C. Davis, now Regius Professor of History in University of Oxford.



formidable description. What I actually encountered was a quiet, amusing, friendly man who induced me to talk, when another examiner had failed to elicit anything, and who seemed to understand my plans and ambitions better than I did myself. After my election he wrote to my School one of those careful, thoughtful letters in which he was accustomed to diagnose the mental condition of new scholars. . . .

"I learned from him more about the art of teaching and the methods of historical inquiry than I can well express. . . .

"He was most at his ease in the Jesson Library, talking on a congenial topic to a class of five or six. There he sat by the fireplace in a low and battered easy-chair, on his knee a well-thumbed note-book, closely written in that cramped and irregular hand which he himself could not always decipher at a glance.

"When he took up the note-book we knew that something of moment was to be expected, a crucial fact, a clinching quotation, or an anecdote not to be found in any text-book.

"If a discussion arose, or when the time arrived for dictating a summary of the whole matter, down went the book and A. L. was on his feet, moving restlessly from one side of the room to the other as he delivered his discourse. Such was the manner of his teaching. Of his *method* one can only say that he always approached the subject in hand with an open mind. He was not there to tell us what ought to be believed, he was in charge of an exploring expedition, ready to discuss whatever views, however halting, might be laid before him, and to deal with them strictly on their merits.

"He was a great teacher in the sense that he founded a school of teachers who were profoundly influenced by his precept and example. But he was also great in his handling of the average man who had some intellectual interests but was not marked out for a brilliant career of any kind. He helped such men to find their feet and to make the best of what was in them.

"He was singularly kind to those whom he converted from idleness to some degree of interest. He discovered in them more merits than the rest of us were always ready to acknowledge, but usually he was justified by the results

of his policy. He loved to produce a first-class in the Schools; he was still more pleased whenever he hoisted to a lower level of honours one of those unfortunates whom W. H. Forbes, of honoured memory " (a Fellow of Balliol) " used to call ' the criminal classes of the College.' " (These I may remark in passing were not always of the *moneyed* classes.)

" His interest in the individual made him one of the most original and most successful of examiners. The written work, which the average examiner accepted as evidence of work more or less well done, became in his hands a key to the idiosyncrasy of a human being, and his final mark upon a script was often a tribute to the potential energies of the candidate.

" The election of scholars and exhibitioners upon this system was a highly adventurous proceeding, but a candidate who was warmly taken up by A. L. Smith, would never prove uninteresting, however low he might sink in final Schools. Smith's power of assessing character was a natural gift which had been assiduously cultivated by his own impressions from the most multifarious sources, and by applying the most unconventional tests to the subject of his speculations. It was no wonder that a personal testimonial from his pen commanded more respect than is usually accorded to that kind of literature."

He made mistakes sometimes, as I have tried to show, but these were nearly always due to the impulses of his kind heart, and to his deep sympathy with the perplexed or the unfortunate.

The University at large had by this time begun to see in him a force to be reckoned with, not only as a fighter, as he certainly was, on the Board of Faculty of Modern History, but as " a man with a message," as the phrase goes nowadays. His election to the Ford Lectureship was the first step in this direction, and those who read these lectures in their published form—*Church and State in the Middle Ages*<sup>1</sup>—will realize the mild sensation they afforded at the time. They remain indeed a permanent record of

<sup>1</sup> Clarendon Press.

A. L.'s deeper thought on that important and critical period, and their cogent and sympathetic treatment of the Roman point of view is no less useful for these later days of heated controversy.

This book and the little book on F. W. Maitland<sup>1</sup> are no doubt A. L.'s best published work. Some day perhaps portions of another larger work, which he was never fated to complete,—the *Life of Frederick the Great*,—may be given to the world.

But the very fact that in 1906 the foundation of the Jowett Fellowships by Lord Newlands set A. L. free from much arduous "pot-boiling" work, meant that he found himself more and more drawn into University politics, and the leisure for writing was encroached upon as wider fields of interest opened themselves to his always inquiring vision. I have written of one of these, the foundation of the Rhodes Scholarships, a scheme in which Sir George Parkin had taken the keenest interest from its first inception.

"The advent of the Rhodes Scholars," writes<sup>2</sup> one of his colleagues, "was looked upon by some with considerable alarm as likely to change the character of the College and to swamp the Public School element." A. L. insisted that Balliol must take the lead, promise to take five or six Rhodes Scholars a year and be ready to admit other Overseas<sup>3</sup> students as well. The result has shown how entirely he was right and how valuable an element was introduced into College life by the coming of older men with new ideas from many parts of the world. It has undoubtedly widened the outlook of Oxford generally without destroying anything that was valuable in its traditions. A. L. with the eye of faith saw this from the first. At the same time he was not blind to the strange and even ludicrous elements in the situation, and I well remember his coming out after reading the testimonials of the first batch of Rhodes Scholars and saying, "What are we to do? Every-one of these

<sup>1</sup> Clarendon Press.

men appears to be a cross between the Archangel Gabriel and C. B. Fry!"

As Curator of the Bodleian Library he struggled manfully with the increasing difficulties, not only financial but practical, of that vast institution. Like his colleague on that Committee, Sir William Osler, he loved books, and I was inclined to grudge the time spent on them, as I also grudged it for our beloved Regius Professor. I felt them both to be of such infinite and priceless value to their fellow-creatures.

Then the foundation of the Oxford University Endowment Fund, a great undertaking for which, as I have shown, A. L. was, in the first instance, almost wholly responsible, involved him in business of all kinds, Committees, discussions, etc., he being appointed one of the Resident Trustees.

Outside Oxford, at this period, A. L. found time to visit many of the University Extension centres. He would take a day off and spend it in the Potteries, a favourite haunt of his where he had many friends, and where the atmosphere was in some special way very congenial to him. A study of the novels of Arnold Bennett helps to explain this to me. It was partly, no doubt, the complete change from Oxford and its academic limitations which attracted and refreshed him, and the intimate talks with workers of all types and classes must have been of great assistance to him in the work which remained for him to do.

The two important Committees to which he was appointed in 1916—Lord Selborne's Committee on the Relation of Church and State, and, later, the Archbishop's Committee on Christianity and industrial Problems—were, of course, of absorbing interest to him, and entailed much concentrated thought and study. Between times he would be called away to address meetings of munition workers, cadets in training, officers in camp, sometimes at a great distance, as when he and our College Chaplain, the late Rev. H. H. Gibbon, journeyed to Newcastle and Glasgow to meet and be heckled by large audiences, not always too friendly at the

outset, but won over by A. L.'s manifest earnestness and still more by his timely and human gift of humorous speech. (For such as these, men and women whose names I shall never know, is placed on the wall of Bamburg Church the little memorial brass, with its motto, really a text from Proverbs : "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." It was the "Evening Portion" of my little text-book "Daily Light," for the evening of February 28th, the first day of A. L.'s fatal illness.)

The final report of the Archbishop's Committee was largely, I am told, A. L.'s work. In it are to be found the conclusions of his matured mind, the vindication of the place study should hold in the life of the community, and, above all, what may seem still a Utopian dream, Labour and Capital reconciled by a Christianity not only preached but lived.

Those gathered together in Balliol for conferences of various kinds always looked to A. L. for their inspiration, and he would often address them in Hall, sometimes soaring over their heads with ideals which could only come, I felt, with the Millennium, but it was good for them to be lifted, even for a time, and his idealism and optimism, gifts of youth rather than of age, could not fail to impress them. For destructive Socialism he had no sympathy, and he could and did administer reproof when necessary, or cause the flippant interrupter's words to recoil on himself, to the delight of the rest. Then he would come home, tired out, but up to the last moment till the door was shut I would hear him in deep converse with some persevering disciple. Or he would bring the disciple in, and hand him over to me, with some remark as, "We've been discussing Welfare Work; tell him what you think about it." Then he would sink into his favourite arm-chair and pull out one of his numerous pipes and leave me to the fray.

Two more important pieces of work came to him during his last few years: he was elected a member of the Hebdomadal Council, and he also became deeply engaged in

assisting the investigations of the Royal Commission then sitting on the Universities, preparing evidence, putting into formal shape the various views of the Colleges on questions of University reform, attending the deliberations of the Statutory Committee, and giving evidence before it, all of which meant shorter hours for rest and recreation and still busier days. He scarcely ever gave himself time for more than a mouthful of food at either luncheon or tea, and was often too exhausted to enjoy the evening meal, though he could still be almost his old self on any festive occasion, and had, to the end, his gift of apt and ready after-dinner oratory, as those who heard him at the last few "Gaudys" will agree. He used to consult me about these speeches, but I fear I was of little use, my only bit of advice being "Don't be too long." (After years of such speeches from other orators I am inclined to think this was quite sound.)

Then in 1919 came the swamping of the depleted College, reduced during the War to from thirty to forty men, and now suddenly inundated by two hundred and thirty Freshmen; a perplexing variety of men, schoolboys, older men who had "done their bit," others who had been called up in their first year at College, and who were now going to try and pick up the threads of College life once more. It is easy to realize that discipline, always a difficulty in a University, became an almost insoluble problem; but, as usual, the open-minded charity of the Master and the kindness of the Dean, F. F. Urquhart, combined to smooth the path of offenders and kept the College well in the stream. "Things will settle down," they said.

Certain of the more recent College ventures, from stress of circumstances, lapsed into abeyance; for instance, the sending of an Eight to Henley Regatta, when that event was reinstated, as well as the Barge, which in happier years had accompanied the Eight, both institutions for which A. L. was mainly responsible. It was felt that luxuries such as these had no place in the hard days of "recon-



struction after the War," a phrase which sums up the attitude of all thinking people in those days.

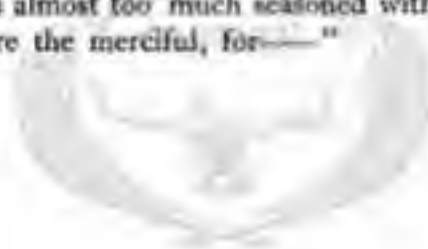
An attempt to revive the College Ball, on a more modest and less expensive scale, was also dropped, though A. L. and some of his colleagues were all in favour of the simpler entertainment, for which indeed there is much to be said.

College Balls have now become University, or, rather, Society functions, the marquees, etc., seem to be on a more colossal scale every year, and other concomitants, such as supper and band, must also be above criticism, thereby giving rise to an undesirable rivalry between the Colleges. One looks back regretfully, at least I do, to the happy days of Balls in Hall, the existing floor was good enough for us, Strauss's lovely music; jolly, but, I admit, rather rough dancing, and, with it all, a "go" and enthusiasm and joy which seem lacking at the modern dances. True, in one wild Galop down Balliol Hall my too energetic partner hurled me up against a dowager and cut my elbow on her diamond bracelet, but still . . . ! (It was one H. D. Bateson of Trinity, a great sprinter in his day; I read of his death lately, in Liverpool, after a long illness.)

I think I could still dance to "Doctrinen," "Studenten Lieder," or the "Blue Danube," or even to the "Posthorn Galop." But, as usual, I am wandering from my subject, although in all I have written I remember A. L.'s amused interest, when we talked over those old days together. There seemed to be more time to enjoy life really then, but, after all, if his life and mine became almost too crowded for real enjoyment, it is something that we were really *living*, not vegetating. I used to get rather tired sometimes of anxious parents, lazy or troublesome boys, cranks with axes to grind (this looks like a mixed metaphor), and I could not always manage to get rid of these, though I do remember, with a certain satisfaction, interviewing, at 9 a.m., an enthusiastic lady who wanted the Master to support her in a scheme for eliminating the military methods used in the training of Boy Scouts. I persuaded her that a neigh-

bouring "Head" would be just the person to help her, and she went off at once. I never heard the sequel.

A. L., though Master, was a constitutional ruler, without absolute powers, and it fell to his lot sometimes to give sentence of dismissal, often sadly against the grain. If left to himself he would perhaps have shown more mercy, and these were occasions of real trial and regret to him; no one will ever know to what extent he suffered thereby, and it is due to his memory to record the fact here. "You cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs," said Dr. Jex-Blake to me when I met him at a Speech Day at Rugby, and rashly confided to him my anxieties. I felt there was a flaw somewhere but was dumb before that august presence. A. L. never attained to that Olympic attitude to which so many in authority manage to reach, and his justice was perhaps almost too much seasoned with mercy. But "Blessed are the merciful, for—"



## CHAPTER XXV

### LAST DAYS: 1922-24

FULL of events as the remaining years, are they are clouded by the memory of a weary man struggling against increasing physical disabilities, which pressed on him all the more because all his life hitherto had been so active and energetic. The daily walks became "potters" even at Bamburgh, where he still loved to wander alone on the links.

One new interest arose for him in our younger son's work for the School of Agriculture in Oxford, and afterwards on a farm near by. It was indeed an entirely fresh line of thought for his Father, but one which he followed keenly till the last. I remember his amusement when I came back from a Show at Witney and told him how I had spent an hour sitting beside Hubert's beautiful young Jersey bull, and how, as usual, I had been fascinated by the pigs, the most attractive of animals now that people have discovered that they really wallow and thrive in cleanliness. (I fear I must confess to liking the real piggy smell, in my childhood!)

Later, when propinquity and community of tastes had brought about Hubert's engagement to Diana Watkin,—a very young couple, we felt, but A. L. had no "petty store of maxims" wherewith to preach down a son's heart,—he acquiesced cheerfully, and we very gladly welcomed a prospective new daughter to our depleted home, not depleted for long, as Barbara and Hugo's son John was born in November of that year (1922), the third such happy birth in

the so-called Bishop's Room at Balliol, thereby bringing new life to us and to that somewhat gloomy house. It had housed many more babies than Bishops in our time however.

Gloomy is perhaps too severe a word, for the house did respond to the happy influx of children and grandchildren at Christmas, though it was not always possible to collect all the various broods together, and any empty place at such a season brings its own special heartache. And yet, even the old who feel this most must perforce put it on one side and allow the joy of the moment to absorb them; the past and the present is theirs at any rate. A. L. used to be fond of quoting, even in younger days :

"Come what may, I have had my day;  
Not even the gods o'er the past have power."

Early in the year (1923), on March 17th, we had yet another wedding in the family, this time it was our son and Diana Watkin; a smaller family gathering this time, in a London Church, but a very happy one, St. James's, Paddington, endeared to us ever since by the kindness of the Vicar, Prebendary Sharpe. Strangely enough, we met him later at Bamburgh, when he baptized our latest grandson.

The spring of that year proved a trying time, the attacks of bronchitis seemed to come more frequently, and at times I was alarmed, for I knew how dangerous such diseases can be to the elderly. A. L. was not an easily managed patient at all; he resented being kept in bed or coddled, and, if allowed out of doors after a severe attack, he would as likely as not wander off into the Parks or on to the Master's Field, and stand about watching a match, with results which may be imagined.

One happy little Easter holiday I managed to secure for him and me. We went to stay with Barbara and her husband in their cottage at Loughton, on the edge of Epping Forest. Always beautiful, the forest was at its loveliest, and A. L. insisted on going off alone for a ramble in it, after tea, and eventually lost his way in the Forest glades

and was ignominiously brought back by a small boy, after we had spent some time in making anxious inquiries by telephone of the nearest police-stations.

This was the first of many pleasant rambles in that wonderful place; the solitude and peace are incredible,—so near the heart of London, and yet so absolutely the country. Even on Bank Holiday the crowds, such as they were, seemed to follow the roads and hardly ventured on the delicious bypaths. It seems a strange thing that Londoners make so little, apparently, of this unique open space. From the garden we looked down over the fourteen miles which lay between us and the smoke and noise of London; it seemed incredibly far away, and the cuckoos and countless other birds flew and sang around us. It was too short a visit, but delightful.

On the way back I had the happy thought of getting A. L. to go to Elliott and Fry, the photographers; he had had no proper portrait taken for some time, and the happiness of Epping Forest was in our minds and in his face, I thought. He consented, and the wonderful portrait now to be seen near the garden door of the Lodgings—an enlargement of the frontispiece of this book—is the result. It is indeed a precious possession because in it, by some strange good fortune, we see A. L. with his happiest and most characteristic expression.

That summer brought us the sad news of the sudden death of our friend of fifty years and more, Professor W. P. Ker, or "W. P." as we always knew him, the companion of so many expeditions, the much-loved guest at our Christmas gatherings year after year, A. L.'s host at All Souls on Boxing Day, after a strenuous day on the cold and sometimes frozen Cherwell, a friend indeed to each and all of our family. It was a death which one might envy, not a cutting short, for he had lived his life so fully, and now it ended just where and how he would have wished, on his beloved mountains, and in the company of the young people with whom he was always at his best.

Like all his friends we, as a family, felt W. P. was our own special property, as of right, but indeed the bond which held him to us was a very close one, and even in dying it still held, as we had reason to know not long afterwards when the news of his generous legacy was brought to us. Death has not really broken the bonds, they still bind us to his family.

And so the shadows fell; to A. L. the loss of friends, his own contemporaries, always came with a great shock. He went on with his work as usual, but the terrible depression still weighed him down, and, with it, came a sort of groundless fear, which descended on him early in the day and which he could not shake off. Planning our summer holiday under such circumstances meant much anxious thought for me, how best to arrange that A. L. should have plenty of fresh and understanding society and companionship for his walks; perhaps an entire change of environment was needed. His Doctor thought this might improve matters, and, in my perplexity, I welcomed the suggestion that he and I should join the family "syndicate" which was to take over the fine set of rooms in Bamburgh Castle known as the Captain's Lodging. By this means I hoped A. L. would get just the companionship he needed, with the children and grandchildren he loved, and in those wonderful surroundings, looking over the sea to the east, or inland to the Kyloes and Cheviots, with their shifting cloud-shadows.

All was carried out as we intended, and we had the warmest of welcomes, but the cloud was heavier than ever, and with it came strange and alarming night-terrors; he would wake up with a sense of suffocation and rush to the open window or even try to go out of doors, and finally fall into an exhausted sleep. I think now that these attacks were really caused by "air-hunger," which attends some diseases, but medical advice had to be sought, and in the end I took him off to St. Andrews to consult Sir James Mackenzie, fearing that the symptoms



meant heart-trouble, and knowing his skill and kindness of old.

Just for those two days A. L. seemed to forget his troubles and to be able to enjoy life once more and the journey itself, along the coast-line of the Forth, the water sparkling in the bright sunshine, then the wait at Leuchars, where we watched the practice of the aeroplanes with bated breath, then St. Andrews, the grey streets, the strange world new to me at any rate, but he had seen it years before, when he took his Doctor's degree.

Sir James received us most kindly and made a very careful examination, besides asking me many questions. In the end he told me A. L.'s blood-pressure was that of a man of twenty-five, but that he must learn to "grow old gracefully," walk less, rest more, etc., etc. Sir James indeed seemed less interested in the patient than in myself; he begged me not to overdo things and to be careful of my own health. A sort of pity shone in his eyes; I think, in fact I am sure, that he knew what was coming, but either pity or lack of courage kept him silent. After I had read his *Life* I understood better what was in his mind; his daughter relates how, whenever he entered his home, he would call out, "Where's your Mother?", just as A. L. always did. Sir James knew only too well all the watchfulness and care this implied on the part of his own wife, and his keen intuition took in the situation at once.

This little trip and Sir James's cheering words had for the time a bracing effect on A. L., but not for long. He managed, however, to get through the first rush of Term fairly well, dined out as usual—in fact, a little excitement of that sort, even if followed by reaction, did him no harm apparently.

The departure of our elder son for Baghdad on October 15th, after a year at home, was evidently felt very keenly by his Father; though he said little, he always dreaded such partings, and for this son he had had other hopes. Our sorrow over this was to be turned into joy only three

days later, over the birth of a second son to our daughter Miriam and "Bill" Bullard (the latter being away on duty as Consul at Jeddah on the Red Sea). A short-lived joy, alas! for the beautiful and healthy child by some mysterious fatality contracted a form of blood-poisoning, and in a fortnight, to our lasting grief, little Richard was taken from us.

I had kept the child's illness from his Grandfather's knowledge till the last moment, hoping against hope; I could not bear to distress him, and when the blow fell he felt it all the more severely. It was indeed the first and only family bereavement of all his seventy-three years, for one could scarcely count as such the death of the Mother he had only seen once in nearly forty years. *Life* we knew, *Death* we knew not, and we had to face it not only for ourselves but for our child,—far more poignant and agonizing. I carried the tiny coffin into the Chapel, the mother following with her sisters, then on to Holywell Cemetery, to that now too familiar corner.

To some, even mothers, the loss of such a young baby seems to mean little, their words of comfort fall on the ear with a certain coldness and unreality; those who feel the pang as we did must surely find their best comfort in the words of the Bible and the thoughts of the poets of all time; they indeed voice the grief that has been since the world began: the immeasurable grief of mothers.

"Work and despair not." We took up the threads of life once more; just for a day or two Mr. H. E. Kemp was with us, and no one could have been more sincerely welcomed than he was just then. There are some people whose faith is so strong that in their presence doubts and fears and misgivings seem to vanish away, and give place to peace; it is the great gift of the truly simple-hearted.

A time of rest and recuperation came to me just after this, but in rather a perturbing form. I slipped on the pavement in a crowded street and crashed on my left hip-bone. Finding I could manage to walk, I got safely home, but a

few days of pain and stiffness entailed an examination by X-rays, which disclosed a crack in the bone, and let me in for some weeks of enforced rest and comparative uselessness.

I managed, however, to go on with my secretarial work, and although Christmas festivities were rather spoilt for me, we collected twelve grandchildren, and the toast of "absent friends" went round as usual among our twenty-one guests. The loving cup held just the very last of the "metheglin," carefully treasured up from King's Mound days (it was made out of the honey stored in our own hives one year when the industrious bees gave me nine gallons of lovely run honey). This time another pair of grandparents shared the honours with us, the father and mother of our recently acquired son-in-law, Hugh Cairns.

Our last Christmas at Balliol! How blessed and merciful it is that we do not know these last times when they come; we can bear to look back on them with a thankfulness that eases all pain, and nearly all regret.

On such occasions I put aside the problems which from time to time assailed A. L.—"Ought I not to think about resigning the Mastership *now*?" was his not infrequent question, sometimes, I used to think, merely rhetorical; he seemed always so "on the spot" whenever College business or the most complicated University affairs were concerned. But he would press the question, and I would have to promise solemnly that if ever I had any doubts on the subject I would always tell him; he must not outstay his welcome, his deafness was increasing and this made him doubtful of himself, impatient, too, as most deaf people are. So I kept this always in my mind, and indeed indulged sometimes in a little day-dream of a cottage in the country near, chickens and a garden again, and A. L. happy,—but would he ever have been really happy thus?

A heavier cloud of depression, occurring soon after Christmas, seemed to call for definite action on my part. Would not a change of air and scene be the remedy? A. L.

was always averse to leaving home, even in summer and with all the family round him, but he would never go anywhere alone, not even to our kind friend Dr. Pollock, who had offered to take him in, to his nice house in Edinburgh, looking out on the Forth, and repeated his invitation now, at my suggestion.

The idea of a possible travelling companion in the shape of Mr. Cartwright, a very old friend and Secretary of the Tutorial Classes, came to me as an inspiration. Would he consent to go with A. L.? The suggestion appealed to both. "He is just the very man I should like best to go with," said A. L. A visit of a week was arranged, longer if possible. I could trust Dr. Pollock to take charge of my patient, and the near neighbourhood of the Jameson family of delightful grandchildren would be an additional attraction. All seemed to go well, the cloud lifted for a few days, and he went about and saw old friends and "did" Edinburgh with almost his old energy. But at the end of a week he insisted on returning home, "rather better," he said, "but for that awful depression," and I realized that it was something beyond my powers, one must simply go on and hope for the best. I was sadly disappointed, especially since I had just been cheering myself up by a flying visit to Tunbridge Wells to peep at my last new-born grandson, Hubert and Diana's baby.

If I had only known——!

Term went on as usual. Our daughter Miriam left us early in January to join her husband at Jeddah, the little boy Matthew remaining in my charge; A. L. at College meetings, in Chapel, able to read the lesson, walking with Archdeacon Spooner, Colonel Duke (our Bursar) and other friends, the evening readings still going on. But he was often very tired, and would come in from a short walk and say, "I have twenty minutes before my meeting, let me just sleep for that time," and very reluctantly would I rouse him from his nap, too often taken with his head resting on the radiator, which I thought dangerous, but he

was always a chilly person and used to seek out the warm places.

On Sunday, February 25th, Bishop Chavasse preached in Chapel, a wonderful sermon, without notes, and A. L. was greatly impressed by it; he could hear every word, and the simplicity of the old man appealed to him, and something more perhaps; the message he himself needed.

On Wednesday, February 28th, A. L. came in after the usual "Concilium" (an informal weekly meeting of the Master and Fellows, followed by dinner). He seemed tired, complained of the cold and sank down into his usual arm-chair, with his pipe. I left him comfortably resting. It was too late for reading aloud, and I had just finished one book (by Sir Philip Gibbs; I had had to do a good deal of skipping, as it was full of War and Russian horrors, which A. L. could never stand).

The next morning he came down as usual into the dining-room to breakfast, with a word of greeting to little Matt, who was playing about. I was dealing with the morning's post and, on looking up, I saw suddenly that something was wrong. His changed colour and distorted features and semi-conscious condition terrified me, and I rushed to the telephone for the doctor, and with his help A. L. was placed in bed, without remonstrance on his part (the thing which alarmed me most).

All that day he lay quietly resting, half asleep most of the time. He roused himself in the afternoon to dictate a testimonial for an old Balliol man, a new Fellow of All Souls, who was applying for a post in New South Wales. This, his last effort at dictating, showed no weakness, but it was indeed his last attempt to hold on to life. I waited in fear lest he should worry about all his College and other business (his little Terminal diary was full of forthcoming and present engagements), but from the very first onset a curtain seemed to fall between him and the outside world. He seldom recognized anyone, and never asked for any except those of his own family circle, and these, almost to

the last, he loved to see about him, often asking for them : " Where are your nice children ? " he asked our Edinburgh daughter, when, like the others, she hurried down to see him.

After a few days a consultation was held, and as the doctors came into the room he looked up at me and asked : " Is this a Committee ? " " Yes, a sort of Committee," I replied, and he relapsed into the semi-stupor in which by this time he lay all day, rousing only sometimes to ask for his pipe (even after he had forgotten how to smoke it), or for the book to which he seemed to cling, a thin old copy of *Prometheus Vincit*, out of the College Library. Some lines in this, or in some other book, seemed to haunt his mind, and he used to beg us to find them ; something about " soldiers on the stricken field." But hunt as we might (and I made all sorts of inquiries from classical scholars and others) we were never able to identify them.

The doctors from the first thought his case very serious. Sometimes they gave a hope that he might partially recover, but my prayer could only be that he might wholly recover, or, failing that, that his active spirit should be released. For him to be restricted, crippled in mind and body, only half-conscious of his surroundings, was to me unthinkable and terrible to contemplate. And so the days passed. He did appreciate the tender ministration of our ideal nurse, Nurse Latimer, who came at our great need on the second day of his illness ; not the least of her many virtues was that she not only allowed me to help, but I think was really glad of such help as I could give, as was also Nurse Gibson, who watched the restless nights. The comfort this gave me only those will know who have suffered perhaps from nurses of another type, it just makes all the difference.

I must not linger over those last days. For six long weeks he lay, sinking gradually further and further into the mists, and taking little or no nourishment. But there are those who will remember how sometimes they were admitted to see him as he lay resting and peaceful as he had never been in all his busy, rushing life. " He looks as if



he had never had sleep enough," somebody said, and I think this was true; the sun shining in the room, as he always loved it, the children often coming in, when he would hold out his weak and trembling hand in wordless recognition. The preparation of the daily bulletin was always a matter of earnest thought to me. I could hear, from my bed in the next room, how, from the early morning onwards, footsteps would come and stop at the front door, taxi-drivers would pull up before going to their stands, some even of my Welfare Mothers would send their boys before school-time to inquire the latest news, so that I had to word it simply but explicitly for those who, in their hearts, were watching with me.

Our Chaplain, Mr. Gibbon, asked if he might say a few prayers beside him, and of course I agreed, though I knew A. L. could hear nothing. I knew, too, that long before the curtain fell, his mind had been brought at last to a full faith, and that he was resting in this. I was not wrong, for, just a year after his death, a strange providence brought into our hands, hidden among some magazines I had sent away to a Women's Hostel, an envelope addressed to me—"Only to be opened if necessary." In it were three separate letters or messages—one to myself, one to his children, and one to his colleagues at Balliol, written just before his serious operation in October, 1921. These words come at the end of the letter to the children. I give them here because they confirm what I have just written.

"I cannot conceive of any change so great that it can prevent me still feeling love and care for you, so think of me as doing this, even in another world. And think of me as trying to help you and be of use, if such activity is allowed there. Whatever it be, our life and being is in the hands of a Great Father; this certainty should save you from sorrowing overmuch.

"Your loving Father,

"now and I hope for ever,

"A. L. S."

These words, written, as he no doubt felt, with the near prospect of death before him, came with wonderful comfort to us, breaking, as it were, out of the silence which had enfolded him in his last weeks on earth. Sacred as they are, I feel they should be shared by the many who loved and admired him.

And so the end came. A sudden change set in, and in the peace and quiet of that dimly-lighted room, in the early morning of Saturday, April 12th, I knelt beside him, and watched his last gentle breath, the last,—and he and I were alone—as was fitting. The nurse had hurried up to rouse Barbara, the only daughter at home, for it was thought the night before that the end was not imminent, so the others had gone back to their homes for the night.

Kind hands helped me to array the room so that it made a fitting resting-place for the Master, now lying in wonderful peace and even majesty; the "mortal" had indeed, even to our eyes, "put on immortality." "Was he like this when you first remember him?" was the question of one of the many who came to look on him for the last time.

It was not *youth* in his face, but something far nobler and more impressive, the face of "the just made perfect," "the evidence of things not seen," which is sometimes permitted to shine in the face of the dying and to remain there for the comfort of those who have ministered to them.

I had no time to realize all the changes that this event would bring about in my life. It seemed the beginning and not the end, "*Mors Janua Vitae*."

The day of the funeral, Tuesday, April 15th, was sunny and springlike; the Chapel of the College was decked with flowers on the previous evening, when its Master's body was laid there, with lights burning, to await the service of Holy Communion, at which we all gathered early in the morning. Our old friend, the Provost of Oriel (Mr. L. R. Phelps), took part, and the Chapel was filled with friends, including many townspeople.

The actual Funeral Service was held at St. Mary's, and when the long procession reached the Church, son, and daughters, and sons-in-law and grandchildren, the College servants, the Fellows, a vast congregation already filled every corner, and followed us afterwards through the sunny roads to Holywell. The presence of Bishop Gore, A. L.'s colleague at Trinity in the old days, and also of Dr. Burge, Bishop of Oxford, who with our Chaplains took the Service, gave me a thrill of grateful pleasure, but indeed I could never reckon up the many acts of kindness received that day, nor forget the sympathy expressed on all faces, as we stood by the open grave. Near by was the tiny grave of our baby grandson, and I saw two kind women standing close to it to guard it from trampling feet, just one little instance of the universal love and sympathy called forth from all. Another was the sight of our groundman King, standing at attention on the Master's Field as we passed, the cricket-pitch swept and "looking as the Master liked to see it," as he told us afterwards.

There we laid him, and there a granite cross of a North-umberland design now marks the spot. Under his name are the words from the Book of Daniel :

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."



THE KING'S MANSION, OXFORD, 1911



IN HOLSWELL CEMETERY

## APPENDIX

### I

#### "A. L."

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THE late Master of Balliol is not dead: he lives in his pupils. There have been greater historians, deeper thinkers, abler organizers, there never was a better tutor. He had all the requisites of that exhausting *métier*, the technique of which he learnt from his own tutor, Jowett. Of these perhaps the greatest is vitality. And who possessed, up to the very day of the sudden attack from which he never recovered, a more quenchless vitality than A. L.? He was one of the lightest men who ever rowed in a first-rate crew, and he remained a staunch "ancient mariner" till just before the War. The pair-oar, coxed by one of his daughters, with W. P. Ker at bow, surely appeared once or twice even after the Armistice. To hear him talk about rowing, wandering down the towpath without an overcoat in the February rain any time during the last quarter of a century, you might have thought that he was a man who really cared for nothing else. One glance at a crew was enough: he would pounce like a hawk on their characteristic fault, and only break off a marvellously detailed account of that particular College's rowing record since about 1870 (showing conclusively that they had never succeeded in eradicating that particular vice) to take fire at another disgraceful exhibition by some other College. Torpid of an equally hoary heresy. To be tubbed by him, as he tubbed hundreds of oars, good, bad and indifferent, from late in the 'sixties to 1923, was to feel one's character laid bare—nothing that you did wrong could possibly escape him, and he knew exactly

what hidden vices of your character made you heavy with your hands and unsteady over the stretcher. But then if he took you, in the course of a ten-mile ramble over the Oxford neighbourhood into the parks to look at a hockey match, he would delude you, if you did not know him, into thinking that a passion for hockey was the key to his character; and to see him skating was to be convinced that every day when it was not freezing, must deprive him of indulgence in his master passion. Surely no man ever worked his body harder or longer; accomplished such walks, broke the ice so often before breakfast in the Cher, or could suggest from human experience more seductive ways of risking your life when you went to him to get advice for what to do (by which you had meant what to read) in the Vac. If a love of hard and difficult sports is a sign of vitality, who was ever more completely alive?

And yet he would be a dull man indeed who would not discover in five minutes' talk with the Master that the true centre of life in him was not that small wiry, restless frame, but the brain which dominated it. His interest in sport was itself intellectual, and he valued it as an index to character—in rowing, he would say, you see men under the influence of great passions, and even at tennis in his garden at the King's Mound he would watch a lad's every movement to catch an indication of character, and perhaps tell him about it years afterwards, every detail remembered as if it had happened yesterday. There must be something in a fine athlete, he would maintain, which a good teacher would take hold of to build up an educated man from. He it was, more than anyone else, who made the Oxford History School the means of awakening and maintaining intellectual interests, not only in so-called clever people, but in hundreds who, before they fell into his hands, regarded books as their natural enemies. No one was a keener foe of that doctrine which the athletic tutor sometimes unconsciously favours—the doctrine that it would be jollier if it were always afternoon. With all his enthusiasm for sport, it was in the morning that he was most fully himself. Standing against the mantelpiece in the famous room on Staircase XXIII, he would follow up some lame production just dropped out by a sheepish youth by a fusillade of close-knit, witty comments which tore away like flashes



of lightning the black pall of dullness that had enveloped the subject all the week, while one had fumbled miserably with the greatest living and dead authorities. Suddenly you saw Ini and Egbert in their true colours, as jovial savages, bursting with a genial zest for life, even their historians became fellow-creatures of whom really good stories were told, and the problem of which the reader of the essay had quite mistaken the point, appeared as so important that no reasonable man could fail to be interested in it. You saw in a flash how to tackle it and went out at the end of the hour positively eager to venture even as far as the Bodleian itself in pursuit of it. For, like all good tutors, he suggested far more than he told you: you were given not a meal, but an *apéritif*, not a lump even of gold, but a key. And what could possibly be more interesting than a key, especially when the door you opened always led down the queer passages and into the recondite corners where real history is to be found? There must be hundreds of men who look back to the time when they first turned A. L.'s key in the lock as the real beginning of their intellectual life.

But after all, vitality in a teacher is like faith in St. Paul, without sympathy it is but sounding brass. The Master's greatest gift was an intuitive sympathy almost more than feminine. What made him a great man was the incongruous blend of keen critical sense, great physical and mental energy, and a delicate and at the same time enthusiastic responsiveness. He did not want every one to be alike; he was intensely interested in their differences; he held no hard and fast theories of character, was wedded to no coherent philosophy of life, but for that very reason he had all the finer sight for the best in a man and all the defter touch to draw it out. Just as his memory was a vast storehouse of odd learning and unexpected detail which anyone could tap, so his spirit bristled with points of contact for all sorts and conditions of men; and every contact produced a spark, a flash of sympathetic understanding. He could analyse his pupils' character as if he were a chemist in a laboratory, and yet make any one of them feel that he was ready to lavish time, money, effort and ingenuity on him out of all proportion to his merit or his claims. He was anatomist and inspirer in one, a vivisector who never failed to vitalize his subjects. He was not quite all things to all men; there

were people who made him shy and uncomfortable, and so unlike himself; for so vital a man he was curiously unwilling to impose himself, to compel men to come into his circle, but if you appealed to him the response was instantaneous and almost bewildering in its generosity. Stray American visitors happening to meet a quaintly attired, pensive old gentleman in the Quadrangle might wearily ask him where the students dormitories were. Three hours later, they might perhaps be seen at the other end of Oxford, blinking dazedly at some doorway or lane into which the Master had finally dived with some hurried word of an appointment, after having walked them all over the city and told them every good story there is about it. In some moods he had a truly Spanish contempt for time, though in others he could be alarmingly punctual. If he was interested nothing else mattered, and what interested him was an appeal for help. If you told him what you wanted for yourself he could make you feel that he instantly wanted it for you with ten times your "effective demand," and was turning out every rabbit in the warren of his brain to get it for you. You had only to hint that you felt stale or "jumpy" and he would open fire on you with a machine gun barrage of warnings, hints, obtruse medical theories mediæval and modern, and stories of great men who had died of indigestion or gone blind out of sheer wilfulness. Hard cases may make bad law, but the Master's appetite for them was insatiable. Many a man had come out of his study feeling like a fraudulent bankrupt who has had an overdraft eagerly pressed upon him by his bank manager, or like a felon who has discovered a fellow conspirator in the turnkey.

And so, after all, he became something more than a great tutor; that gift of sympathy found a wider sphere even than his great college in the perpetual stream of youth that flows through it. His voice, that queer, husky, rather toneless yet perfectly distinct voice of his, which had raised Stubbs from the dead, at last reached a wider audience, and as a leader of a new movement of working-class education, brought a message of encouragement and inspiration to men and women who had never even feigned an interest in Ini or Egbert. No man saw more clearly the limitations of the academically uneducated, or could get angrier about them. But no man could come more quickly into touch

with a working-class audience or a body of rural school-teachers. For one thing, he could always make them laugh; he was so disarmingly simple and humorous, so utterly free from pompous solemnity, and from mock-humble pride, so perfectly candid. He could tell a "Summer School," putting up in Balliol for a fortnight, things about the college that forged a link between them and its great tradition, and make every one of them feel that Balliol was honoured as their host and they as its guests. It is said that when hospitality died in England she gave her last groan among the yeomen of Kent. If this be so, then the Master was born a Kentish yeoman. Perhaps, after all, his predecessor, Wycliff, who also was deep in mediæval lore and a prophet in Oxford, did not really write the English tracts which passed from hand to hand among the humble Lollards. But, if he did, then he was like A. L., a man who late in life discovered a new vocabulary and proved once again that the greatest teachers are those who never cease learning.



K. N. B.

## II

### THE MASTER OF BALLIOL

*[Reprinted by permission from "Oxford Magazine."]*

A WESTERLY breeze, to which the rushes shake themselves joyfully, an early-June sky, flecked here and there with grey clouds, mile upon mile of meadows still golden with late buttercups, Faringdon Clump to starboard, refusing (so sinuous is our stripling river) to be shaken off, and Three Men in a Boat, to say nothing of Two Dogs on the Bank, Stroke—he was always Stroke on our long expeditions, though he was Bow in the famous Eight of 1873—is a short, tough man, in a faded Balliol 'blazer,' with a shaggy and rather bronzed face, "like a Skye-terrier's in a high wind," said one who loved him dearly. Most unwillingly will he resign his oar and take his turn to steer when his two-hour shift is over; he would prefer to do double work all day. If he died before old age had really gripped him it was because he always tried to do double work or more, his own and that of several other men, and all at the same time. And he was a bad economist of time.

He was to be Master of Balliol one day. In the early Eighties he was "A. L." or merely "Smith." The tale runs that, when once he had to reply, in a distinguished company, to the toast of his health, he, perceiving three other gentlemen of that honoured name in the room, said: "I have often heard of a book called Smith's Wealth of Nations, but I have only now realized the Nation's Wealth of Smiths." His wit always had that crisp ring in it, and it was all the better for being founded on a peculiarly deep and rich vein of humour. That humour had grown out of a sympathy and a Love (with a big L) for his fellow-men as boundless as the sea. It is probable that he had rather a hard childhood and early boyhood at Christ's Hospital,

to which great School he was sent very young. That, or something born in him, gave him his tender feeling for 'lame dogs' and duffers, especially for those among his own pupils. He was richly rewarded by the passionate affection which most of his duffers felt and showed for him. Yet, if he was a specialist in finding out their good points, he was none the less an artist in the tuition of the 'flyers.' And this was in spite of his grievous habit of being late for lesson—a habit which often made men grumble and swear. But "ten minutes of A. L. was worth an hour of anyone else in Oxford"; the writer has heard this said both by flyers and duffers. He knew Innocent III and Innocent IV as intimately as he knew his (many) good and his (few) bad undergraduates. But set him to tear the meaning out of some crabbed 'Select Plea' in a Memorial Court, and you had him at his best. He had an essentially legal mind, and the humours of 'The Law's Lumber-Room' appeal to him as much as did those of a Papal Conclave. Moreover, it was not only in lesson but in everyday conversation (often in the boat) that he bubbled over with fun out of the Plea-Rolla and the Chronicles; his brilliant talk (never spoiled by the least suggestion of 'for effect') just sparkled with images from history, as they came naturally to his mind.

He must often have been very tired, for he had a vast amount of normal work to do, and it is well known that Jowett laid upon his tutors burdens, beyond their normal work, almost too heavy to be borne. Smith, whose habit it was to refuse no task, however hard, probably made himself too willing a slave. Yet he seldom confessed to being tired, and was always ready for an evening romp with his enchanting children, and always eager to snatch a day for a Lechlade or a Goring row. So he was not infrequently burdened with arrears (arrears made the more difficult to cope with from the fatality with which he could mislay documents and letters), and had to sit up late at night. He said that he found the midnight hours the best for work, and so it was not unnatural that it was almost as difficult to pull him out of bed as to put him into it. If you, a man of normal tidiness of life, remonstrated with him about some delay or act of oblivion of his, he was apt to be fierce in self-defence; there was one particular sentence that he

occasionally snapped out at you: "I *like* that! as if you didn't know that I . . ., etc., etc." But it was all over in a moment, and the whole man (eyes first) was beaming with a shaggy smile at you again.

He was an admirable, if occasionally a belated, letter writer, and he had the pretty trick (how rare it is) of sending to a pupil, or helper, or colleague, some quite unexpected bit of praise or thanks. When he did so he was 'word-perfect,' and with a pen in his hand could say such lovely things as he would have blushed to utter in speech. Such scraps of paper, in the quaintest of small but sprawly hand-writings, must now be household treasures, in many a British home, and will be re-read now, not without a gasp of regret and tenderness, by their recipients. Such letters were only one example of that native *generosity of soul* which he counted, when he met it in others, as the greatest of all virtues. Compared to this his astonishing, nay his rash, generosity of purse (for he never *can* have had any money to spare) was a small matter.

He was not a man of wide or deep learning, nor of very extensive reading, though he knew Shakespeare and Boswell almost by heart. But he was a far better classical and historical scholar than is now generally remembered, and, when once he got keen upon some particular bit of research, he liked nothing so well as to spend long weeks—(vacation weeks, *bien entendu*)—in the Bodleian. With an hour or two more of daily leisure, he, a very quick and accurate worker, might quite conceivably have produced a very long-lived work on Thirteenth-Century European History. But his business was with life and with men rather than with books. And when one says 'with men' one means 'all sorts and conditions of men.' Class distinctions and educational distinctions meant simply nothing to him. Others must write of his wonderful work for the W.E.A. and kindred fraternities, and of his still more wonderful work of tackling labour problems during those troubled War-years which left on him such deep scars and aged him so fast. He was perfectly fearless, and cared nothing for the plaudits (or the possible hisses) of the mob, and so he would go to 'bad places'—and we are only now beginning to realize how many bad places there were—and would explain to an audience, perhaps on the verge of some strike

calamitous to the Nation-at-War, that this was no time to insist on 'rights.' And his sympathy and humour nearly always won the day. The writer knows most of these things only at second-hand; what he does remember is the way in which Smith was appreciated by sailors, fishermen, wood-cutters, ploughmen, bargemen, and by all honest handicraftsmen. Many of his best stories were of the sayings of such men; for instance:—"We don't want no more wind" (when the mizzen, stick and all, had been blown away, off the Orwell); presently it was "Take off your boots, Jim . . . I do call it 'ard luck, twice in one season. . . ." Smith would have understood Tony Widger quite as well as Stephen Reynolds did, and a great deal better than Fitzgerald understood Posh. And with all friendly servants, old or young, he had the prettiest words and ways; there was a famous Eurycleia at a friend's house, who, when he arrived, very dusty and shaggier than usual, with a bunch of daffodils for his only luggage, having lost his bag, missed a train, and walked many miles, is believed to have treated him almost as her namesake treated Ulysses. The truth is that Smith was a very fine gentleman.

He had friends in every rank of life and in every country in the world, but perhaps his greatest friend, and his nearest spiritual kinsman, was William Paton Ker, who passed over to the Land of the Leal but nine months before him.

C. R. L. F.



### III

## ARTHUR LIONEL SMITH

[Reprinted by permission from "Oxford Magazine,"]

It needs more than one hand to describe the achievement of so many-sided a man as A. L. Smith. Here, it is not possible to speak of his work outside Balliol, and no one, surely, can be offended if his own pupils believe that his greatest work was the work which he did as a College Tutor. As he grew in years and fame he was called upon to do much service outside Balliol, and outside Oxford, but he was a History Tutor for more than thirty years, and it was those years and that work which led him to the commanding position that he held when he died.

His virtues were as versatile as his mind. He was a "good citizen," if ever there was one; a religious man; a humorous, witty man; an intensely serious man; and a man who had neither social nor intellectual prejudices. He ended his life as the best-loved, most-honoured figure in Oxford, because he was the greatest man we had here: great in a sense which the outside world can often recognize more easily than Oxford itself. A stranger who did not know the Master of Balliol would learn much about him if he read only these words, which the Master wrote of Oxford a dozen years ago: "The preponderance of the critical over the constructive activities of the place is as portentous as the ratio of sack to bread in Falstaff's bill. This disproportion is, no doubt, partly the outcome of the dialectical side in our educational system. . . . But the tendency is further encouraged by the sheltered nature of the academic life, a cell, but a padded cell." A. L. Smith was a monument of "constructive activity," and if all those whom he taught or helped could become exactly like him, the millennium for which we are still looking would lie very near to us.

That the boy was like the man we cannot doubt, though Oxford knew little of A. L. Smith's boyhood beyond his love for his old school, Christ's Hospital. He said that Jowett took no great notice of him as an undergraduate, and that it was his masterly performance in the part of an Election Agent in some country house theatricals which, perhaps, led to his Balliol Fellowship. Jowett saw the play, sent for him immediately afterwards, and talked long with him, and, within a short time, invited him to return from Trinity to his own College.

His teaching left him little time for writing, but his Ford Lectures on "Church and State in the Middle Ages," his "Two Lectures on Maitland," and his medieval chapters in "Social England" happily preserve for posterity not a little of his personality and of the fine balance of his mind. The style was so like the man that he never put pen to paper without drawing a picture, even if it were only a small one, of himself. Buried in the pages of a now forgotten undergraduate magazine ("The Blue Book," November, 1912), is his most beautiful piece of writing; an article on Jowett.

His teaching of history was more than an excitement; it was a revelation to those who came under him, fresh from school, for the first time. Here, in the richest sense, was a man of the world who could enter into the very mind of a crusader, a villein, a Borgia pope, or a puritan. A pupil who has forgotten all else about English land law must remember, to his dying day, the process of a "common recovery" after A. L. Smith had explained, almost acted, it to him. Could a liberal education be more justly defined than as the reading of Maitland's books in the light of "A. L.'s" teaching? He was quick to praise good, very quick to expose bad, work. Woe betide the pupil who started off his essay with some unqualified platitude about the Middle Ages. "Hold hard! What? Isn't there a *single* exception?" "Have you ever seen men mending a road? They bring a cart full of stones; one man lets down the cart tail, and the stones are shot out in a heap. You handle your facts like that." "I asked you for an essay; I didn't want you to re-write Gibbon's Decline and Fall." These are *ipsissima verba* from a long-treasured notebook.

He was not a great correspondent, and he had no need to be one, for his pupils were always coming back to see him; but, during the war, he wrote delightful letters to them.

Something may be quoted from a few of these as pictures of the live, wise man. "By the way, I heard yesterday that in the French Army they do not form fours. I could not help administering this fact to the military at dinner, last night. The shock was terrific! However, I think the incredibleness of such an idea has come to their aid, and they have dismissed it from their consciousness now." "The French, like the Italians, and all other Latin races, not unnaturally regard us northerners as half unbusiness-like, and the other half mad. Yet there is a great possibility of mutual understanding and friendliness—much more, essentially, than between us and even *good* Germans." "Brilliance has always been the, or rather a, danger of Balliol, but it does not outlast the years of extreme youth, and even the worst victims become prosaically able and useful citizens."

He always belonged to the whole of his College; most of all to its rowing, but he was interested in every side of its athletics. He was its essential after-dinner speaker, and, in the Common Room, the social side of his nature glowed ever more warmly as he grew older. How one looked forward to the Sunday evening formula, at ten minutes past nine: "You are *not* going to the concert? Good. Let us go over to the smoking room." How often one walked home wondering if he had ever been in better form. One special charm about his talk was his extraordinary fund of anecdotes. They came like minute guns, and he hardly ever told the same one twice. If only he had been painted as he looked when he was talking after dinner!

One cannot end without speaking of him in his family life; an ideally happy life in which he stood framed by the unbroken circle of his wife and children. Many generations of Balliol men extend to them a sympathy whose depth can only be measured by the knowledge of what they were to him and what he was to them. But they, like his friends, will rejoice that he was taken quickly, in full harness. For him, retirement, the failure of old age, could not be imagined. Nor can we feel that we have really lost him. He will remain, as Jowett has remained, a living force in Balliol.

J. C. B. G.

#### IV

### A. L. SMITH AND ADULT EDUCATION

*[Reprinted by permission from "Oxford Magazine,"]*

THE Master's name will always be associated with the movement for adult education embodied in the Workers' Educational Association, a movement which, especially in its relation to the Universities, bears the deep and lasting impress of his creative influence. When in 1907 the W.E.A. approached the University and expressed the desire of its members for increased educational facilities in the shape of extra-mural classes designed for serious and continued study, the Master was one of the group of Oxford men who welcomed this spontaneous demand for knowledge and saw in it the possibilities of a new educational movement of much significance. He was appointed on the joint committee, composed of an equal number of representatives of the University and of the W.E.A., to consider the best means of giving effect to these new proposals, and was one of the authors of the Report on "Oxford and Working Class Education," which led to the inception of the Tutorial Classes as a new branch of extra-mural work. Later he was appointed by the Extension Delegacy as a member of the original committee set up to administer these classes, and retained his membership to the time of his death, succeeding to the office of chairman on the departure of Dean Strong a few years ago. Busy man though he was, he gave ungrudgingly of his time and thought to the tutorial classes, helping to shape their development, and explaining their needs and promoting their interests in Oxford. Keen that the students should be brought in touch with the University, he was largely instrumental in initiating the Summer School in the Long Vacation for W.E.A. students, which, first held in his own hospitable College in 1910, has now become an

annual event. His influence on the school was marked, particularly on the side of teaching, where his insistence on the value of individual tuition led to its adoption as the chief means of instruction. Not only did he himself teach regularly in the school but he took special care each year to get to know the students personally, and many working men and women who met him in Balliol during their summer visits cherish his memory as that of both an inspiring teacher and a kind friend. The success of the Oxford experiment led to its adoption elsewhere, and in a few years practically all the Universities in Great Britain were co-operating with the W.E.A. in providing tutorial classes and summer schools. Thus the Master's influence reached far beyond Oxford, and when in 1917 the Ministry of Reconstruction set up a committee to inquire into the provision and possibilities of adult education and appointed him its chairman, this appointment was universally welcomed. Until the issue of the committee's final report two years later, the Master devoted himself unsparingly to this task, which was one for which his wide knowledge and practical experience of all sides of the subject were invaluable.

The setting up this Term of the Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies marks the fulfilment of the hopes and efforts of him and his colleagues for the fuller development of extra-mural teaching as a normal part of University work. His death deprives the new Delegacy of his ripe experience and shaping influence which it hoped to have at the outset of its career. But not only in Oxford but throughout the adult education movement generally, and particularly in the Workers' Educational Association, will his loss be keenly felt, and by none will his services to working-class education be more justly estimated and highly valued than by his W.E.A. colleagues.

E. S. C.

## PRAYER

*Said in Balliol College Chapel*

Almighty God, who hast in Thy good providence disposed the hearts of men to mutual charity, that here on earth in diverse brotherhoods they may prepare the coming of Thy Heavenly Kingdom. We give Thee thanks for every human fellowship, but more especially that Thou hast prospered this our ancient House, and still dost guide the footsteps of her children, not weighing our merits nor measuring Thy fatherly affection. Send forth Thy light upon those assembled here, and on our brethren dispersed through all the world, that we and they being knit more closely in the bonds of friendship, may likewise grow in love of Thee, and obtain together those eternal mansions, which Thou hast promised by the mouth of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Amen.

Inscription on the Memorial tablet placed at the south-east wall of Balliol College Chapel.

Vivat in memoria Balliolensium nomen Arturi Lionelli Smith, A.M., scholaris, socii, magistri, qui per annos amplius L huic domui totum se dedit.

Vir erat mente acerrima, ingenio impigro, spe invicta; discipulorum animos historiae studio incendebat, ipsos ad strenuam vitam e excitulabat; nullum ab se alienum ratus hominum genus, transmarinos Collegio libenter adsciscebat alumnos, operarius nostratibus Universitatis doctrinam extra muros latine impertire gestiebat. Balliolensium labores ludosque cura paterna fovebat, amicorum fortunas pietate constanti prosequebatur, collegas sibi et discipulos amore devinciebat.

Obiit XII o die mensis Aprilis anno salutis MCMXXIV aetatis suae LXXIV.

(Translation.)

May there live in the memory of Balliol men the name of Arthur Lionel Smith, M.A., Scholar, Fellow and Master, who for more than fifty years gave himself wholly to this College.

He was a man of keen mind, eager spirit and unconquerable hope; he fired the minds of his pupils with the love of history, and spurred them to a strenuous life; holding no class of men alien, he gladly welcomed students from overseas to the College, and strove to extend the teaching of the University beyond its walls to the workers of England. He fostered with the care of a father the work and games of Balliol men, he followed the fortunes of his friends with constant affection, and bound colleagues and pupils to him in love.

He died on the 12th of April, A.D. 1924, in the 74th year of his life.



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